McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Part First of Miss Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company," which has proved itself "one of the most remarkable and stirring stories that has ever appeared in a magazine," closes with the article printed in this issue of McCLURE'S. *The series of nine articles which make up this first half of the work covers a period of ten years (1872–1882) and deals with the manoeuvres by which the Standard Oil Trust, with a capital of $70,000,000, was developed from the Standard Oil Company with a capital of $1,000,000. Part Second of the History will begin in the coming autumn, and will carry the narrative down to the present time. In dramatic interest, and in its direct bearing on vital public questions of the day, this second series of articles will equal, if it does not excel, the one now closing. It will treat of such important topics as Criminal Underselling, the Right of Unlimited Competition, and the Price of Oil.*

THE EDITOR.

MOUNTAINEERING IN SWITZERLAND WITHOUT GUIDES

BY

ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. P. ABRAHAM & SON, KESWICK, ENGLAND

THERE are two ways of climbing a mountain. The usual, and to my mind the less enjoyable way, is with guides—Swiss peasants in the perfection of wind and muscle who engage for a given number of francs to take you from your hotel door up a given mountain and to hand you back afterwards to the smiling hotel keeper, who finds no difficulty in persuading you that you have achieved a great and dangerous feat. As a matter of fact, most of the Swiss guides know almost every foot of the mountains around their own village as well as an average city man knows Wall Street. Consequently

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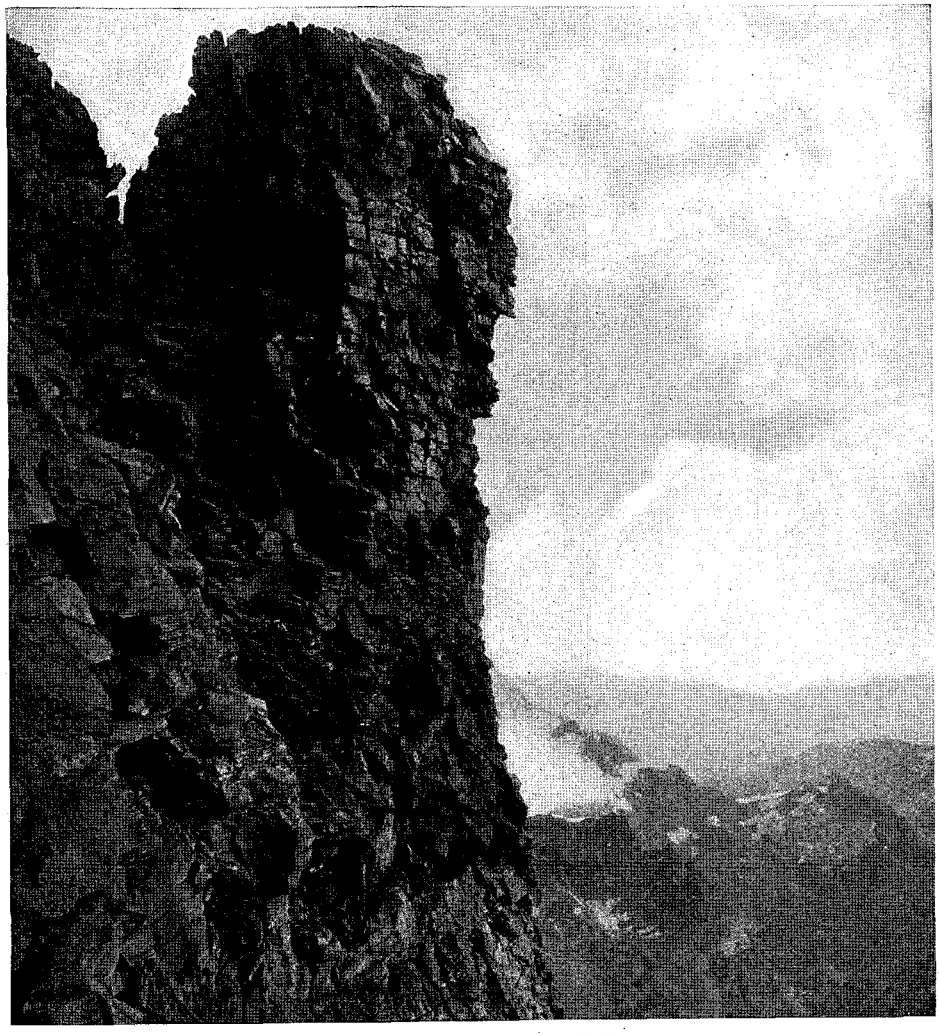

THE MOSELEY PEATTJE
A FAMOUS LANDMARK ON THE WAY UP THE MATTERHORN

an ascent of the Matterhorn under the care of a good Zermatt guide lacks almost entirely those elements of uncertainty and danger which are such fascinating points of the sport. Guides, moreover, go at the speed that best suits themselves, usually too fast for the unlucky amateur, who may not be in such good condition as they, and who, before three hours are gone, wallows along in their wake like a steam tug in a heavy storm. Unfortunately, at first a certain amount of climbing must be done with guides. It would be suicidal for an amateur without experience of the mountains, rock, snow, and ice to essay an ascent of a big peak in the company only of friends who are as innocent of the dangers as he.

I well remember the first time I went out to Switzerland. It was in October, 1896, when a party of three of us — proud in the knowledge that we had achieved many difficult rock climbs in England, and that the Matterhorn was purely a rock peak with no glacier to be crossed — set off at 5 A.M. from Zermatt to climb the mighty cone that rises 14,800 feet above the sea. It was a mad thing to do, born of ignorance, and a rough time it gave us. All went well till we got to a height of about 12,000 feet, when one of our party suddenly pointed out that a heavy storm was blowing across the valley. Almost immediately a thick cloud came down on us, a strong cold wind sprang up,

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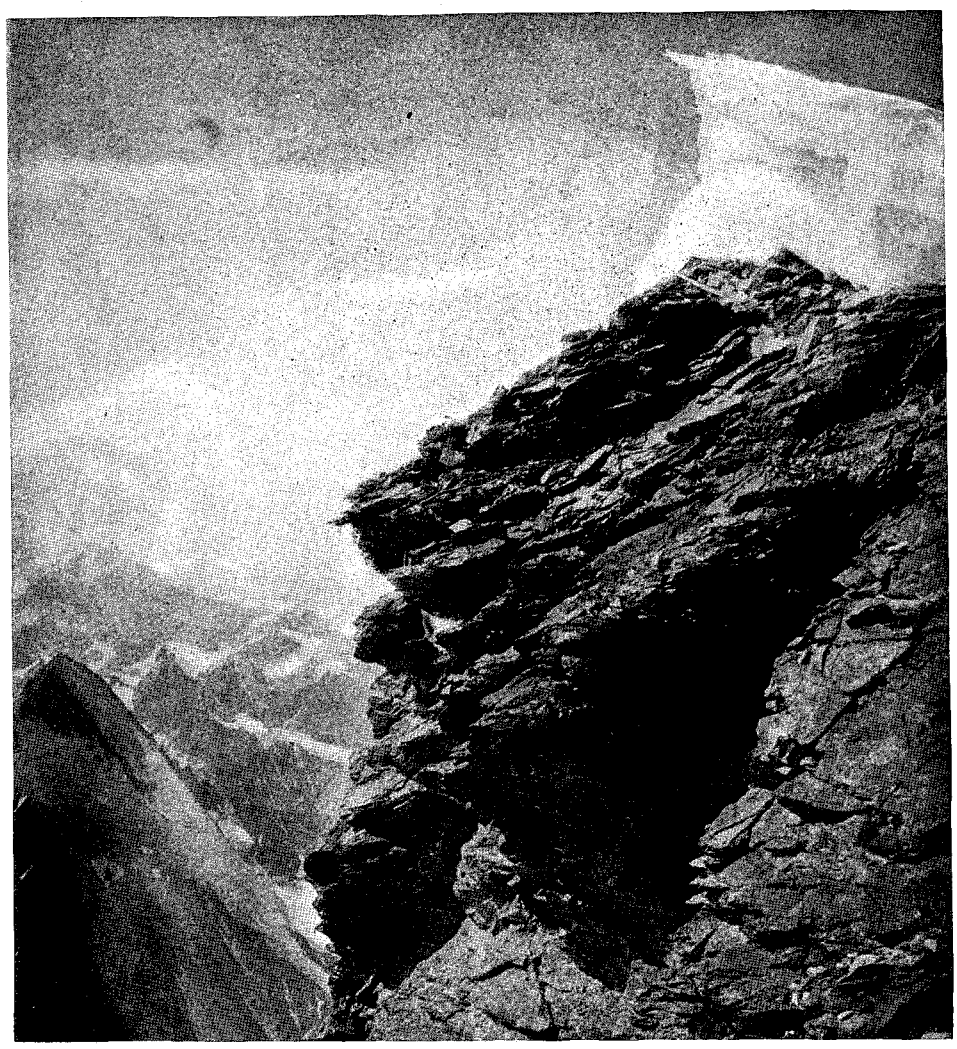

THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN
"WE LAY ON THE SUMMIT, BASKING IN THE ITALIAN SUN, SMOKING OUR PIPES"

and it began to snow. In less than ten minutes the whole aspect of things was changed. Spiculae of ice were whipped into our faces, stinging horribly, and it soon became impossible to see more than a yard or two ahead.

Our position had become a most unenviable one. We were out on a huge mountain of which we had no previous local knowledge, the rocks were quickly becoming glazed with ice and snow, and our way down was fast turning into a huge sheet of ice. We therefore abandoned all hope of reaching the summit and immediately turned to the descent, but had only been retreating what seemed a very short time when it began to get dark. We pushed on in the hope of reaching before night the hut we had passed on the way up, but after another ten minutes' descent came to a dead stop on the edge of a terrific precipice which we certainly had not ascended earlier in the day. We looked at each other with blank faces. Clearly we had lost our way; nor had we the faintest idea in which direction to turn to regain it. After trying two or three impracticable passages down, we retraced our steps upwards; but all the holds had to be cleared of snow, and it soon grew too dark to move with safety. Accordingly, we did our best to clear the ledge we were on, and, already half-starved and able to take but little exercise to keep up the circulation, sat

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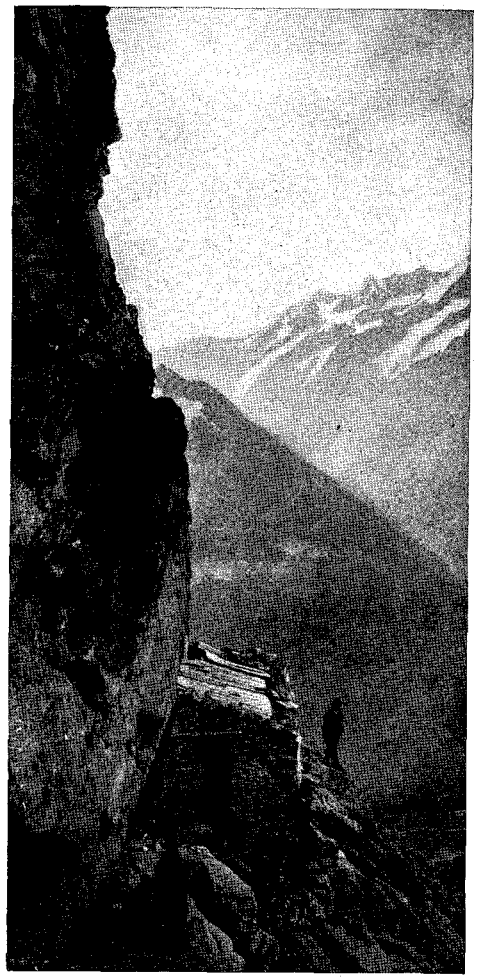

THE OLD CABANE ON THE MATTERHORN

down to face the long dreary wait till daybreak, uncertain even then as to whether we should be able to find our way down.

The cold and suspense were dreadful; at first we sang songs and told tales to keep each other lively and awake, but these were soon replaced by the more serious task of rubbing each other's feet to keep away frost-bite. We seemed to have been huddled and shivering on that ledge for an age, and sleep, sure precursor of dissolution under these circumstances, was struggling hard for the mastery, when suddenly it ceased to snow. Shortly after the wind went down, the clouds cleared, and the moon came out full and brilliant, disclosing the most weirdly beautiful scene I have ever beheld. High above us, glistening pure white against an inky black sky, towered the gigantic peak of the Matterhorn from the top of which the wind carried the snow in thin streamers which trailed into the blackness of the sky, whilst thousands of feet below in the valley twinkled the distant lights of Zermatt. More welcome than these to us was the sight of a peculiar pinnacle which we recognized as having passed earlier in the day. By the light of the moon we saw that it was nine o'clock. There was now light enough to make a start downwards, so, after a few minutes' indulgence in as much gymnastics as our small ledge would allow, to free our cramped and stiffened limbs, we adjusted the rope, ate our remaining food — the remnants of a frozen chicken and some bread, — and started.

The going was excessively slow and difficult. Each hold had to be cleared of snow, and in the uncertain light of the moon only one of us could move with safety, while the others paid out the rope. It was very slow work, and by midnight we had only succeeded in reaching the hut. It was half full of snow and ice and promised but cold comfort as we peered in through the window. We therefore continued our march downward, but by this time were so thoroughly done up and fatigued that it seemed to matter little whether we descended or not. An hour and a half later we espied a small body of men armed with ropes and ice-axes toiling slowly up the slope towards us. They were a party of guides whom our hotel keeper had sent out to look for us, and we had the exceeding ignominy of returning to Zermatt triumphantly escorted by them, and of enduring the endless lectures of everybody in the hotel on the folly of climbing without guides.

There was great rejoicing that night in honor of our safe return. Much red wine was consumed, and the local cannon was fired several times. Except on those occasions when the booming of the cannon broke in on our slumbers, we knew nothing of all this till afterwards, but the items that subsequently appeared on our bill for wine, powder, and beer were convincing proof that they had done us (and themselves) exceedingly well. The Swiss are a peculiar people, and even honest felicitation is put down on one's bill at a certain price. For the sake of those who have never indulged

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in it, I may say that felicitation *à la Suisse* is a very expensive commodity.

But these are painful memories. I would rather think of our next visit to Zermatt, which was in 1898. The accompanying photographs of the Matterhorn were taken on this occasion, and we had come expressly to try conclusions with the old acquaintance who had repulsed us so violently two years before. This time he was in excellent humor. His sides were bathed in full sunlight and were

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN

"THE MARVELOUS PANORAMA WHICH LAY EXTENDED IN EVERY DIRECTION FOR SIXTY OR SEVENTY MILES"

almost clear of ice and snow. We had two cloudless days, the first of which we utilized to climb up to the Alpine Club hut in readiness for an early start on the morrow. Sharing the hut with us were two guides who were in charge of a stout German named Brume, aged sixty, who was ambitious to climb the Matterhorn. They started at 4 A.M. and we, with three porters who carried our camera and impedimenta, about half an hour later. Again everything went well till we got to the 12,000 foot line, when our whole party was nearly dislodged by a great piece of rock which came whizzing past just over our heads. Our photography kept us back or we should have tried to pass our obese German friend who had kindly sent down this dangerous reminder of his clumsiness. For nearly an hour he supplied us with a heavy and continuous cannonade of rocks, a splinter from one of which hit the last porter a nasty knock on the head. Never have I seen a man displace so much of a mountain in trying to climb it. However, the nuisance soon abated, for, about two-thirds of the way up "the Shoulder" is reached, and from here the route lies over much steeper and firmer rocks which even he could not disintegrate. Several excellent photographs were taken on this, the most difficult section of the climb. Each move had to be considered most carefully, and only one of the party proceeded at a time, the rope being kept taut between each pair in case of a slip. About two hours of this work landed us safely on the summit, and it was a proud moment for us as we shook hands all around, doffed our caps to the view, and were able to realize that

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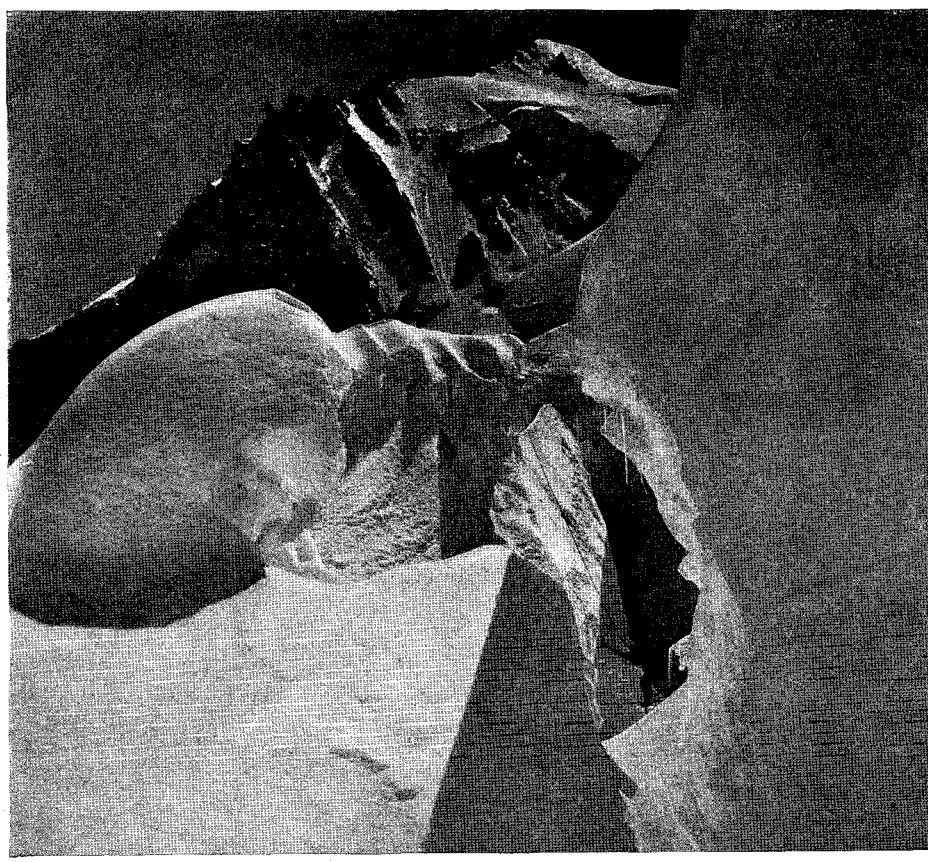
we had vanquished the peak which in all Switzerland enjoys, popularly, the greatest reputation for difficulty. And this, too, with a whole plate camera instead of a guide.

We were indeed happy as we lay on the summit, basking in the Italian sun, smoking our pipes, and drinking in the marvelous panorama which lay extended in every direction for sixty or seventy miles. The mind succumbs to a sense of luxury under such circumstances. We spent two hours on the summit — one crowded hour of glorious life; the other in photography — and then commenced the descent.

Our Teutonic friend had started an hour and a half earlier, but, as he was much fatigued, we overtook him just as he and his guides reached the Shoulder After a long rest and a smoke we unroped from our porters, who came down with the German and his guides later in the day, and romped down past the old hut, reaching Zermatt in time for dinner. That night we slept the sleep of the faithful and dreamt of the Rothorn which we had in our mind's eye for a future occasion.

The following afternoon found us grinding slowly up the lovely Trift Gorge *en route* for the Trift Hut, where we intended to spend the night with a view to climbing the Rothorn next day. This peak is probably the prime favorite of all those around Zermatt with the rock-climbers. It rises spirally to a height of nearly 14,000 feet and, viewed from some points, looks almost like a gigantic corkscrew. From the Matterhorn it wears this aspect, and during our descent of that peak we had been anxiously weighing the possibilities of our climbing it without guides, and endeavoring to pick out the most vulnerable point for the attack.

The ascent proved one of the most enjoyable I have ever made, but the descent was marred by an accident that came very near being fatal to three of our party. We wished to carry our large whole plate camera to the top, and for this purpose had



A CREVASSE ON THE WAY UP MONT BLANC

"THE CREVASSES . . . GAVE US A GOOD TIME WHILE THEY LASTED"

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ON THE WAY UP TO THE AIGUILLE DE LA ZA
A MISTY MORNING

enlisted two Swiss porters. The first part of the ascent was over a somewhat broken-up glacier leading to a fairly difficult rib of rock which had to be ascended. Immediately succeeding this was a very fine "bergschrund"—a long crack in the upper glacier, in parts more than fifty feet wide and of unknown depth. It was spanned in places with rickety bridges of snow, and in ascending we availed ourselves of one of these for a crossing. Then came a steep snow slope followed by about two hours' splendid rock climbing with occasional halts for photography.

The summit is a shattered spire of rock on which we stayed photographing rather longer than was advisable. We were a party of five, and to gain time in the descent, we decided that the two porters and a friend should climb down first, while my brother and I followed on a separate rope. We got safely down the rocks and were just rejoicing in the fast speed we were making, when an agonized yell from our friend who was tied to the porters caused us to look down. There we saw what gave us a severe shock. The two porters, seated on the snow, were sliding or glissading down as fast as they could go. They had jokingly pulled our unlucky friend off his feet and he was unwillingly skidding down the steep snow after them. It is quite a common practice to glissade down snow in this fashion so long as one can keep one's speed well under control, and the porters were having recourse to this pleasant method of descent. Remembering the deep crack at the bottom, we yelled to them to stop at once, but just then the leading porter slid on to some ice, and away he went at a terrific speed straight for the yawning bergschrund, pulling the other two after him.

We were powerless to help, but just stood and watched them jerking each other about with the rope and slipping faster and faster, their legs and arms all asprawl, till suddenly with dreadful velocity their bodies vanished over the edge of the crack. Half-dazed we still looked, and to our great astonishment saw them reappear on the snow below. Their bodies had luckily shot right across the bergschrund, and, as the slope eased off, they gradually stopped and lay quite still on the snow, three small black objects with their limbs

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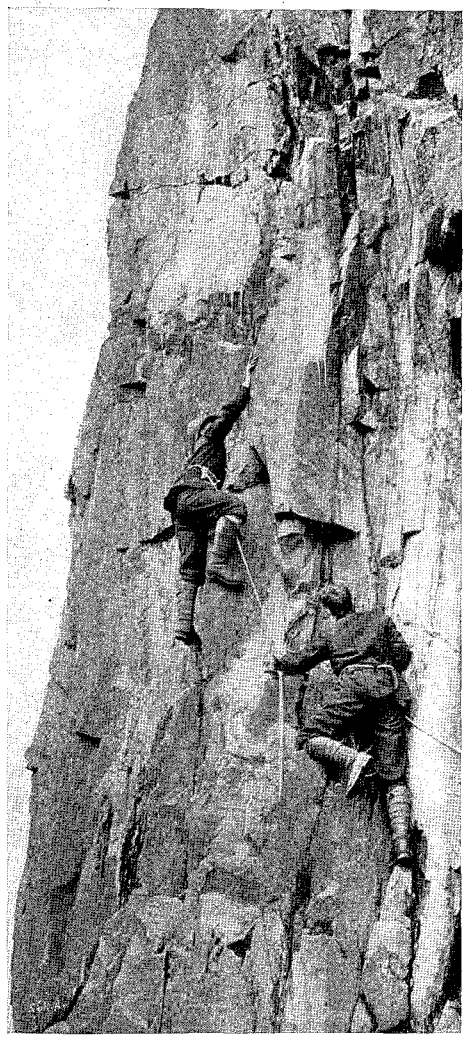
in all conceivable attitudes. We hurried down to their aid as fast as we could, but before we reached them, great was our relief to see first one and then another get up and shake himself, and by the time we joined them they were all sitting up, rubbing their bruised bodies, their faces almost rivalling the snow in whiteness.

CLIMBING THE AIGUILLE DE GREPON
"THE AIGUILLES . . . REALIZE THE CLIMBER'S IDEAL"



Luckily they were not too badly bruised and cut to resume the descent, and after a very painful trudge we got down to Zermatt late the same night; but I never wish to witness again such a narrow shave. Had they not been going so fast, they must inevitably have disappeared into the bergschrund, and ended in tragedy what was begun in fun.

Of all the mountains of Europe probably none enjoys such a wide reputation, or exercises so strange a fascination over those who know it, as Mont Blanc. The ascent however, given good weather, is a long, laborious grind, and I always look back with feelings the reverse of pleasant to the fourteen hours it took us to reach the summit. In ascent and descent we were going for twenty-seven hours, and the actual climbing—that is, technical climbing—did not occupy more than a couple of hours of this time. True, we crowded some splendid sport into those two hours, and the crevasses we had to cross gave us a good time while they lasted, but for the rest it was plunge, plunge, plunge into the snow often up to our waists, with a burning hot sun overhead. The strong light reflected from the snow blistered and burned our faces, which most painfully resembled a quartette of boiled lobsters. To the rock climber proper, the Aiguilles—spiry shaped needles of rock which flank its sides—offer better sport. In fact, they realize the climber's ideal, and the high-water mark of climbing was reached when some of these were ascended for the first time. Their bases are surrounded by very much broken-up and difficult glaciers, out of which they spring almost vertically to a height of more than twelve thousand feet. The most difficult of these is the Aiguille de Grépon, on which we had a most exciting time while essaying its ascent. Before the Aiguille is reached there is a long stretch of very steep glacier to be traversed, and in one part, for a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet, the upper glacier overhangs the lower. In the early morning the huge pinnacles of ice of the upper glacier are held in place by the overnight frost, but as soon as the sun rises these masses of ice melt and crack off, sending down an intermittent cannonade to the lower glacier, across which lies the route in returning from the Grépon. Sometimes climbers have to wait till nightfall before crossing this part, especially on hot, sultry days, when hardly five minutes pass without blocks of ice and snow falling.

Our first attempt on the Grépon was a long chapter of failures. We started from Montanvert Hotel at 2 A.M. in order to get well past the dangerous part of the

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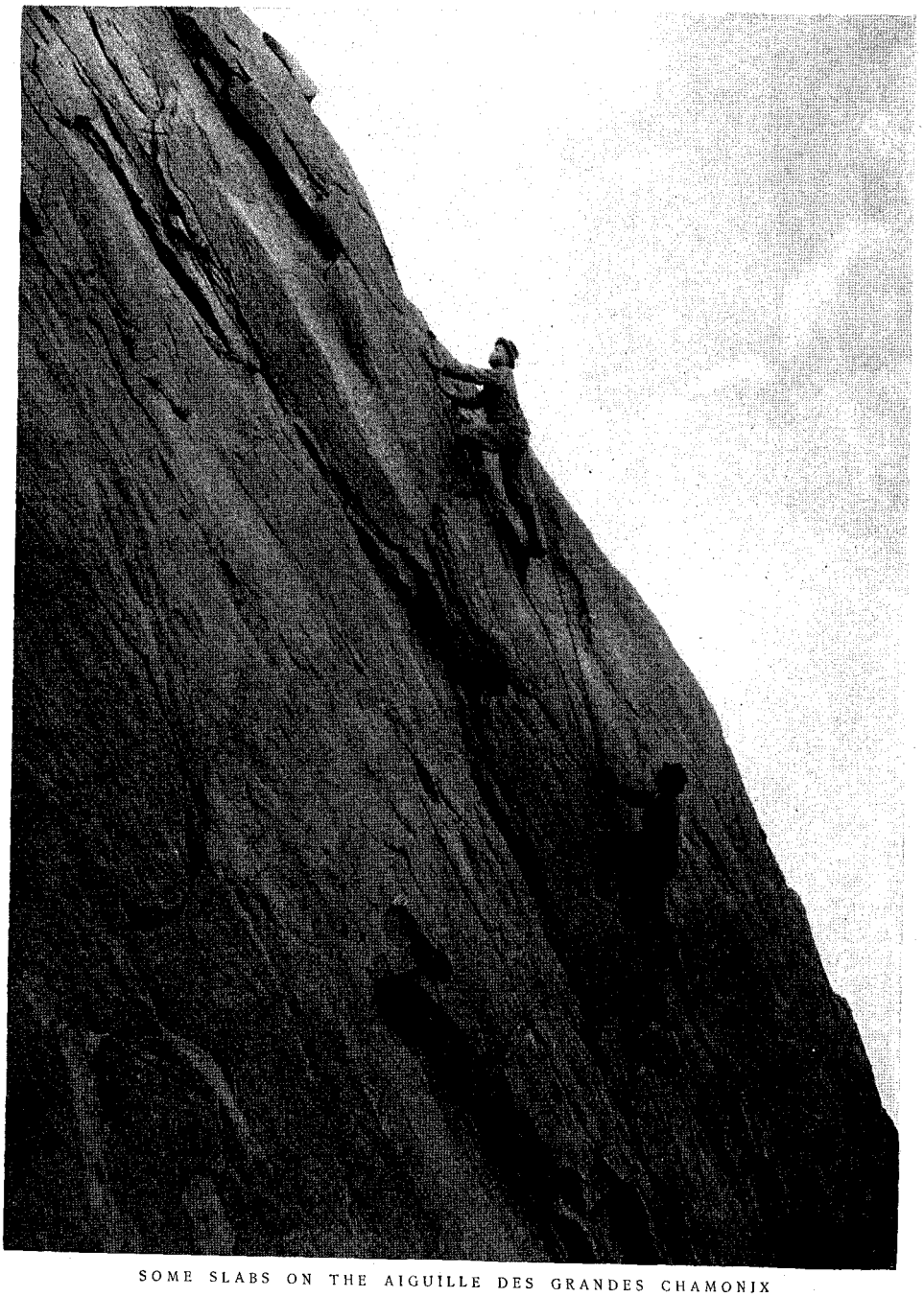

SOME SLABS ON THE AIGUILLE DES GRANDES CHAMONIX

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glacier before sunrise. We had only been going two hours and a half when one of the porters got his foot badly frost-bitten, and a precious hour was wasted in rubbing it with snow. Afterwards we found that the same man had forgotten his half of the provisions, which later in the day landed us in a very awkward position. The snow on the glacier proved very soft, and let us in above the knees at every step. After a long, weary trudge, with only one halt for refreshments, we reached the rocks, but a thin veneer of ice covered their lower extremities, and each hold had to be cleared before we could proceed. An hour of this work chilled us to the bone, and a freezing wind added much to our discomfort and sapped the spirit of our attack. Even further refreshment could not instil the necessary courage, and after another two hours' excessively difficult climbing we were forced to realize that the Grépon was not for us that day. So, with disgust writ large in all our glances, we shook our numbed fists impotently at the huge bastion that had stopped us and turned to the descent.

Three hours were occupied in regaining the glacier. It was now two o'clock, and we had been hard at it for twelve hours. Our last meal had been taken at 10 A.M. and we were all getting pretty hungry; but there was nothing for it but to wait till we again reached our hotel. In the excitement and interest of the climbing we had forgotten the hanging glacier we had to cross under, but it rudely reminded us of its presence by hurling down a huge avalanche of ice and snow, which hissed past about fifty feet in advance of our first man. What was to be done? There was no alternative route, and this was obviously very dangerous. We could not wait till nightfall, as we should be first starved and then frozen before it was late enough for the frost to have bound again the ice on the upper glacier. Crash came another huge block of ice, and we looked at each other in consternation. Clearly we had no business on the mountain that day, and a good guide would never have sanctioned a start. However, after we had somewhat collected our wits, we decided to run the gauntlet, and accordingly roped up two on each rope. We tossed for the unenviable distinction of running first. The coin fell to my brother, so, with a deep breath, he and a porter started and sprinted across the whole one hundred and fifty feet without so much as a fragment coming down. A huge avalanche at our end of the dangerous area heralded their safety, and it was our turn. It would not bear thinking of, and, as every moment made the danger greater, we started at once and ran. How we did run! The snow held us back and occasionally caused us to flounder, while the fear of the ice held in suspension over our heads spurred us on! We had got to within ten feet of safety when I heard an ominous boom and rattle above our heads, but a little behind. We plunged frantically and sprinted for all we were worth — not much just then — and had just got across, when, with a deafening roar, down came what sounded like all the mountain side. Fortunately it fell on the far side, so that none of the splinters hit us, but on looking back we saw that it had obliterated and swept right across our tracks for quite twenty feet. Shuddering as we thought what would have happened had it fallen a minute earlier, we took a last look at the place, and trudged thoughtfully down the remainder of our route, thankful for the ability to look forward to the dinner awaiting us at our hotel.

From these records of some of our climbs without guides it would seem that guideless climbing is not to be recommended. It must be remembered, however, that these few instances of the seamy side of the sport have been culled from seven seasons' experience in Switzerland, and that for every ascent in which things have gone awry a dozen have worked out safely and everything has gone well. The sunny cloudless days, with the rocks warm and dry, when one's companions are in good training and all goes like clock-work, are undoubtedly the most delightful at the time, but one naturally remembers best the days when the wind shrieks along the mountain side, dashing snow and spiculae of ice into one's face, when the rocks suddenly become coated with ice and snow, and all the forces of nature are fierce and aggressive. It is these times that stand out most clearly in afterthought, and it is to them that one naturally turns in reminiscence.

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RUGGLES' FIRST CASE

BY

CHAUNCEY THOMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

"GOOD morning."

"Mornin'."

"Is this Mr. Ruggles, the lawyer?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you? Sit down." And Ruggles eyed his caller in a way that he has never looked upon any one since—for this was his first client: but the caller did not know that.

"My name's Warwickton. I'm an Englishman——"

"You're the man who gave a hundred thousand for the Red Shirt mine?" interrupted the young lawyer.

"I'm the fool," candidly replied the other. "Gave twenty thousand pounds for a few miles of hole in the ground——"

"That contained only as much gold as had been salted into it for purposes of sale," added Ruggles.

"That's it. And now—Well, I came to see you about it."

"Want your money back?" suggested Ruggles.

"Yes, I should. I've been swindled, cheated, what you call buncoed—and they're thieves—Is there a strict libel law here?" he added with true British caution.

"Lots of law, libel law and all kinds, but it is not in good working order just now. In this Western country, when a man says something you don't like, you take your gun and go pot-hunting for him."

"Must be a beastly lot of murdering done here."

"No—o. But there's precious little libel. So say what you please. Tell your story out and out, flat-footed, my friend."

"Well, then, it's this way, as you Americans say: I came here from Liverpool a month ago. I've just been graduated from Oxford—B. A., don't you know."

"And a heap of good your B. A. did you when you struck Empire, Colorado, with a hundred thousand dollars to sink in a gold mine!" laughed Ruggles.

"I know it—but don't rub it in. I'm a fool, and have parted with my money. I see that you are like all the other lawyers here in Denver: don't want anything to do with me because I have no money left with which to fight my case: and those rascals have a half million pounds, I'm told. But

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"'HOLD ON THERE! . . . . I'LL TAKE YOUR CASE'"

the British dog, don't you know, never lets go — so good morning, Mr. Ruggles."

"Hold on there! Sit down. I'll take your case."

"But you don't know what it is yet," said the Englishman with a stare.

"Don't care. I'll take it — and I'll win it. How much money have you left to begin the fight with? They'll probably carry the case on appeals to the United States Supreme Court — but we'll give them at least ten years of worry for their boodle; for it's a clear steal. I've heard of your deal — and we can keep them guessing for a while if nothing else. How much of the Queen's private fortune have you left?"

"None," gloomily confessed the Englishman.

"NONE!" snorted Ruggles. "Then what're foolin' with the law for? It's a rich man's game, my dear sir — same class as race horses, yachts, and opera troupes. But I'll take your case — and I'll win it. Give me the facts."

Condensed, the case was this: The Red Shirt mine lay from the top of Lone Jim Mountain, at Empire, to the base — six fifteen hundred foot claims — a distance in all of almost ten miles. At the bottom of the Red Shirt lode and down in Broken Ax gulch, through which oozed Champagne Creek, mushy with mill tailing, lay the Moly Hoses mine. Until a month ago both had been owned by Messrs. Goldsmith, Jenkins, and Crab. For years they had worked the Red Shirt and from it had taken something like three million in gold values. Then the Red Shirt vein pinched out; but stringers of ore leading down through a fault from the Red Shirt side line led the development work on down to a bed of mineral rock in the Moly Hoses, at the bottom of the gulch, which assayed over seven ounces in gold to the ton. The Red Shirt had produced three millions, but was now worthless. But Messrs. "J. G. & C.," as the firm was known, craftily left a few cubic feet of ore in place in the Red Shirt; and with perjured reports, cunningly devised to protect them when the storm broke, they had sold the famous lode to young Warwickton. It was a first-class business deal; and strictly legal — hence it must have been perfectly honorable. This youngest son of a youngest son of one of the oldest families in England, with the stupidity that young men just out of college sometimes suffer from, had insisted on buying the mine outright: to all warnings "from envious strangers who are trying to beat me out of my bargain, don't you know" he had opposed his sublime confidence in the infallibility of British judgment. This bulldoggedness is the only thing to dam back Napoleon or rivet down on to Lucknow with, but when it comes to dealing with those human coyotes, known in the Rockies as "mine salters" — well, the bulldog's jaw muscles grow paralyzed on a dry bone while the coyotes yelp in glee.

But Ruggles was not much better off than his client. For six months he had paid high office rent in the Equitable Building, and, scorning police court and shyster cases, he had dashed here and darted there — bluff, bluff, bluff, but no business. That week he had received but two important letters — one was an offer of sixty dollars a month to become a clerk for Judge France, one of the oldest and best lawyers in the State; and the other letter was a curt notice to vacate Room 901, the rent being two months overdue. Judge France liked the tall, thin young fellow with his tightly curled red hair, his

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hard gray eyes, lantern jaws, and clothes-horse frame on which were strung dried beef muscles, and from which his shiny black Prince Albert coat hung in points as if thrown over an inverted chair: and so did the Equitable agent like Ruggles — but the Judge was kind while the agent was only human. Ruggles had not answered the letters yet, for that morning old Judge Kellogg, as good a man as he was a lawyer, had slapped Ruggles on the back and said as he hurried by: "Keep at it, my boy. Quebec was won in the night, you know." So Ruggles had paid the agent his rent, and filed the receipt and the pawn ticket for his watch and six-shooter away together. He had just enough coin left with which to buy a ticket from Denver to Empire and back — seven dollars and thirty cents. His lunch — four cold beef sandwiches and an oil paper of baked beans — he carried in his hand in a canvas ore sack disguised as assay specimens. That night he slept in the Red Shirt shaft house wrapped in an old horse blanket and two gunny-sacks. Huddled none too warm there in the dark he grunted: "Red Shirt or no Red Shirt, I now go to sleep," and sleep he did. The next morning Warwickton arrived on foot. From Denver to Empire is only forty-five miles along the railroad track — and Englishmen are great walkers. All the day before and all night, three feet six at a stride had brought the green but always gritty Englishman. Cold breakfast for two, a silent smoke, and a general survey of the busy million-dollar outfit in the gulch below — this is the way the day began.

Now a million dollars, guided and controlled by such a triangular-braced set of brains as "G. J. & C." mustered, thought it had nothing to fear from those two young men squatted there on the mountain top — that flaming-haired, square-eyed, box-jawed American, he of the wolf-breed; and that lumpy, lumbering English bulldog. In fact, the work went clanging on below, and never a thought or a look went up the mountain.

"Brother: Your pedigree got mighty well licked by that tribe down there some few days ago — seventy-six, I believe, — and

"SLEPT IN THE RED SHIRT SHAFT HOUSE"

my line of progenitors were flounced 'round pretty lively by the same set of Yanks in the sixties. Let's get back at 'em. Law won't do. Money's law; law's money; they've got all the money, hence all the law, on their side. That's essence of Aristotle. My friend Blackstone says this and he quotes that — but what we need, my dear sir, is a check book."

"Extraordinary country!" groaned the Englishman.

"Now we can't get anything out of this Red Shirt, my friend," continued Ruggles, lighting his third pipe; "not even consolation. No, not even a drink of water. It's as dusty as Westminster; and even that place down there, the Moly Hoses Mining, Milling, and Skinning Company, sir, has

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"SMOKED WITH NEVER A WORD"

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hardly enough water in it to prime the pumps. There is not even *water*, to say nothing about ore, left in this mountain; all of it goes down Jumping Creek here to wet up that rolling mud down there they joke the Champagne. And—" Ruggles stopped, his mouth open.

"What were you saying?" asked Warwickton, struck by the silence.

"What a fool!" exploded the young lawyer.

"I know it," moaned the man Ruggles imaginatively branded "B. A.," as if tired of having the fact called to his attention.

"I mean I am. Why didn't I think of it before?" Ruggles demanded of the astonished Englishman as he shook his fist under the aristocratic nose.

A month before the owner of twenty thousand sovereigns would have wanted to fight, but now the pocket-collapsed philosopher simply answered, "Don't know," then stuffed his hands under his coat tails and watched Ruggles stalk away like a pair of compasses. "Extraordinary country," he muttered along his tooth-clinched pipe-stem. "Wonder if he's coming back?"

In five minutes Ruggles did come back, and an awkward figure he made climbing the steep trail; nothing but a pair of human stilts connected by a rare head. "He must be smart," mused the leg-pillared Englishman, his feet half a yard apart and hands still scratching the small of his fat back. "He's all legs and head, no body at all, just a cross-piece to connect the arms and to hang the coat on—and all his blood is in his head—easy to see that," and John Bull indulged in a starched smile.

"Brother! We've got 'em beat! Get a shovel; you'll find one in that old shaft house there."

"What is the shaft house?" asked the new mine owner.

In sheer disgust Ruggles simply pointed, then resurrected an old rusty pick. "Come with me," he ordered. One third way down the mountain was an old, long abandoned incline leading from the surface down into the upper workings of the Red Shirt. It had been the discovery shaft when the Red Shirt was the excitement of the camp and the country was being staked for miles. About one hundred feet from it ran Jumping Creek. A year after the old shaft had been started—that is, in 1878—a landslide had filled the old bed of the creek and this had caused a flood to pour into the Red Shirt. Fortunately this had happened the same day the engineer was on his drunk and the fan was still, or half of Empire next day might have had to bury the other half. A dam had been thrown across the creek and the water had been forced back into its old bed; the shaft was pumped out; sinking the bottom to China went on; ore was struck; the vein traced to the surface higher up the mountain; a new shaft had here been sunk; the old one had been abandoned; and the whole matter had been forgotten; for this was all in 1878, just twenty-three years ago. But Ruggles had noticed this dam, and also the empty shaft; he put them together and had his case. An hour of picking and prying, during which strength was generated under that frock coat that filled the burly Englishman with wonder, the dam gave way, and Jumping Creek dived into the old discovery shaft with a roar. But its roar did not equal that of the Englishman.

"Man! You're crazy! You'll flood the mine!" and apoplexy seemed probable.

"So I calculate," panted Ruggles, examining his blistered palms, or rather spotted claws. "Let's smoke."

"But it'll flood their mine, too. They're below us and we're connected; don't you know? They'll sue us for damages!"

"Hope they do," grunted Ruggles, seated on a stone, as he squinted and jabbed away with a pin at the fourth blister. "How much do you suppose they'll collect?"

"Are you crazy?" asked the Englishman suddenly, for he almost meant it. "What an extraordinary country this is, don't you know! You Americans have such amazing queer ways. Now in England——"

"Yes, I know," growled Ruggles, as he hunted for his pin in the sand. "What the deuce became of that pin? But our amazing queer ways seem to work all right—even on an Englishman. You see this Red Shirt mine is worth just fifteen cents as it stands—but Jumping Creek can be valued at par, my friend. Listen to her gurgle! Sounds like rye going down a Kentucky throat. I calculate that this water will reach them down there in about an hour. It'll take a week to fill their mine—and incidentally drown out a hundred thousand dollars' worth of new machinery—*your* machinery, understand; you paid for

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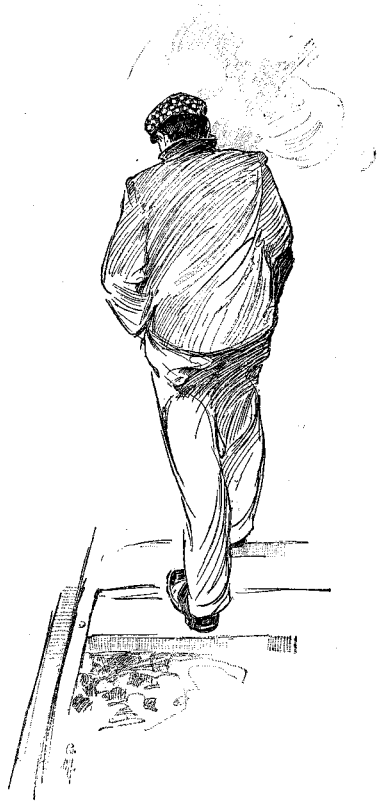
it — and do a couple of hundred thousand damages to the mine in general. It will cost them a quarter of a million to clean house after this rinsing if they wait till next week. They'll be in to see us; it's up to them now. I think they'll settle with us. So let's smoke. Come over here in the shade."

"But they'll be up here and dam this up again!" protested the practical Briton.

"No, they won't either. I'll admit they'll soon be damning Jumping Creek — but not on this property. Can't a man do what he wants on his own land, at least for a day or two? Before I left Denver I served an injunction on them to keep off this property and in no way to interfere with us. Of course they can get out one in return on us, but that won't do much good. What they need is a writ of retainer on Jumping Creek here — and if the Creek ignores it I hardly think that the judge will jail it for contempt. Hear her bubble, will you? There's a jury for you! You can get out all kinds of acts to prevent a man from doing something—tearing down a dam, for instance—but when it is once down a whole cart load of injunctions can't make him build it up again — that point was settled long ago in the case of Humpty-Dumpty versus the King's Men — and meanwhile every one must keep off this property until the court decides the question. It takes a lawsuit, the law's delay, and all the frills of fees, records, peals, and appeals — but Jumping Creek flows right on. Got a match? This tobacco of yours is a little damp, isn't it? This mine's for sale, you know, and 'G. J. & C.' down there are going to buy it back. Come on, my friend; let's be going."



"ENGLISHMEN ARE GREAT WALKERS"

"Extraordinary country!" mumbled Warwickton, as he took a dubious farewell stare down the old shaft now roaring like a geyser. At Empire Ruggles met old Chipmunk, a grizzly old hermit prospector whom he had once grub-staked — unsuccessfully, however — and from Chip he borrowed four silver dollars — all the old fellow had — on which Warwickton rode over the rails to Denver.

"Hot tamales for two — ten cents," sputtered Ruggles, his mouth full of the peppery meat-mush. He and his blue-blood client were feasting, at the cost of a nickel each, in the first-class office of Webster B. Ruggles. They slept there that night — Ruggles because such was his custom, and Warwickton because he had nowhere else to lay his head. Incidentally, after a regular seventy-six argument, the Englishman took the lounge while Ruggles enjoyed the floor. All the next forenoon, until nineteen minutes after eleven, they stayed in the office and played chess.

Meanwhile there was trouble at the Moly Hoses. Goldsmith was in Denver, Jenkins and Crab were at the mine, when the engine bell began to clang. Up shot the cage: "Atlantic broke in on us from somewhere," Pitfield, the day boss, explained to the two owners. Jenkins went down to examine the workings while Crab stayed on the surface to keep things steady. From a chance remark of Pitfield's, "The water seems to be coming down from the Red Shirt — but that's dry and always has been," he caught a hazy idea of what was causing the trouble; and when Jenkins came to the top twenty minutes later, a pale and frightened man, he saw Crab on the Red Shirt by the old shaft waving his arms like featherless wings. Then every

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man on the Moly Hoses knew what the trouble was: for an hour the cage was busy hoisting men, and as the men came to the surface they were rushed to the broken dam; but it was no use. They swore, they raved; but they could not dam Jumping Creek without machinery — and there was no hope of bulkheading the connecting workings between the lower levels of the Red Shirt and the upper stopes of the Moly Hoses. No damage had yet been done to the Moly Hoses, for Jumping Creek was still busy filling up the lower part of the Red Shirt; but enough was coming into the lower mine through the cracks in the rocks to show what a flood would come pouring in when the Red Shirt was full.

"'THEY'LL SUE US FOR DAMAGES'"

"We'll have the law on him!" thundered Crab. Jenkins was too near wild to talk. A special engine took them careening down crooked Clear Creek cañon and into Denver. Fortunately for "G. J. & C." they had good lawyers — Horton, Redman, and Wright.

"It's no use, Mr. Goldsmith," white-haired old Judge Horton was saying. "That sale to Mr. Warwickton was a — a — well, it was probably legal — but I doubt it; and in any kind of suit you might bring, this would defeat you. Besides, you know that the law is slow and uncertain, and that Jumping Creek is quick and sure. How long do you say it will be before the water becomes serious in the Moly Hoses, Mr. Crab?"

"To-morrow at noon at the latest. In three days, if it is not stopped, it will cost us half a million in underground machinery, timbering, and pumping. What had we better do? Can't we sue him?"

"What for? He has nothing but the Red Shirt mine — and that is worthless. You know that." The three partners squirmed uneasily. "Besides, under the circumstances, I doubt if you could win your case. But, gentlemen, the point of this affair is not for the law — this is a case for settlement. You are beaten. I advise you to let me see Mr. Warwickton and arrange a settlement with him. Then you can turn off this Jumping Creek; but by no process of law can you stop it within twenty-four hours without Mr. Warwickton's consent."

"See him, then. Settle with him. We'll wait here. Hurry, Judge, for time now is worth a hundred dollars a minute with that water rising as it is." The Judge hurried out.

At just nineteen minutes past eleven Judge Horton interrupted the chess game. "Ah — good morning, Mr. Ruggles — Mr. Warwickton, I believe! Messrs. Goldsmith, Jenkins, and Crab, my clients, have authorized me to see you in regard to Jumpin — er — the Red Shirt mine — ah ——"

"I'll just invert this castle to show that it's my move," said Ruggles to Warwickton in a tallowed voice. "Now, Judge, I'm at your service. The Red Shirt — oh, yes — I have it for sale."

"For — ouch!" jumped the Englishman. Ruggles had gently ground his heel into the Briton's toes, sore from that long tramp.

"For sale, Mr. Ruggles? Quite right. And at what figure?"

"One fifty," said Ruggles, over his chin, his head back, one thin leg twined over the other, his thumbs in his empty vest pockets, and his fingers drumming on his empty stomach.

"One fifty! Er — I hardly comprehend you," said the Judge, anxiety bristling through his suavity.

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"THEY SWORE, THEY RAVED; BUT THEY COULD NOT DAM JUMPING CREEK"

"One—hundred—and—fifty—thousand—dollars—in—hard—cash," shouted Ruggles, his freckled finger pecking at the table like a rusty pickax. Failure and a servile clerkship, or success and being the leading young lawyer in Denver: these two thoughts balanced up and down under that crimson, crinkled scalp. Ruggles meant business.

"Impossible! My bo—" But there was a hardening in that long, gaunt figure that silenced the oily graybeard. He was the pleader, and this forked rawhide full of bones, with his head of tangled, redhot wire, was master of the situation. There was no question about that—but did he know it? And if he did, had he the nerve to hold out to the last minute, even though if he held he would win? But as Judge Horton looked at that face, a drumhead drawn over a dry, eye-lit skull, he knew that here was a man who would play for all or nothing.

"I'll see my clients," he said hastily, almost apologetically, and picked up his silk hat.

"I give them until noon to decide. After that the price increases ten thousand dollars an hour. Good morning, Judge Horton."

"Good morning, Mr. Ruggles. And—ah, *good* morning, Mr. Warwickton," and the Judge left the room.

Warwickton was tongueless; he limped slightly as he returned to his side of the chess table.

"Don't say a word, brother, to me or to any one. I'm playing a lone game. Let's smoke."

They smoked, with never a word. Noon came, but not a sign from the Horton office, though meanwhile there were great doings there. In some ways it resembled a padded cell. At twelve-twenty the Judge flustered into Ruggles' office.

"I'll take your offer—I'll take it! D—robbery! But we'll have to do it. One hundred and fifty thous——"

"One sixty. You're twenty minutes late, Judge."

"Never!" shouted the old gentleman. "I'll see you all in——."

"Water's rising, Judge. Jumping Creek's jumping. Seems to me I can hear it dripping down that old incline by the lakeful—can't you?"

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"Young man, I'll have you in the penitentiary for this. Good-morn—" The Judge had slammed the office door.

Ruggles cracked a parchment grin and turned to Warwickton with "He'll be back," but Warwickton was gone.

During the verbal melee between the old Judge and Ruggles the Britisher had slipped out of the door and disappeared. Sick to his toes, Ruggles, alone, folded down into a chair by the open window and for an hour gazed at the distant mountains.

"How cool it is up there—I'm sick of it all—this is gratitude for you—the gratitude of—" Just then the telephone rang.

"Ruggles? Is this Mr. Ruggles' office? Yes? Judge Horton there? No? Please don't speak so loud. Just left, you say? I guess you mean that you're just left, don't you? This is Mr. Crab talking. We've settled with your English fool and by this time he has started for London. We own the Red Shirt, and by wire have already four hundred men at work damming Jumping Creek. It'll be stopped in an hour—no damage done us whatever. Let me congratulate you, Mr. Ruggles—" But Ruggles had thrown the receiver crashing into the telephone box.

"I'm the fool! The biggest foo—Guess I'll smoke." Then he wrote a letter:

MY DEAR JUDGE FRANCE:—I will be glad to take the $60 a month position you so kindly offer. Lack of funds, not a shortage of grit, compels me to let go here. Will report to-morrow noon.

Very truly yours,
WEBSTER B. RUGGLES.

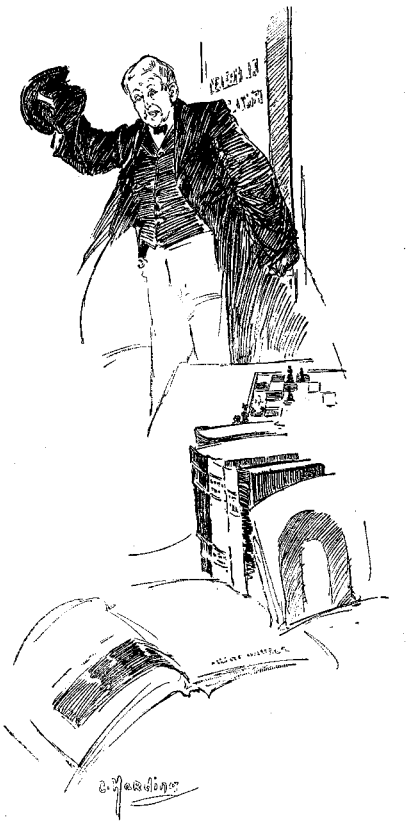
Next morning as Ruggles was packing up his few papers and many books, the carrier, with a hurried "Good mornin'," laid two letters on his bare desk. One read:

DEAR RUGGLES:—Yours received. Offer of clerkship withdrawn. Have just read the two columns in the morning *News* giving your Red Shirt deal. Take you in as junior partner. We need a man like you. See me at two this afternoon.

Yours truly,
J. C. FRANCE.

While Ruggles was still rubbing this into his wiry red scalp he was almost dazed by the following from the second letter:

MY DEAR RUGGLES:—You made a bully good fight of it, but this is such an extraordinary country that I thought it best to settle matters myself, so that I could be sure that it would be done properly. Those thieves gave me back my money, just twenty thousand pounds, and I have placed one-fourth of it in the First National Bank to your credit. I will feel it an honor if you will consider me your lifelong friend.
WARWICKTON.



"'YOUNG MAN! I'LL HAVE YOU IN THE PENITENTIARY FOR THIS'"

With twenty-five thousand dollars and the junior partnership in J. C. France & Co., Ruggles was ready for his second case. The first thing he did, however, was to breakfast on a two-dollar sirloin steak and a fifty-cent cigar; his second move was to redeem his watch and six-shooter.

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DUTCH COURAGE

BY

JOHN MILTON STODDARD

IT was O'Keefe told me this as we sat on a pile of rotten ties below the railroad embankment in the stifling quiet of an August noon. His empty dinner pail lay beside him, and from the bowl of a marvelously black and shiny clay the puffs of smoke sailed out as regularly as the ticking of a clock. Also the immediate neighborhood was redolent of "home grown" so highly scented that in self-defence I had to burn up the cigar I had been saving for the homeward walk as I listened to the story.

"'Tis a curious thing is whisky, sorr, an' thot's widout denyin'. Ut makes a man do what he wud never think av doin' widout ut. 'Twill get him into scrapes av all kinds an' yet 'twill generally get him out, too. Do I not know? I hov' lived wid ut for forty years. 'Dutch courage,' I hov' heard ut called, tho' why I do not know, unliss thot when he's drunk a man will do what only a Dutchman wad be foolish enough to do otherwise. Wance ut caught me thot way an' 'tis uv thot I mane to tell you.

"Bedad, ut was an awful night! Away along in November an' dirthy cold. Th' wind blew down th' cut fit to kill, an' ivery now an' thin a dash uv rain ud slap me in th' face an' nigh take me breath away—what little I had. Th' moon was shinin' somewhere, but here in th' woods 'twas black as your hat. Ye cud fair fale th' darkness uv ut as if ye was wadin' thro' ink. I'd bin down to the culvert this side th' turnpike bekase av a surly strame av wather thot wud not go thru' as it should, an' I spint three plaisant hours wadin' around in th' slush persuadin' uv ut. Ut was eleven o'clock whin I felt at liberthy to go home, an' two miles uv thot wind to face.

"How she did blow! Tin thousand divils scratchin' an' yellin' overhead an' th' pine trees goin' 'Moo, Moo,' like a cow thot had lost her calf, I hod somethin' to kape the wather out tho', an' I disremimber how many times I consulted th' neck av ut. No doubt 'twas considerable, bekase I know I sthopped at th' crossin' where Daddy Briggs was killed, ye remimber, an' invited his ghost to come an' hov' a drink wid me. Ye know there's thim thot siz he walks av noights, an' I ginerally siz nothin' but hurries whin business calls me by there after dark. 'Tis not I thot wud do jinks wid a dead man whin I'm sober.

"Whin I made th' top av th' hill I stopped in th' lee av' th' big oak to get me breath an' straighten out me rain coat which was tangled 'round me ligs most undacintly. Mebbe I tuk another dhrink, too, I dunno. I had fair excuse if I did.

"Number Four wint by wid a howl an' a snort whilst I stood there, an' I watched till I saw her tail lights whip over the summit an' knew th' culvert was holdin' all right. Thin I toddled on thinkin' av me bed.

"Suddint there come a fresh gust av thot howlin' wind an' above ut what I shud know in Chaney, th' grr-grr-cluck av a hand-car comin' like th' divil an' carryin' no lights. I made wan jump right off th' right av way an' they wint by me like a sthreak. I'd just time to flash me lantern on thim an' see they was two min on th' car an' they was gone. Wid th' wind in their backs an' thim pumpin' fer all there was in thim they must have bin runnin' thirty miles an hour.

"'Phat the divil,' siz I to mesilf, 'are they doin' out to-night, an' who wuz ut?' There didn't same any way av answerin' th' question, an' I wint on.

"Whin I reached th' daypo I wint in to pass th' complimints av th' sayson wid Ellsworth, th' night operaytor, an' I see he had company. Larry, th' agent, an' him was hangin' over th' telegraph instruments

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an' Dodds, th' diputy sheriff, was sittin' by th' stove. Me intrance was unceremonious, an' siz Dodds, holdin' up his hand like this, 'Whist!'

"'What's the matter?' siz I, an' siz he, 'Whist!'

"Wid thot I set down me lantern an' tiptoed over to th' stove. Prisintly Ellsworth did some jiggers wid th' kay an' Larry turns an' siz, 'Did ye say anything av a hand-car comin' down th' line, Patsy?'

"'I did thot,' siz I; 'they nigh run me down. They'd no sinse,' siz I, 'runnin' like thot an' carryin' no light.'

"'They'd want no light,' siz he, 'for they're bank robbers. They bruk into th' bank at Clairmount an' walked off wid th' contents an' O'Mera's hand-car.'

"'Holy Payter!' siz I; 'how much did they git?'

"'Forty thousand dollars. All the county tax money,' siz Ellsworth.

"'Well,' siz I, 'they traveled in a hurry like.'

"Siz Dodds, 'can ye not catch thim at Bellevue?'

"'Wires all down,' siz Larry, 'an' besides they'll be no such fools as to go clear in. They'll stop at th' bridge an' cut across to th' P. & D. thracks. They've got a clane swape. Not a night offis this side th' junction an' nothin' to stop thim unless—By Jove!' siz he, 'I have ut. Dodds, d'ye want to go after thim?'

"'Av course I do,' siz Dodds.

"'An' you, Pat?' siz he.

"'Av course I don't,' siz I. 'Do I want to be made a sieve uv? Thim fellys has guns. Beside they can't be caught wid th' start they have.'

"'Yis, they can,' siz Larry. 'We'll take th' lorrie,' siz he, 'an' put th' sail on ut. She'll fly in this wind.'

"'Yis,' siz I, 'she'll fly over th' fince.'

"'No, she won't. Wid three min on her she'll stay down an' we can make three feet to their wan. Come on, byes, down to th' tool house. Got your kay, Pat?'

"Av course I had me kay, an' I followed thim down th' thrack on th' run.

"Ye must know thot Larry was an injaynous sort av a lad, an' he'd rigged up a big sail that he attached to me lorrie sometimes an' scooted up an' down th' thracks av' Sundays whin th' trains was not numerous. We'd thried ut often an' ut wint great, but th' idea av sailin' in a tornady whin ye cuddent see your hand before ye an' two disprit characters waitin' for ye wid six-shooters!

"Ut was a foolish thrick, an' I thought so whin I started, but by th' time I'd reached th' tool house th' whisky ud begun workin' in me stronger than iver. I'm not a coward. No man ever called me thot to me face thot cud be recognized by his relaytions afterward, but whin I'm sober I'm prudent. Whin I'm half shot tho' I'm not, an' thot is why whin the lorrie struck the thrack there was three av us made a jump for ut an' pulled up th' big sail that Larry had bolted into it.

"Thot Larry was a featherweight; a little stubby felly, but grit clane through. An' Dodds, he feared nayther man nor baste. He cuddent an' uphold th' law in Billings county. For th' honor av th' ould sod I wuddent let on, but whin th' first gust sthruck that sail an' ut bellied out till th' stay ropes howled like dogs, I was scared white. I belave on me soul we lept a quarter av a mile before we hit th' rail agin, an' how she did purr thin. Ut had took me a long hour to walk up from thot culvert, but bedad we wint over ut before I had gripped th' side av th' lorrie. In anither minit we was over the hill an' thin we was out in the open where th' wind cud play wid us. Sorr, ut was awful th' way we wint! Just think for yourself, a low wheeled easy runnin' car—for I kept her well iled—a good sized sail, an' a wind, blowin' harder ivery second, whippin' th' big trees back an' forth like saplin's; black darkness ivirywhere, an' always th' grr-rr av th' wheels an' th' pound, pound, pound, over the rails as fast as the tick av your watch.

"Dodds had me lantern an' was up in front kapin' a look out. Larry was toyin' wid th' sail, an' as for me, I spint me time rollin' from side to side tryin' to kape th' wheels on th' thrack. Bedad, sorr, she'd lane over whin th' wind hit her extry hard till 'twas like th' side av a house, an' if th' flanges on thot side had iver bruk I dunno where we'd wint. Thin back she'd topple to th' rails an' hist up on th' other side. 'Twas a game uv see-saw we played thot I wud not like to play agin.

"But Larry, bein' tickled to death wid his invention, was laughin' an' talkin' all th' time. He sed he wished he had a

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topsail, an' thot 'twas th' bist little craft he iver handled. She'd give a center-boarder cards an' sphades at edgin' into th' wind. We wint by th' daypo buildin's at Dennison prisintly, sixteen miles from home, tin to th' Junction. I was thinkin' uv thot an' whin I'd git back, if I iver did, whin a thought struck me, an' hard. 'Larry,' I yells, grabbin' him an' shakin' him to secure his attintion.

"'Phat?' says he.

"'Hov' ye thought av the threstle?'

"'Av course I hov, Pat. Phwy?'

"'Will ye not lit down thot sail goin' over there?'

"'Shure I won't. We're only tin miles from th' Junction, an' we haven't sane thim fellys yit.'

"'Larry,' siz I, as solemn as I cud, me layin' flat on me billy to kape on at all. 'Larry, if ye go out on thot threstle wid thot contrivaynce, we'll be blown into th' canyon as sure as I'm alive. Will ye not be sinsible now an' leg ut over?'

"'Nope,' siz he. 'Got to catch thim thaves.'

"Wid thot I gave up hope. We hit th' threstle the nixt minit an' wint out, out, out, till we was hangin' over th' very Pit. Sorr, if I'd a looked I cud hov' sane the Divil down there waitin'. What wind we had on the livil was only child's play to what we got up there. Only th' weight av' us kept her on, for somehow she did stay on, ur I'd not be here. Ut was all over in a second an' I breathed a little freer whin we sthruck th' grade at Brierly. Phat was fallin' down hill after thot threstle!

"We hit th' level at th' fut fair an' true, an' thin Dodds came crowlin' back from th' front a whoopin'.

"'Sthop her! Sthop her!' he yells. 'Sthop her quick! They're right ahid, I sane their light.'

"Larry made one lep to lower th' sail. Mebbe ut come down, I dunno, because at thot minit I wint up. Yis, I did, right straight up, an' thin I over inded some, like a Fourt av July pin-wheel, an' th' earth came up an' found me an' I lay still an' quiet. Thim robbers had sthopped down there an' we'd telescoped 'em. Whin I came to ut samed as if th' world was sittin' on me. I wriggled a little an' some one groaned an siz, dazed like, 'Where am I?'

"'Ye're on me hid,' siz I, kind uv resentful like.

"'I can't move,' siz he; 'me ligs are bruk I think.'

"'Thin,' siz I, 'if ye'll excuse me I'll move mesilf,' an' wid thot I squhirmed out.

"Wud ye belave ut, that blissed lantern av ours was sittin' there on th' imbankmint still burnin' an' sphreddin' a peaceful light all unmindful av blood an' carnage? I wiped th' gore out av me eye an' wint an' got ut. Whin I held ut up I nigh died wid laughter to see Dodds. He'd sthruck fair an' square on th' other side th' railroad ditch an' shlipped back into th' water which was just up to his lips. Git up he cuddent, an' there he sat. Iviry minit he'd open his mouth to swear, an' before he cud say what he was whishful to say, a quart av water ud rush into th' cavity an' he'd splutter an' gurgle an' sphit like a sody fountain.

"But there'd bin sarious work there too. I holped th' diputy out an' we sarched around for Larry. Th' man thot was on me had fainted agin. The other was stone dead; bruk his neck on th' ties. We cud see nothin' av th' agent, but prisintly from away over by th' fince comes a voice.

"'Hello, byes,' sez he; 'ye hurt?'

"'Not much,' sez I; 'are you?'

"'Arm's bruk,' siz he; 'how's the hold-ups?'

"'Wan did an' th' other disabled,' siz I.

"'I've got th' swag,' siz Dodds, sphittin' out tadpoles an' frogs an' things, an' thin we held a consultation.

"We was only two miles from th' Junction an' so I walked in an' tole me tale to th' yard master. It tuk me some time, for they thought I was drunk, but finally they sint out the switching engine an' brought in th' bunch. We wint to th' hospital or th' morgue, depindin' on our condition, an' thin th' rayporters got hold av Dodds an' 'twas in all th' papers. I remimber they called me a rollickin' Irishman. Faith, I rollicked enough whin I was turnin' handsprings in th' air after th' collision.

"Did we get a reward? Oh, yis, th' bank people was properly grateful. They paid for havin' us minded an' we divided a thousand dollars betwixt us beside, but I wud not do that thing over agin for tin times a thousand. I hov' too much respect for me bones.

"You there, Mike! Phut a little ile on the car an' we'll go down to th' cut."

The saga was ended.

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PHILADELPHIA: CORRUPT AND CONTENTED

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF MINNEAPOLIS," "PITTSBURG: A CITY ASHAMED," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

OTHER American cities, no matter how bad their own condition may be, all point with scorn to Philadelphia as worse — "the worst governed city in the country." St. Louis, Minneapolis, Pittsburg submit with some patience to the jibes of any other community; the most friendly suggestion from Philadelphia is rejected with contempt. The Philadelphians are "supine," "asleep"; hopelessly ring-ruled, they are "complacent." "Politically benighted," Philadelphia is supposed to have no light to throw upon a state of things that is almost universal.

This is not fair. Philadelphia is, indeed, corrupt; but it is not without significance. Every city and town in the country can learn something from the typical political experience of this great representative city. New York is excused for many of its ills because it is the metropolis, Chicago because of its forced development; Philadelphia is our "third largest" city and its growth has been gradual and natural. Immigration has been blamed for our municipal conditions; Philadelphia, with 47 per cent. of the population native born of native born parents, is the most American of our greater cities. It is "good," too, and intelligent. I don't know how to measure the intelligence of a community, but a Pennsylvania college professor who declared to me his belief in education for the masses as a way out of political corruption, himself justified the "rake-off" of preferred contractors on public works on the ground of a "fair business profit." Another plea we have made is that we are too busy to attend to public business, and we have promised, when we come to wealth and leisure, to do better. Philadelphia has long enjoyed great and widely distributed prosperity; it is the city of homes; there is a dwelling house for every five persons, — men, women, and children, — of the population; and the people give one a sense of more leisure and repose than any community I ever dwelt in. Some Philadelphians account for their political state on the ground of their ease and comfort. There is another class of optimists whose hope is in an "aristocracy" that is to come by and by; Philadelphia is surer that it has a "real aristocracy" than any other place in the world, but its aristocrats with few exceptions are in the ring, with it, or of no political use. Then we hear that we are a young people and that when we are older and "have traditions," like some of the old countries, we also will be honest. Philadelphia is one of the oldest of our cities and treasures for us scenes and relics of some of the noblest traditions of our fair land. Yet I was told how once, for a joke, a party of boodlers counted out the "divvy" of their graft in unison with the ancient chime of Independence Hall.

Philadelphia is representative. This very "joke," told, as it was, with a laugh, is typical. All our municipal governments are more or less bad and all our people are optimists. Philadelphia is simply the most corrupt and the most contented. Minneapolis has cleaned up, Pittsburg has tried to, New York fights every other election, Chicago fights all the time. Even St. Louis has begun to stir (since the elections are over) and at the worst was only shameless.

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Philadelphia is proud; good people there defend corruption and boast of their machine. My college professor, with his philosophic view of "rake-offs," is one Philadelphia type. Another is the man, who, driven to bay with his local pride, says: "At least you must admit that our machine is the best you have ever seen."

All Through With Reform

Disgraceful? Other cities say so. But I say that if Philadelphia is a disgrace, it is a disgrace not to itself alone, nor to Pennsylvania, but to the United States and to American character. For this great city, so highly representative in other respects, is not behind in political experience, but ahead, with New York. Philadelphia is a city that has had its reforms. Having passed through all the typical stages of corruption, Philadelphia reached the period of miscellaneous loot with a boss for chief thief, under James McManes and the Gas Ring 'way back in the late sixties and seventies. This is the Tweed stage of corruption from which St. Louis, for example, is just emerging. Philadelphia, in two inspiring popular revolts, attacked the Gas Ring, broke it, and in 1885 achieved that dream of American cities — a good charter. The present condition of Philadelphia, therefore, is not that which precedes, but that which follows reform, and in this distinction lies its startling general significance. What has happened since the Bullitt Law or charter went into effect in Philadelphia may happen in any American city "after reform is over."

For reform with us is usually revolt, not government, and is soon over. Our people do not seek, they avoid self rule, and "reforms" are spasmodic efforts to punish bad rulers and get somebody that will give us good government or something that will make it. A self-acting form of government is an ancient superstition. We are an inventive people and we all think that we shall devise some day a legal machine that will turn out good government automatically. The Philadelphians have treasured this belief longer than the rest of us and have tried it more often. Throughout their history they have sought this wonderful charter and they thought they had it when they got the Bullitt Law, which concentrates in the Mayor ample power, executive and political, and complete responsibility. Moreover, it calls for very little thought and action on the part of the people. All they expected to have to do when the Bullitt Law went into effect was to elect as Mayor a good business man, who with his probity and common sense would give them that good business administration which is the ideal of many reformers.

Business Men as Mayors

The Bullitt Law went into effect in 1887. A committee of twelve — four from the Union League, four from business organizations, and four from the bosses — picked out the first man to run under it on the Republican ticket, Edwin H. Fitler, an able, upright business man, and he was elected. Strange to say, his administration was satisfactory to the citizens, who speak well of it to this day, and to the politicians also; Boss McManes (the ring was broken, not the boss) took to the next national convention from Philadelphia a delegation solid for Fitler for President of the United States. It was a farce, but it pleased Mr. Fitler, so Matthew S. Quay, the State boss, let him have a complimentary vote on the first ballot. The politicians "fooled" Mr. Fitler, and they "fooled" also the next business Mayor, Edwin S. Stuart, likewise a most estimable gentleman. Under these two administrations the foundation was laid for the present government of Philadelphia, the corruption to which Philadelphians seem so reconciled, and the machine which is "at least the best you have ever seen."

Philadelphians Disfranchised Like Negroes

The Philadelphia machine isn't the best. It isn't sound, and I doubt if it would stand in New York or Chicago. The enduring strength of the typical American political machine is that it is a natural growth — a sucker, but deep rooted in the people. The New Yorkers vote for Tammany Hall. The Philadelphians do not vote; they are disfranchised, and their disfranchisement is one anchor of the foundation of the Philadelphia organization.

This is no figure of speech. The honest citizens of Philadelphia have no more rights at the polls than the negroes down South. Nor do they fight very hard for this basic right. You can arouse their Republican ire by talking about the black Republican votes

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lost in the Southern States by white Democratic intimidation, but if you remind the average Philadelphian that he is in the same position, he will look startled, then say, "That's so, that's literally true, only I never thought of it in just that way." And it is literally true.

The machine controls the whole process of voting, and practices fraud at every stage. The assessor's list is the voting list, and the assessor is the machine's man. "The assessor of a division kept a disorderly house; he padded his lists with fraudulent names registered from his house; two of these names were used by election officers. . . . The constable of the division kept a disreputable house; a policeman was assessed as living there. . . . The election was held in the disorderly house maintained by the assessor. . . . The man named as judge had a criminal charge for a life offense pending against him. . . . Two hundred and fifty-two votes were returned in a division that had less than one hundred legal votes within its boundaries." These extracts from a report of the Municipal League suggest the election methods. The assessor pads the list with the names of dead dogs, children, and non-existent persons. One newspaper printed the picture of a dog, another that of a little four-year-old negro boy, down on such a list. A ring orator in a speech resenting sneers at his ward as "low down" reminded his hearers that that was the ward of Independence Hall, and, naming over signers of the Declaration of Independence, he closed his highest flight of eloquence with the statement that "these men, the fathers of American liberty, voted down here once. And," he added, with a catching grin, "they vote here yet." Rudolph Blankenburg, a persistent fighter for the right and the use of the right to vote, sent out just before one election a registered letter to each voter on the rolls of a certain selected division. Sixty-three per cent. were returned marked "not at," "removed," "deceased," etc. From one four-story house where forty-four voters were addressed, eighteen letters came back undelivered; from another of forty-eight voters, came back forty-one letters; from another sixty-one out of sixty-two; from another forty-four out of forty-seven. Six houses in one division were assessed at one hundred and seventy-two voters, more than the votes cast in the previous election in any one of two hundred entire divisions.

The repeating is done boldly, for the machine controls the election officers, often choosing them from among the fraudulent names; and when no one appears to serve, assigning the heeler ready for the expected vacancy. The police are forbidden by law to stand within thirty feet of the polls, but they are at the box and they are there to see that the machine's orders are obeyed and that repeaters whom they help to furnish are permitted to vote without "intimidation" on the names they, the police, have supplied. The editor of an anti-machine paper who was looking about for himself once told me that a ward leader who knew him well asked him into a polling place. "I'll show you how it's done," he said, and he had the repeaters go round and round voting again and again on the names handed them on slips. "But," as the editor said, "that isn't the way it's done." The repeaters go from one polling place to another, voting on slips, and on their return rounds change coats, hats, etc. The business proceeds with very few hitches; there is more jesting than fighting. Intimidation in the past has had its effect; and is not often necessary now-a-days, but if it is needed the police are there to apply it. Several citizens told me that they had seen the police help to beat citizens or election officers who were trying to do their duty, then arrest the victim; and Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, the executive counsel of the Municipal League, has published a booklet of such cases. But an official statement of the case is at hand in an announcement by John Weaver, the new machine Mayor of Philadelphia, that he is going to keep the police out of politics and away from the polls. "I shall see," he added, "that every voter enjoys the full right of suffrage and that ballots may be placed in the ballot box without fear of intimidation."

But many Philadelphians do not try to vote. They leave everything to the machine, and the machine casts their ballots for them. It is estimated that 150,000 voters did not go to the polls at the last election. Yet the machine rolled up a majority of 130,000 for Weaver, with a fraudulent vote estimated all the way from forty to eighty thousand, and this in a campaign so machine-made that it was called "no

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contest." Francis Fisher Kane, the Democrat, got 32,000 votes out of some 204,000. "What is the use of voting?" these stay-at-homes ask. A friend of mine told me he was on the lists in the three wards in which he had successively dwelt. He votes personally in none, but the leader of his present ward tells him how he has been voted. Mr. J. C. Reynolds, the proprietor of the St. James Hotel, went to the polls at eleven o'clock last election day, only to be told that he had been voted. He asked how many others from his house had voted. An election officer took up a list, checked off twelve names, two down twice, and handed it to him. When Mr. Reynolds got home he learned that one of these had voted, the others had been voted. Another man said he rarely attempted to vote, but when he did, the officers let him, even though his name had already been voted on; and then the negro repeaters would ask if his "brother was coming 'round today." They were going to vote him, as they vote all good-natured citizens who stay away. "When this kind of man turns out," said a leader to me, "we simply have two repeaters extra — one to balance him and one more to the good." If necessary, after all this, the machine counts the vote "right," and there is little use appealing to the courts, since they have held that, excepting in one case, the ballot box is secret and cannot be opened. The only legal remedy lies in the purging of the assessors' lists, and when the Municipal League had this done in 1899, they reported that there was "wholesale voting on the very names stricken off."

Bosses Appointed from the U. S. Senate

Deprived of self-government, the Philadelphians haven't even self-governing machine government. They have their own boss, but he and his machine are subject to the State ring and take their orders from the State boss, Matthew S. Quay, who is the proprietor of Pennsylvania and the real ruler of Philadelphia, just as William Penn, the great proprietor, was. Philadelphians, especially the local bosses, dislike this description of their government, and they point for refutation to their charter. But this very Bullitt Law was passed by Quay, and he put it through the Legislature, not for reform reasons, but at the instance of David H. Lane, his Philadelphia lieutenant, as a check upon the power of Boss McManes. Later, when McManes proved hopelessly insubordinate, Quay decided to have done with him forever. He chose David Martin for boss, and from his seat in the United States Senate, Penn's successor raised up his man and set him over the people. Croker, who rose by his own strength to the head of Tammany Hall, has tried twice to appoint a successor; no one else could, and he failed. The boss of Tammany Hall is a growth. So Croker has attempted to appoint district leaders and failed; a Tammany district leader is a growth. Boss Martin, picked up and set down from above, was accepted by Philadelphia and the Philadelphia machine, and he removed old ward leaders and appointed new ones. Some leaders in Philadelphia own their wards, of course, but Martin and, after him, Durham have sent men into a ward to lead it, and they have led it.

Philadelphia Machine Upside Down

The Philadelphia organization is upside down. It has its root in the air, or, rather, like the banyan tree, it sends its roots from the center out both up and down and all around, and there lies its peculiar strength. For when I said it was dependent and not sound, I did not mean that it was weak. It is dependent as a municipal machine, but the organization that rules Philadelphia is, as we have seen, not a mere municipal machine, but a city, State, and national organization. The people of Philadelphia are Republicans in a Republican city in a Republican State in a Republican nation, and they are bound ring on ring on ring. The President of the United States and his patronage; the National Cabinet and their patronage; the Congress and the patronage of the Senators and the Congressmen from Pennsylvania; the Governor of the State and the State Legislature with their powers and patronage; and all that the Mayor and City Councils have of power and patronage; — all these bear down upon Philadelphia to keep it in the control of Quay's boss and his little ring. This is the ideal of party organization, and, possibly, is the end toward which our democratic republic is tending. If it is, the end is absolutism. Nothing but a revolution could overthrow this oligarchy, and there is its danger. With no outlet at the polls for public feeling, the machine cannot be taught

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anything it does not know excepting at the cost of annihilation.

No Choice of Parties

But the Philadelphia machine-leaders know their business. As I said in a previous article ("Tweed Days in St. Louis"), the politicians will learn, if the people won't, from exposure and reform. The Pennsylvania bosses learned the "uses of reform"; we have seen Quay applying it to discipline McManes, and he since has turned reformer himself, to punish local bosses. The bosses have learned also the danger of combination between citizens and the Democrats. To prevent this, Quay and his friends have spread sedulously the doctrine of "reform within the party," and, from the Committee of One Hundred on, the reformers have stuck pretty faithfully to this principle. But lest the citizens should commit such a sin against their party, Martin formed a permanent combination of the Democratic with the Republican organization, using to that end a goodly share of the Federal and county patronage. Thus the people of Philadelphia were "fixed" so that they couldn't vote if they wanted to, and if they should want to, they couldn't vote for a Democrat, except of Republican or independent choosing. In other words, having taken away their ballot, the bosses took away also the choice of parties.

Making Graft Safe

But the greatest lesson learned and applied was that of conciliation and "good government." The people must not want to vote or rebel against the ring. This ring, like any other, was formed for the exploitation of the city for private profit, and the cementing force is the "cohesive power of public plunder." But McManes and Tweed had proved that miscellaneous larceny was dangerous, and why should a lot of cheap politicians get so much and the people nothing at all? The people had been taught to expect but little from their rulers: good water, good light, clean streets well paved, fair transportation, the decent repression of vice, public order and public safety, and no scandalous or open corruption. It would be good business and good politics to give them these things. Like Chris Magee, who studied out the problem with him, Martin took away from the rank and file of the party and from the ward leaders and office holders the privilege of theft, and he formed companies and groups to handle the legitimate public business of the city. It was all graft, but it was to be all lawful, and, in the main, it was. Public franchises, public works, and public contracts were the principal branches of the business, and Martin adopted the dual boss idea which we have seen worked out by Magee and Flinn in Pittsburg. In Philadelphia it was Martin and Porter, and just as Flinn had a firm, Booth & Flinn, Ltd., so Porter was Filbert and Porter.

Filbert and Porter got all the public contracts they could handle, and the rest went to other contractors friendly to them and to the ring. Sometimes the preferred contractor was the lowest bidder, but he did not have to be. The law allowed awards to be "lowest and best," and the courts held that this gave the officials discretion. But since public criticism was to be considered, the ring, to keep up appearances, resorted to many tricks. One was to have fake bids made above the favorite. Another was to have the favorite bid high but set an impossible time limit; the department or the City Councils could extend the time afterwards. Still another was to arrange for specifications which would make outsiders bid high, then either openly alter the plans or let the ring firm perform work not up to requirements.

Many of Martin's deals and jobs were scandals, but they were safe; they were in the direction of public service; and the great mass of the business was done quietly. Moreover, the public was getting something for its money,— not full value, but a good percentage. In other words, there was a limit to the "rake-off," and some insiders have told me that it had been laid down as a principle with the ring that the people should have in value (that is in work or benefit, including fair profit) ninety-five cents out of every dollar. In some of the deals I investigated, the "rake-off" over and above profit was as high as twenty-five per cent. Still, even at this, there was "a limit," and the public was getting, as one of the leaders told me, "a run for its money." Cynical as it all sounds, this view is taken by many Philadelphians almost if not quite as intelligent as my college professor.

Philadelphia Corrupted

But there was another element in the policy of conciliation which is a potent

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factor in the contentment of Philadelphia, and I regard it as the key to that "apathy" which has made the community notorious. We have seen how Quay had with him the Federal resources and those of the State, and the State ring, and we have seen how Martin, having the city, Mayor, and Councils, won over the Democratic city leaders. Here they had under pay in office, at least 15,000 men and women. But each of these 15,000 persons was selected for office because he could deliver votes, either by organizations, by parties, or by families. These must represent pretty near a majority of the city's voters. But this is by no means the end of the ring's reach. In the State ring are the great corporations, the Standard Oil Company, Cramp's Ship Yard, and the steel companies, with the Pennsylvania Railroad at their head, and all the local transportation and other public utility companies following after. They get franchises, privileges, exemptions, etc.; they have helped finance Quay through deals: the Pennsylvania paid Martin, Quay said once, a large yearly salary; the Cramps get contracts to build United States ships, and for years have been begging for a subsidy on home-made ships. The officers, directors, and stockholders of these companies, with their friends, their bankers, and their employees are of the organization. Better still, one of the local bosses of Philadelphia told me he could always give a worker a job with these companies, just as he could in a city department, or in the mint, or post-office. Then there are the bankers who enjoy, or may some day enjoy, public deposits; those that profit on loans to finance political financial deals; the promoting capitalists who share with the bosses on franchises; and the brokers who deal in ring securities and speculation on ring tips. Through the exchange the ring financiers reach the investing public, which is a large and influential body. The traction companies, which bought their way from beginning to end by corruption, which have always been in the ring, and whose financiers have usually shared in other big ring deals, adopted early the policy of bribing the people with "small blocks of stock." Dr. Frederick W. Speirs, in his "The Street Railway System of Philadelphia," came upon transactions which "indicate clearly that it is the policy of the Union Company to get the securities into the hands of a large number of small holders, the plain inference being that a wide distribution of securities will fortify the company against possible attacks by the public." In 1895 he found a director saying: "Our critics have engaged the Academy of Music, and are to call an assemblage of people opposed to the street railways as now managed. It would take eight Academies of Music to hold the stockholders of the Union Traction Company."

But we are not yet through. Quay has made a specialty all his life of reformers, and he and his local bosses have won over so many that the list of former reformers is very, very long. Martin drove down his roots through race and religion, too. Philadelphia was one of the hot-beds of "know-nothingism." Martin recognized the Catholic, and the Irish-Irish, and so drew off into the Republican party the great natural supply of the Democrats; and his successors have given high places to representative Jews. "Surely this isn't corruption!" No, and neither is that corruption which makes the heads of great educational and charity institutions "go along," as they say in Pennsylvania, in order to get appropriations for their institutions from the State and land from the city. They know what is going on, but they do not join reform movements. The provost of the University of Pennsylvania declined to join in a revolt because, he said, it might impair his usefulness to the University. And so it is with others, and with clergymen who have favorite charities; with Sabbath associations and City Beautiful clubs; with lawyers who want briefs; with real estate dealers who like to know in advance about public improvements, and real estate owners who appreciate light assessments; with shopkeepers who don't want to be bothered with strict inspections.

If there is no other hold for the ring on a man there always is the protective tariff. "I don't care," said a manufacturer. "What if they do plunder and rob us, it can't hurt me unless they raise the tax rates, and even that won't ruin me. Our party keeps up the tariff. If they should reduce that, my business would be ruined."

The Dollar Mark on Martin

Such, then, are the ramifications of this machine, such is its strength. No wonder Martin could break his own rules, as he did,

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and commit excesses. Martin's doom was proclaimed not in Philadelphia, but in the United States Senate, and his offence was none of this business of his, but his failure to nominate as successor to Mayor Stuart the man, Boise Penrose, whom Matt Quay chose for that place. Martin had consented, but at the last moment he ordered the nomination of Charles F. Warwick instead. The day that happened Mr. Quay arose on the floor of the Senate and, in a speech so irrelevant to the measure under consideration that nobody out of Pennsylvania understood it, said that there was in his town a man who had given as his reason for not doing what he had promised to do, the excuse that he was "under a heavy salary from a great corporation (the Pennsylvania Railroad) and was compelled to do what the corporation wished him to do. And," added Senator Quay, "men in such a position with high power for good or evil ought . . . to go about . . . with the dollar mark of the corporation on their foreheads." Quay named as the new boss Israel W. Durham, a ward leader under Martin.

Martin having the city through Mayor Warwick fought Quay in the State, with Chris Magee for an ally, but Quay beat them both there and then prepared to beat them in their own cities. His cry was Reform, and he soon had the people shouting for it.

"Shaking the Plum Tree"

Quay responded with a Legislative committee to investigate abuses in the cities, but this so-called "Lexow" was called off before it amounted to much more than a momentary embarrassment to Martin. Martin's friends, on the other hand, caught Quay and nearly sent him to prison. The People's Bank, James McManes, president, failed. The cashier, John S. Hopkins, had been speculating and letting Quay and other politicians have bank funds without collateral for stock gambling. In return, Quay and the State Treasurer left heavy State deposits with the bank. Hopkins lost his nerve and shot himself. McManes happened to call in friends of Martin to advise him, and these suggested a Martin man for receiver. They found among the items money lent to Quay without security, except the State funds, and telegrams asking Hopkins to buy "1000 Met" (Metropolitan) and promising in return to "shake the plum tree." Quay, his son, Richard R., and Benjamin J. Haywood, the State Treasurer, were indicted for conspiracy, and every effort was made to have the trial precede the next election for the Legislature which was to elect a successor to Quay in the United States Senate; but Quay got stays and postponements in the hope that a more friendly District Attorney could be put in that office. Martin secured the election of Peter F. Rothermel, who was eager to try the case, and Quay had to depend on other resources. The trial came in due course, and failed; Judge Biddle ruled out the essential evidence on the ground that it was excluded by the statute of limitation. Rothermel went on with the trial, but it was hopeless; Quay was acquitted and the other cases were abandoned.

Popular feeling was excited by this exposure of Quay, but there was no action till the factional fighting suggested a use for it. Quay had refused the second United States Senatorship to John Wanamaker, and Wanamaker led through the State and in Philadelphia a fight against the boss, which has never ceased. It took the form of a reform campaign, and Quay's methods were made plain, but the boss beat Wanamaker at every point, had Penrose made Senator, and through Penrose and Durham was gradually getting possession of Philadelphia. The final triumph came with the election of Samuel H. Ashbridge as Mayor.

Martin Out—"Is" Durham Boss

"Stars-and-stripes Sam," as Ashbridge is sometimes called, was a speech-maker and a "joiner." That is to say, he made a practice of going to lodges, associations, brotherhoods, Sunday-schools, and all sorts of public and private meetings, joining some, but making at all speeches patriotic and sentimental. He was very popular. Under the Bullitt Law, as I have said, all that is necessary to a good administration and complete, though temporary reform, is a good mayor. The politicians feel that they must nominate a man in whom the people as well as themselves have faith. They had had faith in Warwick, both the ring and the people, and Warwick had found it impossible to satisfy two such masters. Now they put their faith in Ashbridge, and so did Durham and so did Martin. All

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interests accepted him, therefore, and all watched him with hope and more or less assurance; none more than the good people. And, indeed, no man could have promised more or better public service than Ashbridge. The result, however, was distracting.

Mr. Ashbridge "threw down" Martin, and he recognized Quay's man, "Is" Durham, as the political boss. Durham is a high type of boss, candid, but of few words; generous, but businesslike; complete master of himself, and a genius at organization. For Pennsylvania politics he is a conservative leader, and there would have been no excesses under him, as there have been few "rows." But Mr. Durham has not been the master of the Philadelphia situation. He bowed to Quay and he could not hold Ashbridge. Philadelphians say that if it should come to a fight, Durham could beat Quay in Philadelphia, but it doesn't come to a fight. Another thing Philadelphians say is that he "keeps his word," yet he broke it (with notice) when Quay asked him to stand for Pennypacker for Governor. As I said before, however, Philadelphia is so constituted that it apparently cannot have self-government, not even its own boss, so that the allegiance paid to Quay is comprehensible. But the submission of the boss to the Mayor was extraordinary, and it seemed to some sagacious politicians dangerous.

For Mr. Ashbridge broke through all the principles of moderate grafting developed by Martin. Durham formed his ring — taking in James P. McNichol as co-ruler and preferred contractor; John M. Mack as promoter and financier; and he widened the inside circle to include more individuals. But while he was more liberal toward his leaders, and not inclined "to grab off everything for himself," as one leader told me, he maintained the principle of concentration and strict control as good politics and good business. So, too, he adopted Martin's program of public improvements, the filtration, boulevards, etc., and added to it. When Ashbridge was well settled in office, these schemes were all started, and the Mayor pushed them with a will. According to the "Philadelphia Plan," the Mayor should not be in the ring. He should be an ambitious man, and his reward promotion, not riches. If he is "out for the stuff," he is likely to be hurried by the fretful thought that his term is limited to four years, and since he cannot succeed himself as Mayor, his interest in the future of the machine is less than that of a boss, who goes on forever.

"All There Is In It for Ashbridge"

When he was nominated, Ashbridge had debts of record amounting to some $40,000. Before he was elected these were satisfied. Soon after he took office he declared himself in an interview with former Postmaster Thomas L. Hicks. Here is Mr. Hicks's account of the incident:

"At one of the early interviews I had with the Mayor in his office, he said to me: 'Tom, I have been elected Mayor of Philadelphia. I have four years to serve. I have no further ambitions. I want no other office when I am out of this one, and I shall get out of this office all there is in it for Samuel H. Ashbridge.'

"I remarked that this was a very foolish thing to say. 'Think how that could be construed,' I said.

"'I don't care anything about that,' he declared. 'I mean to get out of this office everything there is in it for Samuel H. Ashbridge.'"

When he retired from office last April, he became the president of a bank, and was reputed to be rich. Here is the summary published by the Municipal League at the close of his labors:

"The four years of the Ashbridge administration have passed into history, leaving behind them a scar on the fame and reputation of our city which will be a long time healing. Never before, and let us hope never again, will there be such brazen defiance of public opinion, such flagrant disregard of public interest, such abuse of powers and responsibilities for private ends. These are not generalizations, but each statement can be abundantly proved by numerous instances."

Blackmailing the Press

These "numerous instances" are notorious in Philadelphia; some of them were reported all over the country. One of them was the attempted blackmailing of John Wanamaker. Thomas B. Wanamaker, John Wanamaker's son, bought the *North American*, a newspaper which had been and still is exposing the abuses and corruption of the political ring. Abraham L.

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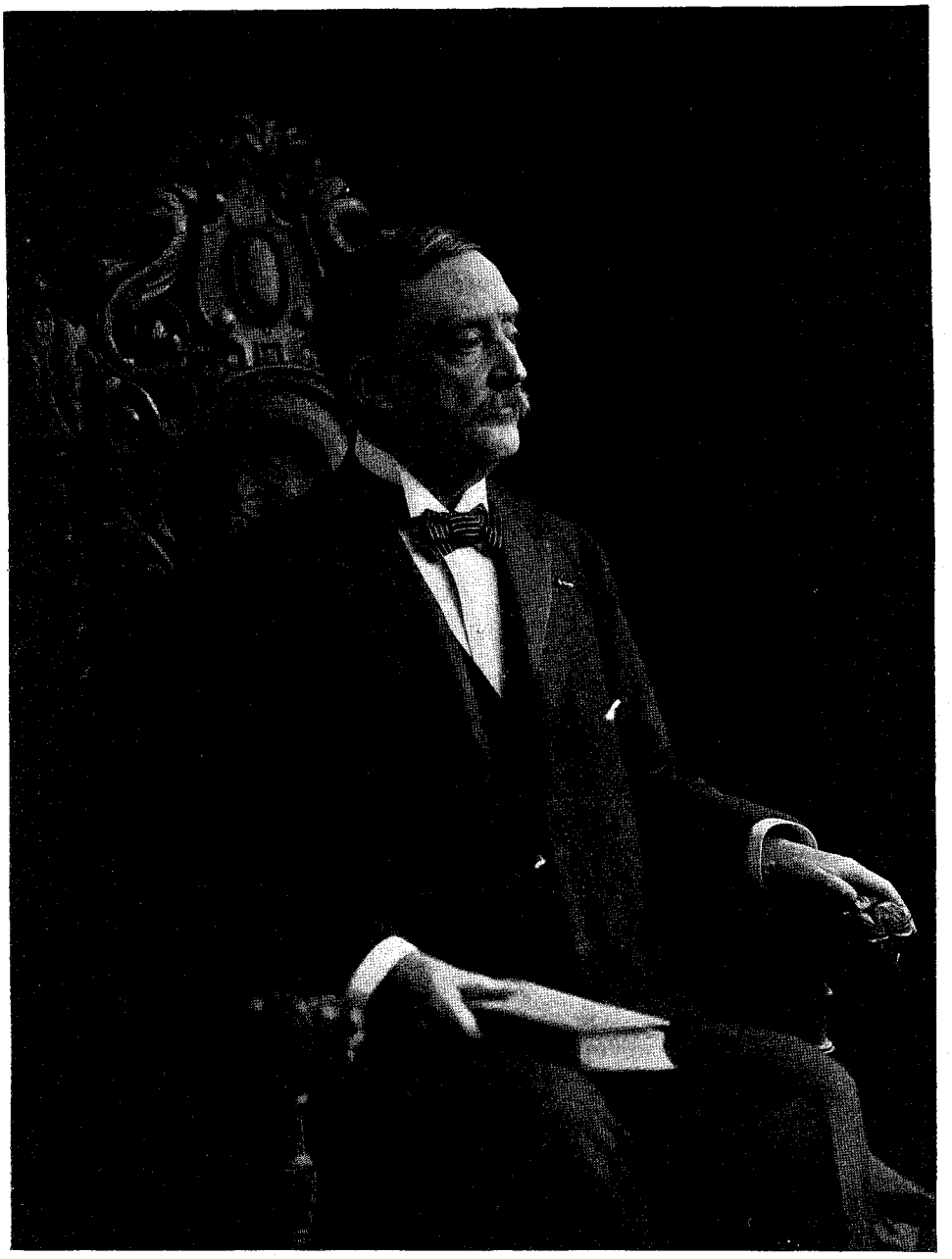

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UNITED STATES SENATOR MATTHEW S. QUAY

The Proprietor of Pennsylvania, who appoints the bosses of Philadelphia and is the real ruler of the city.

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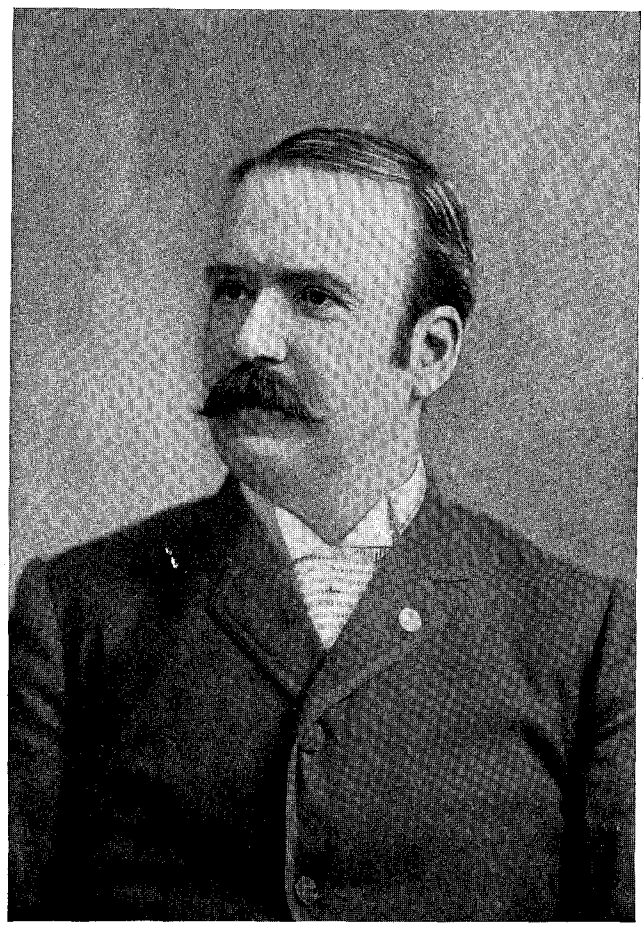
English, Mr. Ashbridge's Director of the Department of Public Safety, called on Mr. John Wanamaker, said he had been having him watched, and was finally in a position to demand that the newspaper stop the attacks. The merchant exposed the attempt, and a committee appointed to investigate reported that: "Mr. English has practically admitted that he attempted to intimidate a reputable citizen and unlawfully threatened him in an effort to silence criticism of a public newspaper; that from the Mayor's refusal to order an investigation of the conduct of Mr. English on the request of a town meeting of representative citizens, the community is justified in regarding him as aiding and abetting Mr. English in the corrupt act committed, and that the Mayor is therefore to be equally censured by the community."

Vice Cultivated and Protected

The other "instances of brazen abuse of power" were the increase of protected vice — the importation from New York of the "white slavery system of prostitution," the growth of "speak-easies," and the spread of gambling and of policy playing until it took in the school children. This last the *North American* exposed, but in vain till it named police officers who had refused when asked to interfere. Then a Judge summoned the editors and reporters of the paper, the Mayor, Director English, school children, and police officers to appear before him. The Mayor's personal attorney



"DAVE" MARTIN

Ex-Boss of Philadelphia, appointed by Quay, who removed him for insubordination, but not till he had founded the Philadelphia machine.

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spoke for the police during the inquiry, and it looked black for the newspaper till the children began to tell their stories. When the hearing was over the Judge said:

"The evidence shows conclusively that our public school system in this city is in danger of being corrupted at its fountain; that in one of the schools over one hundred and fifty children were buyers of policy, as were also a large number of scholars in other schools. It was first discovered about eighteen months ago, and for about one year has been in full operation." The police officers were not punished, however.

Public Schools a Graft

That corruption had reached the public schools and was spreading rapidly through the system, was discovered by the exposure and conviction of three school directors of the twenty-eighth ward. It was known before that teachers and principals, like any other office holders, had to have a "pull" and pay assessments for election expenses. "Voluntary contributions" was the term used, but over the notices in blue pencil was written "2 per cent.," and teachers who asked directors and ward bosses what to do, were advised that they would "better pay." Those that sent less than the amount

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG

A merchant-citizen who has served with every reform movement in Philadelphia for a generation.

ISRAEL W. DURHAM

Quay's local boss, a leader who has learned that the ring must be moderate and the people not exasperated.

suggested, got receipts: "check received; shall we hold for balance or enter on account?" But the exposure in the twenty-eighth ward brought it home to the parents of the children that the teachers were not chosen for fitness but for political reasons, and that the political reasons had become cash.

Miss Rena A. Haydock, testified as follows: "I went to see Mr. Travis, who was a friend of mine, in reference to getting a teacher's certificate. He advised me to see all of the directors, especially Mr. Brown. They told me that it would be necessary for me to pay $120 to get the place. They told me of one girl who had offered $250, and her application had been rejected. That was before they broached the subject of money to me. I said that I didn't have $120 to pay, and they replied that it was customary for teachers to pay $40 a month out of their first three months' salary. The salary was $47. They told me they didn't want the money for themselves, but that it was necessary to buy the other faction. Finally I agreed to the proposition, and they told me that I must be careful not to mention it to anybody or it would injure my reputation. I went with my brother to pay the money to Mr.

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Johnson. He held out a hat, and when my brother handed the money to him he took it behind the hat."

"Macing" Corporations

The regular business of the ring was like that of Pittsburg, but more extensive. I have space only for one incident of one phase of it: Widener and Elkins, the national franchise buyers, are Philadelphians, and they were in the old Martin ring. They had combined all the street railways of the city before 1900, and they were withdrawing from politics, with their traction system. But the Pennsylvania rings will not let corporations that have risen in corruption reform and retire, and, besides, it was charged that in the Martin-Quay fight, the street railways had put up money to beat Quay for the United States Senate. At any rate, plans were laid to "mace" the street railways.

"Macing" is a form of high blackmail. When they have sold out all they have, the politicians form a competing company and compel the old concern to buy out or sell out. While Widener and Elkins were at sea, in 1901, the Philadelphia ring went to the Legislature and had introduced there two bills, granting a charter to practically all the streets and alleys not covered by tracks in Philadelphia, and to run short stretches of the old companies' tracks to make connections. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, who was an Assemblyman, has told the story. Without notice the bills were introduced at 3 P.M. on Monday, May 29th; they were reported from committee in five minutes; by 8:50 P.M. they were printed and on the members' desks, and by 9 P.M. were passed on first reading. The bills passed second reading the next day, Memorial Day, and on the third day were passed from the Senate to the House, where they were "jammed

JOHN M. MACK

The financial member of the Philadelphia ring; a political promoter and business politician.

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through" with similar haste and worse trickery. In six legislative days the measures were before Governor Stone, who signed them June 7th, at midnight, in the presence of Quay, Penrose, Congressman Foerderer, Mayor Ashbridge's banker, James P. McNichol, John M. Mack, and other capitalists and politicians. Under the law, one hundred charters were applied for the next morning — thirteen for Philadelphia.

SAMUEL H. ASHBRIDGE

The Mayor who went into office to get out of it all there was in it for himself. He did. His excesses alarmed even the bosses, but the people stood them.

The charters were granted on June 5th, and that same day a special meeting of the Philadelphia Select Council was called for Monday. There the citizens of Philadelphia met the oncoming charters, but their hearing was brief. The charters went through without a hitch, and were sent to Mayor Ashbridge on June 13th.

$2,500,000 Declined for a Franchise

The Mayor's secretary stated authoritatively in the morning that the Mayor would not sign that day. But he did. John Wanamaker sent him an offer of $2,500,000 for the franchises about to be given away. Ashbridge threw the letter into the street, unread. Mr. Wanamaker had deposited $250,000 as a guarantee of good faith and his action was becoming known. The ordinances were signed by midnight, and the city lost at least two and one-half millions of dollars; but the ring made it and much more. When Mr. Wanamaker's letter was published, Congressman Foerderer, an incorporator of the company, answered for the machine. He said the offer was an advertisement; that it was late, and that they were sorry they hadn't had a chance to "call the bluff." Mr. Wanamaker responded with a renewal of the offer of $2,500,000 to the city, and, he said, "I will add $500,000 as a bonus to yourself and your associates personally for the conveyance of the grants and

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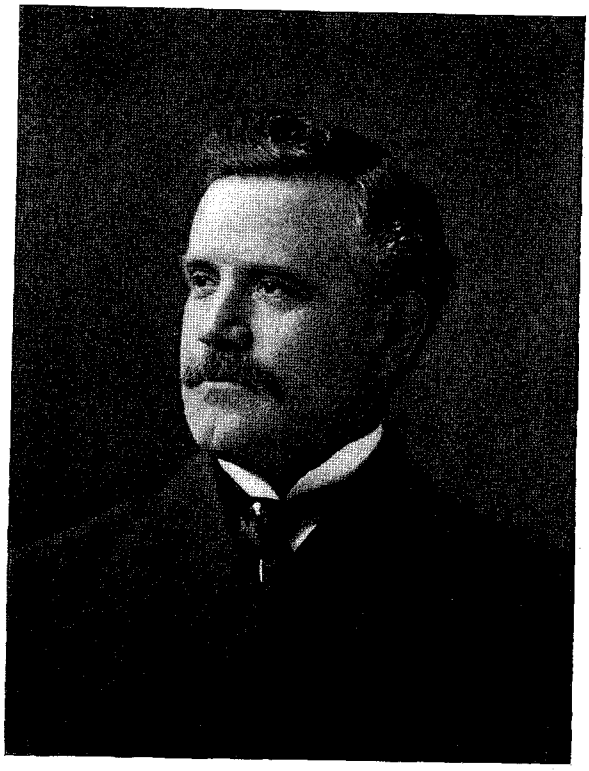
corporate privileges you now possess." That ended the controversy.

But the deal went on. Two more bills, called "Trolley Chasers," were put through, to finish off the legislation, too hurriedly done to be perfect. One was to give the company the right to build either elevated or underground, or both; the second to forbid all further such grants without a hearing before a board consisting of the Governor, the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and the Attorney-General. With all these franchises and exclusive privileges, the new company made the old one lease their plant in operation to the company which had nothing but "rights," or, in Pennsylvania slang, a "good, husky mace."

Ashbridgeism put Philadelphia and the Philadelphia machine to a test which candid ring leaders did not think they would stand. What did the Philadelphians do? Nothing. They have their reformers: they have men like Francis B. Reeves, who fought with every straight reform movement from the days of the Committee of One Hundred; they have men like Rudolph Blankenburg, who have fought with every reform that promised any kind of relief; there are the Municipal League, with an organization by wards, the Citizens' Municipal League, the Allied Reform League, and the Law and Order Society; there are young men and veterans; there are disappointed politicians and ambitious men who are not advanced fast enough by the machine. There is discontent in a good many hearts, and some men are ashamed.



JOHN WEAVER

The hope of Philadelphia. An Englishman by birth, chosen by the ring for Mayor. The Philadelphians depend upon him to give them good government.

But "the people" won't follow. One would think the Philadelphians would follow any leader; what should they care whether he is pure white or only gray? But they do care. "The people" seem to prefer to be ruled by a known thief than an ambitious reformer. They will make you convict their Tweeds, McManeses, Butlers, and Shepherds, and even then they may forgive them and talk of monuments to their precious memory, but they take delight in the defeat of John Wanamaker because they suspect that he wants to go to the United States Senate.

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All the stout-hearted reformers made a campaign to reëlect Rothermel, the District Attorney who had dared to try Quay. Surely there was an official to support! But no, Quay was against him. The reformers used money, some $250,000, I believe—fighting the devil with fire,—but the machine used more money, $700,000, from the teachers, "speak-easies," office holders, bankers, and corporations. The machine handled the ballot. Rothermel was beaten by John Weaver. There have been other campaigns, before and since, led by the Municipal League, which is managed with political sense, but each successive defeat was by a larger majority for the machine, and against good government.

There is no check upon this machine excepting the chance of a mistake, the imminent fear of treachery, and the remote danger of revolt. To meet this last, the machine, as a State organization, has set about throttling public criticism. Ashbridge proved that blackmail was ineffective. Durham, Quay, and Governor Pennypacker have passed a libel law which, if it stands, may muzzle the press. The Governor was actuated apparently only by his sufferings from cartoons and comments during his campaign; the Philadelphia ring has boodling plans ahead which exposure might make exasperating to the people. The *Philadelphia Press*, the leading Republican organ in the State, puts it right: "The Governor wanted it (the law) in the hope of escaping from the unescapable cartoon. The gang wanted it in the hope of muzzling the opposition to jobs. . . . The act is distinctly designed to gag the press in the interest of the plunderers and against the interest of the people."

Disfranchised, without a choice of parties, denied, so the Municipal League declares, the ancient right of petition, and now to lose "free speech,"—is there no hope for Philadelphia? Yes, the Philadelphians have a very present hope. It is in their new Mayor, John Weaver. There is nothing in his record to inspire faith in an outsider. He speaks himself of two notorious "miscarriages of justice" during his term as District Attorney; he was the nominee of the ring; and the ring men have confidence in him. But so have the people, and Mr. Weaver makes fair promises. So did Ashbridge. There is this difference, however: Mr. Weaver has made a good start. He compromised with the machine on his appointments, but he declared against the protection of vice, for free voting, and he stopped some "wholesale grabs" or "maces" that appeared in the Legislature, just before he took office.

Scheme to Sell Out the Water Works

One was a bill to enable (ring) companies to "appropriate, take, and use all water within this commonwealth and belonging either to public or to private persons as it may require for its private purposes." This was a scheme to sell out the water works of Philadelphia,* and all other such plants in the State. Another bill was to open the way to a seizure of the light and power of the city and of the State. Martin and Warwick "leased" the city gas works. Durham and his crowd wanted a whack at it. "It shall be lawful," the bill read, "for any city, town, or borough owning any gas works or electric light plant for supplying light, heat, and power, to sell, lease or otherwise dispose of the same to individuals or corporations, and in order to obtain the best possible returns therefor, such municipal body may . . . vest in the lessees or purchasers the exclusive right, both as against such municipal corporations and against any and all other persons and corporations, to supply gas or electricity. . . ." As in St. Louis the public property of Philadelphia is to be sold off. These schemes are to go through later, I am told, but on Mr. Weaver's declarations that he would not "stand for them," they were laid over.

It looks as if the Philadelphians were right about Mr. Weaver, but what if they are? Think of a city putting its whole faith in one man, in the *hope* that John Weaver, an Englishman by birth, will *give* them good government! And why should he do that? Why should he serve the people and not the ring? The ring can make or break him; the people of Philadelphia can neither reward nor punish him. For even if he restores to them their ballots and proves himself a good Mayor, he cannot succeed himself; the good charter forbids.

* In another article I said that these water works had been sold, an unpardonable error. It was a statement of St. Louis boodlers, and I meant to verify it before it should go into type, but I went to Pittsburg instead of to Philadelphia and simply forgot to look up the fact. It is evident that the St. Louis boodlers had advance information and gave it to me prematurely.

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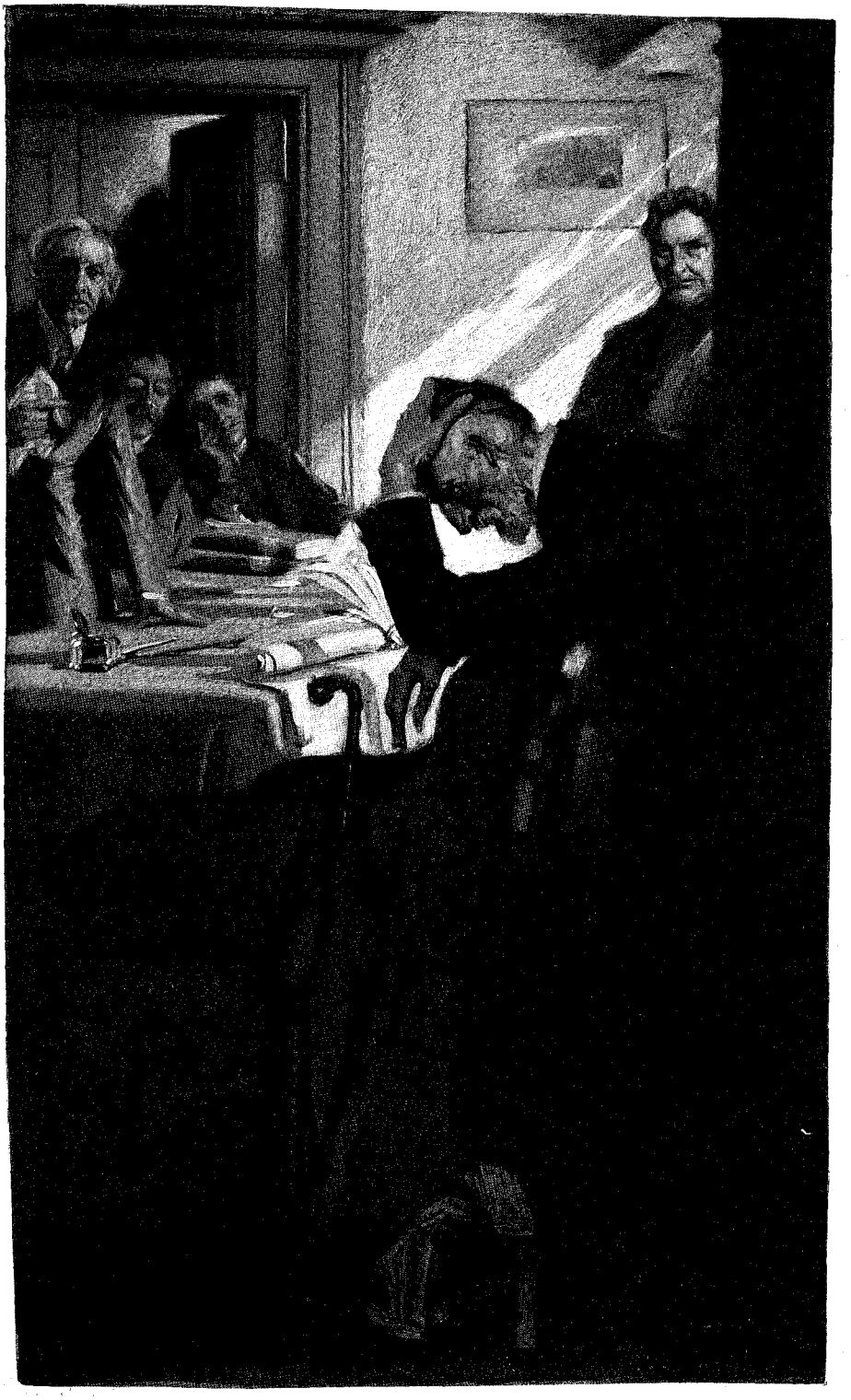

DRAWN BY F. V. DUMOND

"BUT THE OLD JEW WAS PRAYING"

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IN THE MATTER OF THE MISSION

BY

BAYARD VEILLER

FULL-PAGE DRAWING BY F. V. DUMOND

THERE was a serenity and a gentleness eminently winning about the Moderator as he sat in an armchair at the foot of the pulpit. Around the church there were seated perhaps a dozen men and half as many women. The place looked strangely empty to Sunday-accustomed eyes. There was a subdued hum of talk and an occasional short half-frightened laugh, but for the most part silence.

The afternoon sun cast red and blue shadows from the stained glass windows, across the nave, and illuminated brilliantly the text, "Love One Another," at the base of a memorial window.

The regular Fall meeting of the Presbytery had been in session since early morning, and the routine business progressed evenly, with just enough haste to please and not enough to be unseemly. There had been no inharmonious words, and at each canvass the vote was cast unanimously. Some of the younger clergymen had manifested an amused tolerance at the somewhat long-winded remarks of their seniors, and a less easy consideration for the Elders who were conversational instead of being businesslike. They plainly thought that these men of affairs were usurping their rights in being both dogmatic and talkative, but they were well mannered young fellows and not only knew but paid the deference which is due, all the world over, to place and age.

Two young men, painfully nervous, had appeared before the body, to be questioned and to fittingly answer to their faith. They were candidates for the ministry who had passed all examinations but this, which after all was but a formality. The day of their ordination was set, and they proffered the request that they might receive their charge from a dearly beloved teacher. This was granted as a matter of course.

So the hours moved along. No one was worried, no one uncomfortable, save one man, who was palpably suffering great mental distress. He seemed out of place in the gathering, for his racial characteristics did not blend with those of his companions. He was an old man — a Jew. His iron gray beard was trimmed closely to his square jaw, giving him a rugged, dogged look. His piercing black eyes looked anxiously from under shaggy gray brows, and his long talon-like hands trembled as they tugged nervously at his heavy moustache. He was dressed in the conventional frock coat and white tie. The coat was not new, nor was the tie clean.

All day long the old Jew had been sitting with these men and women, yet apart. He had replied when spoken to, and his thick Semitic utterance had a note of gratitude as for favors received, but for the most part he was silent. Occasionally his hand went quickly to his eyes, and when he thought himself unobserved his handkerchief was brought into use. He was a pathetic picture of dreary, hopeless waiting for inevitable ruin. Occasionally his lips moved in a muttered prayer, and once he openly bowed his head upon the back of the pew in front of him, and prayed.

"We will now take up the unfinished business," finally announced the Moderator.

At this there was a slight buzz of conversation. Several of the younger men changed their seats, drawing closer together by a common impulse of concerted wish and action.

After a long pause, pregnant with meaning to every member of the assemblage, the secretary said hesitatingly: "There is the matter of the Hebrew Mission which went over from the April meeting."

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Aaron Leczynski rose slowly and started to move towards the open space before the pulpit, then he reconsidered the matter and sank wearily into his seat once more. His movement served to attract the attention of the gathering to him. Some of the older men looked at him with pity and an almost fatherly tenderness. The faces of the younger ministers became set and stern. They realized that they had an unpleasant duty to perform and braced themselves mentally.

"I do not quite understand it,"—the Moderator's voice was low and his enunciation slow,—"but the chairman of the Committee on Missions is not with us to-day. He sent no word. I do not see how we can bring up this matter in his absence."

The lines about the old Jew's mouth deepened and his eyes seemed to go even further into his head. "I think the matter should be heard now," said the old man, rising slowly.

"There is no reason, Mr. Moderator, why it should not," suggested one of the younger men. "You are a member of the Missions Committee and can tell us what has been done in the matter."

"Nothing has been done," said the Moderator slowly; "there was nothing for us to do. I will read the resolution which was passed at the meeting in April." He cleared his throat nervously and read:

WHEREAS, The Presbytery is not satisfied with the work done by Brother Leczynski at the Mission to the Hebrews; be it

Resolved, That unless a marked change for the better shall be shown before the next meeting, the work of the Mission shall be dropped. Pending such action the sum of fifty dollars a month shall be paid to Brother Leczynski for the maintenance of the Mission and his work.

There followed an awkward silence.

"Has any one a suggestion to offer?" asked the Moderator.

"I would like to know if there have been any tangible results? How many converts has Brother Leczynski obtained in the last eight months?" asked one of the younger men. "That, it seems to me, is the important point."

Then the Jew rose and walked slowly to the front, standing close beside the Moderator's chair. His voice was low and husky with emotion. He stood for a moment, nervously clasping and unclasping his hands before him.

"My brothers," he said slowly, "I am glad that this subject has come up for discussion. I have had eight months of waiting and suspense and I hope that you will be able to reach some decision on this matter to-day. I have prayed that it might be so. You ask if there have been any results from my labor. How can I tell? I know that I have labored faithfully; that I have planted the seed. Shall I live for the harvest? How many of us do? It is now two years since I came to you and asked your aid and your moral support for my Mission to the Jews. I have labored for you two years, and because there are not yet conversions, you say to me, 'What have you done with what you have had?' In the East men have labored forty years and seen no harvest, nor have they been discouraged. So I say to you, why should we falter now? Shall we let this work fail because you have become tired? Am I tired?"

Some of the younger men stirred uneasily, and one old Elder rose and made his way to the front benches. He wanted to hear more clearly. The Jew ignored the interruption and continued: "Let me tell you something of my work. I have much to be grateful for. The first year you allowed me four hundred dollars——"

"Was that all you had from the church?"

"It is all I have ever had from the church," said the Jew simply. "Out of that I have paid the rent of the Mission, I have secured Bibles, and in two years I have had printed two hundred and twenty thousand pages in Hebrew for my people. I have been singularly blessed. The first year I had eighty dollars sent to me by those who are interested in my work. Last year the subscriptions came to one hundred and fifty dollars. With that I was able to do a great deal."

"How do you work?" The Moderator's voice was very kind.

For the first time the Jew spoke defiantly. "You may well ask that," he cried. "You talk of stopping my work, and not one of you knows what I am doing. In the eight months you have given me in which to show what I could do, not one of you took the time or gave the thought to come and see what my work was." He became meek once more.

"I go among my people and try to show them Christ. It is not easy. There are no

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people in the world so hard to convert as my people. Oh, my brothers, if I could only bring them to see the truth! if I could only make them know Christ!"

The man's tone rang with an agony of yearning. Then he continued more evenly, more quietly: "We hold meetings at the Mission and in the open air. I am very proud of our open air meetings. We have only been mobbed twice this year. Think of it, my brothers — only twice in a year! The mission meetings have been very well attended by the Jews, many of them will listen to me. Once about a month ago a man told me he had found Christ. He, a Jew, stood up in that room before them all, and said that he knew Christ was God. That was the happiest hour of my life. He turned to the others and tried to tell them the truth, but they would not listen, and they crowded around him and he lost his temper and went away. I never knew his name. I never saw him again. But he had learned the truth from a missionary in New York. There is a case for you. He planted the seed, but I saw the harvest. How do I know what I have done? Another time a young man was almost ready to come to us, but his mother said she would never see him again, and so he did not come to us. I am sorry, but it is hard for a young man to go against his mother and his people."

"Then there have been no converts since April?" The speaker's voice was hard, unyielding.

"I do not know. I cannot tell, for there is no way of telling. I know this much: they are beginning to listen to me and I feel in my heart that my work is prospering and will in time bring forth fruit for the harvest. My brothers, do not let this work stop. I am willing to do anything, to make any sacrifice, if you will only let the work continue. In this city there are twenty thousand Chinese and forty thousand Jews. You have almost countless missions for the conversion of the Chinese. What have you for my people? One mission. I, alone and single-handed, am doing the work, and already you after two years have grown faint-hearted."

For a moment the man was silent, then with uplifted hands and arms he cried aloud: "Oh, God, Thou Father of all things, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt instil into our hearts a love for all men and grant us the wisdom to deal with this great problem in the way that shall be best for us all. Amen."

From around the church came a low murmured Amen. Then in formal tones the Jew continued: "Mr. Moderator, I move that the resolution of the previous meeting be dropped and the work of the Mission to the Jews be continued as heretofore."

For a moment there was silence and it seemed that the motion was to fail at the outset. Then from a far-off corner came "I second that motion," as the old pastor emeritus of the church in which the meeting was being held slowly rose and ambled to the front.

"Mr. Moderator," said one of the younger men, "I move that we take a recess of fifteen minutes."

By this time the old man was close before the Moderator's chair. For the first time in many years he was taking an active part in the semi-annual meeting. Slowly he turned to the young preacher, his long bony finger outstretched, his voice no longer quavering but deep toned as the bell which called them all to worship.

"Boy," he rumbled, for the young preacher had been one of his pupils; "boy, how dast you bring politics into the house of God? We will consider this matter now, with the heartfelt words of our brother ringing in our ears."

The old man was not used to modern methods, and before he was quite aware of what had occurred the matter was under discussion and half the value of the Jew's appeal lost to him.

"Aside from all matters of sentiment" — one of the younger men was speaking — "there is the somewhat sordid matter of money to be considered. At least," he added, "that seems the really important factor to me. If we have the money with which to continue this work I can see no reason why it should not go on. Unfortunately," the speaker hesitated slightly, "I am informed that there is no fund for this purpose. That should settle the matter, I think."

The old pastor looked at the young man in silent wonder. Then another member of the new element in the church rose. Modernity glistened upon him. He spoke in crisp, short sentences and seemed more of the business man than the preacher. He had won his place by the businesslike manner in which he lifted his church from a slough of debt to practical affluence. This

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had been done by tearing down the old rectory and building in its place a new ten-story building in which the church offices and rectory occupied but two floors. The rest of the building was rented indiscriminately.

"The day of false charity is past," said the young man. "It is just as dishonest for the church to spend money which it has not yet received as it is for secular enterprises to purchase goods for which they cannot pay. The day has passed, and I thank God that it has, when the old rambling unbusinesslike methods, the dishonest methods of the church, can be recognized. The church is a business enterprise in its way and should be run on business principles. That being so, the matter of this mission resolves itself to a mere question of dollars and cents. If the money is not in the treasury, we have not the moral right to go on with this work. Mr. Moderator, have we any money in the treasury for the work among the Jews?"

"There has never been any regular fund for that purpose," explained the Moderator; "the money has been appropriated from the contingent fund. That fund, I regret to say, is exhausted. There will be no further funds for this purpose until the first of the year."

"If the church will promise me the money at the New Year," interposed Leczynski, "I will try and borrow the money to carry on the work."

"What can we foretell of the New Year? what do we know of what our financial condition will be at that time?" said the businesslike minister. "I am more sorry than I can tell, but it would not be right to go into debt for this work. It would not be honest. Mr. Moderator, I move you that the work of the Mission to the Jews be discontinued for lack of funds."

"Second that motion." This came from two men simultaneously.

"There are now two motions before this body," said the Moderator; "the first that the work be continued. We will now vote on that motion. The clerk will call the roll."

"One minute please," said the old pastor emeritus slowly. "Before that vote is cast there are a few words I want to say."

The younger men settled back with a distinct air of tolerance — the older ones with one of deep interest and no slight amount of love, for the old man had labored for nearly half a century among them, had christened some, buried many; had been with them in times of sorrow and in hours of happiness; had indeed been all things to all men.

"I have listened to words in this church," he began slowly, "in the church for which I have labored nearly fifty years, that I never expected to hear in the house of God or from the lips of one of his servants. I am an old man. They say times change, and perhaps they do, but I can hardly realize that they have changed so much as this.

"When I was a young man," he continued with a gentle smile, "we did God's work first, last, and all the time to the very uttermost of our strength, and we never counted the cost. We built churches to His honor and for His service, and we paid for them when we could. The lack of money never counted with us. 'The Lord will provide,' we said, and we believed it, too, and the Lord did provide. That's the way we did in the old days. Sometimes none of us had any money, and often the minister had a hard time to get his salary. Some of us here in this church now found it hard enough to feed the dear ones at home, but we did not stop God's work for that reason. We worked all the harder and prayed all the oftener, and somehow we always came out all right in the end. I know that new ways are the ways of to-day, but I am an old man and so I must work in the old ways and the old faith in the generosity and love of God.

"The plea of this brother has moved me mightily, and I for one want to see the work he has undertaken — a work heavier and harder and more trying than any one of us has ever attempted — succeed. It is a good work, well and faithfully done. What do you know of it?"

To this question there came no answer. The young men had lost their air of polite indifference and the older ones were gazing proudly at the old man who had in his day moved literally thousands to better and higher things.

"In the eight months that we have been waiting not one of you has taken either the time or the thought to investigate the work of this Jew. How dare you then come here and pretend that it is not good?" The long bony forefinger was levelled accusingly

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at them all. The voice rang true and strong and the faded blue eyes flashed once more with the fire of an abiding faith.

"Six months ago I heard that Leczynski's children had stopped coming to Sabbath school. The person who told me said it was an evidence of the man's lack of faith. Those children stopped away from our Sabbath school because every day when they went they were stoned by the little boys and girls of their neighbors." There was a pause, and then the accusing finger pointed straight at the Moderator and the deep-toned voice cried: "John, were your children ever stoned for going to the house of God?

"Later a business man, a rich man, came to me and said that many of his best customers were leaving him because he was aiding an apostate Jew and he begged me to drop the man. I will not tell you what I said to that man, but he has not forgotten my words nor will he ever.

"There have been exactly ten charges made that he was not honest with us, and in justice to him I have investigated every one of those charges. They were all lies — lies. Have any of you served God under such persecution, and served him silently and uncomplainingly?

"Once he was ill. I went to him. His face was swathed in bandages, his eyes cut and swollen. He had been hurt but he would not tell me how. I know now how he was hurt. His own mother, that mother that bore him, the mother whom he loves to-day, had hurled a heavy stone full in his face when he went to offer her his aid when she was in trouble.

"Mr. Harkness," the long finger pointed straight to the young preacher of business methods. "have you served God at such cost as this?

"For the past three weeks this man and his family have lived literally and actually on bread and water and on nothing else. All the money had been spent for the work of God."

"Mr. Thomas, have you ever gone hungry and seen your loved ones go hungry in the service of God?"

"Oh, I beg of you —" began the old Jew.

"No, no," cried the old man; "let them have the truth for once; let them see when they have been blind so long.

"This, then, is what this man has given in his service to God. His family. Do you know what the family means to a Jew? His personal safety, his friends, his comfort. He stands to-day alone, without a friend, for even you have turned against him. He has hungered, he has gone ill-clad and cold, he has seen his children attacked and injured, he has lost his mother, and what have you given him for all this? A pitiful fifty dollars each month from which he has supported his mission, paid every dollar of expenses, and then eked out a living for himself and family as best he could.

"Not one of you has gone to him with aid, not one of you has given him a loving word, not one of you has ever taken the trouble to find out the terrible price he has paid for his right to serve God. And the young men stand there and talk of business methods. I am ashamed, I am astounded, and I am sick at heart.

"Mr. Moderator, I am now ready for that vote, and for the honor of the old church let there be no uncertainty in its casting."

"Mr. Moderator" — the voice was that of the young preacher of modernity, eager, insistent, emotional — "I, too, am ashamed, utterly shamed, and at myself. All my life long there must remain in my heart the lesson taught to-day. I move that the unanimous vote of this meeting be cast in favor of continuing the Mission to the Jews."

"Second that motion" — the words came from every voice in the church.

"And I want to be the first to offer my humble apologies to Brother Leczynski, my apologies and my love and my aid. Will he accept them?"

But the old Jew was praying.

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A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF HEAVEN

BY

PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON-WATKINS

THAT 265 West Fifteenth Avenue was heaven is susceptible of proof through the medium of several logical deductions. In the first place, marriages were made there. Secondly, the girls were angels, as discovered and averred by all the young men visitors. Thirdly, if a thirdly be requisite, there was tiny Gabriel, whose red tin trumpet was certainly destined yet to arouse the dead.

Despite the total absence of celestial harps, be-feathered pinions, and golden thoroughfares, Dick Rudder and plump Dot Bonny knew absolutely how well within the gates of Paradise they stood, at the moment when Dorothy's warm, sweet lips delivered up that hostage of a woman's love — her kiss of beatific surrender.

Unfortunately for Dick, sweet Miss Dorothy had delivered up at least one hostage before — and to quite another individual. But indeed it was more by welcomed accident than by conceived design that Dot had permitted either surrender to occur, since even now she was wholly unprepared to decide between her two admirers, from a standpoint of altars, trousseaux, and honeymoons.

There is an indescribable relief to the mind in any final surrender, however, hence the ceremony of ratifying a new understanding was not to be completed to the satisfaction of either Dot or Dick with undue haste. It therefore chanced that the heart-to-heart negotiations were only well in progress when the door behind the pair was abruptly opened and in there strode the mother of all the Bonny angels.

As befitted her position and relationship, Mrs. Bonny was modeled in the generous dimensions of a goddess. Moreover, she looked the part. As rigid, judicial, and conventional as sculptured stone — to all the male aspirants for an angel's hand who were not distinctly good, big catches for the girls — she had early thrown an icy stare at the irresponsible and wholly impossible Mr. Richard Rudder. She therefore halted on the threshold now like the outraged Nemesis of love's young dream.

"Richard Rudder!" she presently cried in astonishment; "how dare — how dare you? Dot! Mr. Rudder, you are not kissing my daughter?"

Miss Dorothy suddenly wilted from her lover's arms. But Dick was unscathed and unscathable.

"Why, no, I'm not, dear ma," said he with unblighted cheer, as he came for Mrs. Bonny ardently. "I'm kissing — you."

The heavy artillery salute was fired against the cheek of the dignified and astonished lady, and Mrs. Bonny gasped.

"You! — you prodigal! — you — Richard Rudder, release me instantly!" she said explosively. "You — shame! How horribly bold and uncalled for! I forbid you to kiss — this family in any such manner, Mr. Rudder. What does all this — this riotous behavior mean?"

"Means I've broken into heaven, little mother," answered Richard. "Give me one more kiss of welcome, and ——"

"Richard — stop! Dick! — you're on my skirt — get away!" responded Mrs. Bonny, ejecting the enthusiastic Richard with a push of her matronly arm. "What

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do you mean? I never heard of such conduct in my life! Dorothy Bonny, you haven't engaged yourself to this mad dreamer, after all you said to Franklin Webb?"

Dot was not at ease. "I didn't say — much — to Mr. Webb," she faltered.

"Oh, that's all right. I don't mind a little thing like that," interjected Dick generously.

Mrs. Bonny ignored his remark. "Didn't say much?" she repeated to Dot. "You told him he might hope — for he came and confessed it all to me."

"Well — can't he — hope?" inquired the angel faintly.

"Why, yes, let him hope," Dick responded readily. "Do him good."

"Hope? — hope?" her mother echoed, "and you permitting this — this Dick to kiss ——"

"He kissed you too," Miss Dot dared to interrupt.

Mrs. Bonny swept her handkerchief across her entire countenance absolvingly.

"You — liked it," she retorted.

"Mother knows, Dot; don't dispute," said Dick.

"You hush, sir," the mother commanded. "I refuse to consent to any engagement between you and my child. Why, it's perfect madness. You haven't a thing in the world. And here is Franklin Webb, a splendid match. What in the world are you dreaming of — you two? What sort of a mother do you think I am, not to do my duty by my child?"

"Duty? Why Dorothy loves me best," said Richard. "Don't you, Dot?"

Dorothy engaged with a spot she was rubbing on the table, nodded her pretty head. Dick added confidently:

"If the mere absence of capital is all that stands in the way, I'll remove your objections at once, dear mamma."

Mrs. Bonny's dignity searched every corner of her face for a place of refuge from the irrepressible Dick.

"You'll make a fortune as usual with one of your wild, impracticable schemes, I presume," she answered, as grimly as possible. "I give you fair warning, Richard — Mr. Rudder — that Dorothy shall not be permitted either to trifle with Mr. Webb or to marry a man in your present indefinite position."

Now Dick, despite his airy calm, was aware of, and entertained a large respect for, the powers that Dorothy's mother could

"'WHY, NO, . . . I'M KISSING — YOU'"

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bring to bear on her last remaining angel's mind and heart. He was almost as wise as he was irrepressible.

"That's all right — eminently proper," he answered. "All I ask is a chance to prove what I can do. Why I've lost more fortunes than Webb ever had in his life. So we'll just consider it's a bargain that I'm your son as soon as I scare up a business. I'll kiss you again, to seal the ——"

"Dick! — Richard, go away this instant!" cried the lady, thrusting forth her arms offensively. "You impudent ——"

"Mam — ma," came a voice from a room at the rear of the house. "I — want — Dick — now!"

"There," said Mrs. Bonny, suddenly a mother, all solicitude, "you nearly made me forget what I came here for in the first place. Gabriel wants you to tell him a story."

"All right," said Dick, consulting his watch. "I've got fifteen minutes before I slide up-town to close a deal I know of that is simply the biggest thing that ever happened."

He winked at Dot and would have bowed Mrs. Bonny through the door, but his elective mother-in-law had once been a girl herself. She therefore walked between the would-be lovers in the brief procession to the farther apartment. And here she presently beheld the pale little Gabriel sitting contentedly on the knee of the irresponsible Richard and holding the big brown hand in happiness ineffable. Thereat her dignity vanished and her heart was filled with conflicting emotions. She paused at her darning for a moment to listen, so intent

"WALKED BETWEEN THE WOULD-BE LOVERS"

was the tiny chap's absorption. Dick was reciting:

"Little fishie in the brook,
Papa catch him with a book,
To get his little speckled skin,
To wrap the baby in."

"That," imparted Dick, "is a song composed by the fairies at the birth of Izaak Walton."

Then at length when he found himself obliged to depart, poor Richard received but a love-lorn glance from Dorothy, whose mother it was that went with the lover to the door.

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"Mr. Rudder," she said, in that firm, sweet manner that he knew he must always respect and admire, "we shall continue to make you welcome as we have before — and we should miss you very much if you failed to come, but you know it would not be good sense for you and Dot to think of marriage — on nothing. She has half accepted Franklin Webb, with my approval, and it seems she has half accepted you, without ——"

"Oh, there's nothing half-way about it," interrupted Dick.

"Yes, there is, for I cannot sanction it, Mr. Rudder, and be wise," she corrected. "I didn't think I should really admit it is even a half-way arrangement, but I'd rather not seem harsh. So I prefer to appeal to your own sense of right and judgment."

"Mother," said Dick pathetically — believing he could work an effect with pathos — "mother, you don't really mean you are shutting me out of heaven — into the cold, hard world?"

"Richard, don't be a goose," she answered, softening despite herself. "If you can make a fortune so quickly and easily, why go and make it, and then — we'll see."

His face became elongated, almost to melancholy. This expression remained, however, for a second only.

"All right," he responded. "That's fair enough. Will you kiss your son on that agreement, dearest mother?"

"Why — no! Of course not! I'm amazed at you, Dick," Mrs. Bonny replied in confusion. "Go along, you silly boy. Good-by." And she closed the door.

II.

In accumulating a fortune, the financiers of the Richard Rudder school of economics find the largest difficulty that of acquiring scraps of paper sufficient to contain the vast array of figures which the possibilities of a given enterprise marshal so swiftly — in the mind.

Dick wore out his pencils, in simple additions and multiplications of potential profits, within the week succeeding his so-called engagement to Dot. Flushed and eager he hastened into heaven with his news, and drew the full audience about him. Indeed, he drew the wan little Gabriel, trumpet and all, to his knee, and there the wee chap sat, adoring the big giant of comfort.

"Mother," said Dick glowingly, "I've bought three businesses for two dollars and thirty-five cents, from a fellow by the name of Cozzen, who don't know enough to ache when he's kicked on the shins, so Dot and I may as well get married the first of the week. I don't wish to crowd the mourners, but do you suppose you could get her contraptions ready on time?"

"Oh, Dick! Contraptions!" said Dorothy, blushing like an evening sky. Her thoughts, during his absence, had been mostly for Webb. They were now all clustered on Dick, like bits of iron on a magnet.

"I'm afraid I should be too much interested in the three new businesses to do any sewing so quickly," Mrs. Bonny made answer. "But you haven't told me what these enterprises are."

"They're all big things," Richard told them, digging down in his pocket for a stubby pencil. "The point is, which shall I develop first? Now here's one: I've got a secret for manufacturing balloon gas that is five times more volatile than anything at present in use. Five times! Do you know what that means? Why I've simply got a lead-pipe cinch on all the balloon business of the world. In less than six months I'll be supplying the gas for every ascension on the habitable globe, and as all balloonists are oily rich idiots, I won't do a thing but hand them out the gas for dough. Why I can charge any price I like, and you can figure ——"

"Me, Dick — me! Me wants a balloon!" interrupted little Gabriel, who remembered with ecstacy the amazing explosion of his last gaudy bauble of the tissue-rubber description.

"All right," agreed Dick. "I'll buy you a bunch."

"Are balloons such common commodities?" inquired Mrs. Bonny earnestly. "Are they unusually numerous this year?"

"Coming more and more into use," responded Richard cheerily. "But even supposing I didn't count my gas as worth a penny, I'd still be O. K. I've got a recipe for making vinegar out of crude petroleum, and I've got the Rudder Patent Inhaling Apparatus for all affections of the nose, ear, and throat. That vinegar business alone — well, I guess anybody knows how many millions of gallons of vinegar are consumed per year. Why this country

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alone, if I figure on only two cents a gallon profit, would net a man a fortune every month."

"Oh, my!" gasped the breathless and admiring Dot.

"Nassy vinegar," said Gabriel, who had undergone countless applications of brown paper, soaked in the pungent liquid, on his poor little lungs.

"And does your patent inhaler promise equally abundant returns?" inquired Mrs. Bonny in unperturbed calm. "It sounds like the gas."

"Oh, I'm improving the whole thing, to make it popular," said Dick. "It's a good big thing, but Cozzen missed on the most important point. You see, it's a

"DICK WORE OUT HIS PENCILS"

tent, or bag, to go over the patient's head, provided with a suitable means of creating fumes inside for the patient to breathe. People love to breathe any old fumes for red eyes and earache and tonsils. They think there's something doing. And this thing gives them a chance to live on fumes. But Cozzen made his smoke out of stuff that comes too high and smells too low. People won't stand for that sort of a deal. I lay awake all one night to think up something cheap that would make a heap of agreeable smoke and fuss. People like lots of fuss when they think they're sick, like my Uncle Toby. And at last I've got the greatest thing on earth." He paused impressively.

Mrs. Bonny darned, and waited.

Dorothy stood entranced. "What is it?" she managed at length to ask.

"Don't give this away to a soul — not to a soul," cautioned Richard. "It's lime — just common, unslacked lime — which I sell as a special preparation. You adjust the tent, put the lime beneath it, in a basin, pour on the liquid supplied with the apparatus, and she boils and smokes to beat Mount Pelée. Wholesome, beneficial — I guess it's beneficial — cheap and effective. The liquid is pink water, bottled by yours truly. Apparatus lasts forever; compound (that's the lime) and liquid (that's the water) can be had from Rudder and Company only. Order from the main warehouse, or from any of our branch depots. Whole thing costs fifteen cents and sells for five dollars. Everybody's ears and throat are out of gear all the time. Money? — I've simply gone dizzy trying to add up the dividends!"

"Oh, Dick, let's have an automobile!" cried Dot. "Mamma, that white silk wrapper could be made up into a wedding dress as easily as not!"

"Nassy medicine," said Gabriel. "Me want a balloon now."

"I suppose there must be some justification for selling these useless bags and the pink water to a suffering public," remarked Mrs. Bonny. "But persons are likely to speak slightingly of a man who grows wealthy with suspicious rapidity. And who is to make your tents?"

"Well — I thought you and Dot could make the first few dozen," admitted Dick. "Any old muslin — heavy muslin — or thin white duck you happen to have around the house would do. I bought up three of the tents from Cozzen — all he had — and I've sold the entire stock already — one outfit to my Uncle Toby. He's got asthma and always thinks he's going to die. So you can see it's a rattling good thing in the market."

"You've — sold three of those things — and common lime and common water — to fellow human beings, already!" Mrs. Bonny repeated, aghast at his confessed depravity and astounded at his commercial dexterity. "Richard Rudder! This is news indeed!"

"I had to get a whole pair of trousers, and I owed for three months' rent, and — oh, I nearly forgot — here's something for little King Courage."

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"BEFORE HIS VICTIMS DISCOVERED HIM HE FLED"

He drew from his pocket a large nickel watch that advertised its guardianship of time with a husky tick. This he placed in the eager little hand already extended. His own boyish joy and tiny Gabriel's unbounded delight somewhat awed the yearning mother and stilled the voice of wisdom in her breast.

"So you see I had to sell the tents and materials, dearest mother," Dick presently resumed. "It's a good legitimate business — ten times more honest than dozens that have made men rich all over the earth. And — if you folks could make the tents, why we'd form a company and share the profits and make things hum. Could you make me half a dozen by to-morrow noon?"

"But we've got to make the wedding dress and — lots of things besides," said the sweet, impulsive Dorothy with another of her blushes.

"There is no particular haste about a wedding gown, my dear," amended Dot's mother, who saw much need for judicial utterance. "And, Richard, suppose we wait and see what reports you get from the three tents and bottles of water already sold before we make up a stock."

Dick looked at her half reproachfully. As a matter of fact his conscience had worked overtime since his three successful sales, but he felt the situation to be desperate.

"Dear mother," he said gravely, "if you question this business that I have done so much to perfect, just say the word and I'll pitch it all to the dogs. There are dozens of ways for me to carve out a career of wealth — don't you worry."

"Give up — a fortune!" gasped Dorothy. "Oh, Dick!"

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"There is all kinds of money in my apparatus," he continued, "but I place myself entirely in your hands, little ma — for worse or worser."

"You shall do nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Bonny in alarm. "I wouldn't accept such a responsibility for worlds."

"Well, then, what about the tents — and lime — and water?"

"I don't know. It's getting late, Richard. You will have to go home and think it out for yourself."

Despite his exquisite joy in the watch, the little man on Richard's knee had cuddled in sleep against the big warm arm, his gleeful timepiece held tightly in his thin little hand. Dick placed him tenderly down in the cot against the wall.

"Then what about marrying Dot pretty soon?" he interrogated.

Mrs. Bonny was shaken in her judgment; nevertheless she answered according to the dictates of reason.

"You said you would first accomplish something substantial in business," she replied.

"Oh, mamma!" said Dot, whose eyes were very suns to shine an ardent love upon their master.

For a moment Dick wore his troubled, boyish look about the eyes.

"Well," he answered, in all his customary cheer, "I will. May I kiss Dot good-night?"

"I fear — you'd better — not," faltered Mrs. Bonny.

"Oh, mamma!" repeated Miss Dorothy.

Dick said: "May I kiss you, then?"

"Dick!" ejaculated the startled lady. "Certainly not!"

"All right," assented Richard, "but I will sometime yet." He gave a tender caress to tiny Gabriel and said good-night.

And after a little slip of time, two women missed his presence oddly.

III

For the brain to start awake from the depths of somnambulism is sufficiently annoying, but for conscience to leap to its feet from a state of hibernation is positively painful. Dick Rudder, ingenuous with all his worldly craft, and honest, forsooth, despite his idiosyncracies of vision, had lived by his fellow beings' stupidity with all the serenity and good digestion of a holy monk — till after his talk with Mrs. Bonny. Then something had happened.

In vain he stoked the furnaces of his careless cheer; in vain he oiled up the bearings of his hand-to-mouth philosophy. His spirits ran down in his shoes and his walking was heavy. Dick had never loved anything in all his life as he loved the three in that little unpretentious heaven. Wee Gabriel had stirred his profoundest sense of potential parenthood; Mrs. Bonny had been as sunshine on the garden of his manhood; and Dot, with a kiss, had crowned him with loverhood so vast that all the good that his heart could compass was magnified to dimensions incredible.

Therefore Dick was sad. His bright kaleidoscope of schemes and dollars was a broken thing. The plans with which the toy had been filled were specious; the gold was tarnished. It was not, however, in a sudden resolve that Richard arrived at his new state of mind. He surrendered his machinations for coining his wits reluctantly and one by one. To his "patent" appliance for creating fumes he clung with a stubborn tenacity. He justified the cause of his lime and water with a hundred clever sophistries — but he sold no more, and the factory, situated in his active brain, was dark, silent, deserted.

For a number of days poor Dick sat with them that abide in the shadow of pessimism. Deprived of his wits, he was shorn of love, hope, and fortune in one small cataclysm. But the climax of his wretchedness was capped, one chilly afternoon, when he suddenly found himself almost face to face with a young married couple to whom he had sold an inhaler.

He was sitting in a car; his fare had been paid; the nickel had been his last. He was weary with walking and far from home. But he bolted. Before his victims discovered him he fled, swung off on the cobbles, escaped their dread, accusing gaze, and fell far behind in the surge of the crowd.

That was page one of Richard's torment. It seemed thereafter as if that tall young man, who had bought the inhaler so unsuspectingly, haunted the world with his presence. He was everywhere. No corner seemed sufficiently obscure, no route was so mean that Dick could avoid a meeting with this fiend of innocence wherever he went. Richard lost sleep. He felt himself robbed of his nerve, therefore debased. That his victim pursued him he

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was certain. Moreover, there was Uncle Toby, to whom he had sold another outfit, still to be heard from.

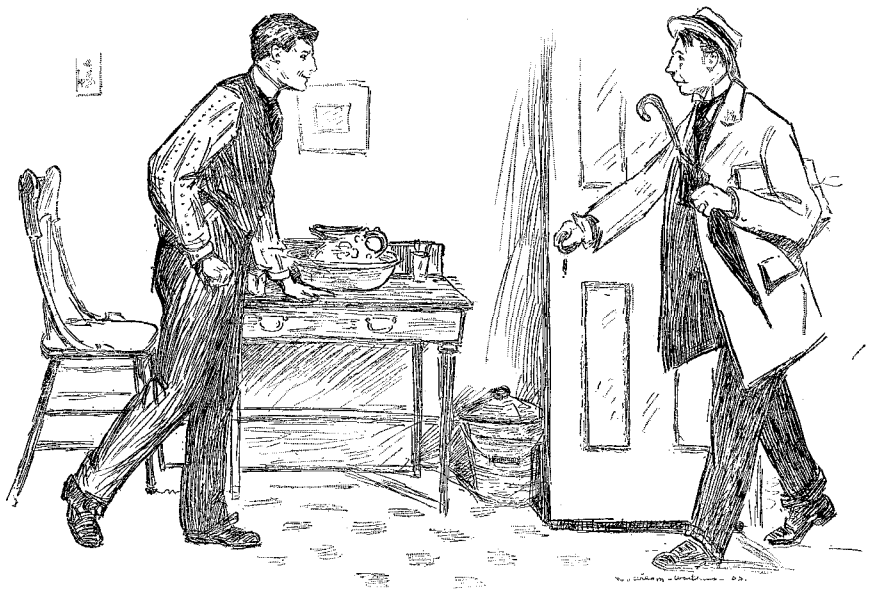
To think of a visit to the Bonnys' now was unendurable. Dick's nightmares were harnessed double, for twenty-four-hour service daily.

In the slough of his utter despond, Richard sat one evening at the table, in his six by ten apartment, ruminating vacuously over the prospect of existence. The day had been trying. Three times he had barely escaped that awful monster who had purchased a tent. That fate was surrounding him hourly was a thought he entertained perforce.

But Dick, running forward, fell so literally upon the stranger's neck and face that he all but doubled his man upon the floor and broke off his speech with painful abruptness.

"Excuse me — beg pardon — awful sorry," blurted the all but weeping Richard. "I am so glad — so sorry about your sister's child. I haven't got an ounce of li — of preparation here. But I'll run and get some at the — warehouse at once. I'll be back in three minutes. Oh, Lord, but I'm glad! — I'm glad you found me, I mean. It — worked! Where's my hat?"

He found the tile and with his visitor behind him went down the stairs to the street.



"WITH A SICKLY GRIN POOR DICK AROSE"

Presently the sound of a footstep in the outer hall awoke him to vague apprehension. Then a knock, as aggressive as that of the gas-man, sent a poignard of intuition to his heart. He had no time to turn the knob. The door was impetuously opened, and there stood — that terrible man he had struggled so madly to escape.

With a sickly grin poor Dick arose from his chair.

"At last!" cried his visitor. "I've hunted this whole town over to find you, man. You sold me a bag — a cure for pneumonia. It worked splendidly, but we've used up all the stuff, and I'd like to get some more at once. My sister's child ——"

"Just wait for me here," said Dick, pausing on the sidewalk. "I'll fetch the stuff in a minute."

Inconsequently happy Richard darted around the corner, to enter the cellar of that self-same house where he abided. With two great white hunks, like stone, in hand he appeared a moment later.

"I'm glad it worked," he said impetuously and in sudden penitence. "Its simply unslacked lime — and common water. Next time you can get a supply and always have it on hand."

"Common lime and water?" repeated the young married man. "Why, thanks! It's awfully good of you to let me know. It works wonders. Good-night."

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And he thrust forth his hand for Dick to shake.

Immeasurably happy and eased in his conscience, to think he had voluntarily revealed the secret of his new-found trade, Dick climbed again to his room, airily whistling.

And that night he slept as he always had before, as serenely as a Claude Duval.

The morning brought a second installment of astonishment. It took the form of a letter from Uncle Toby, who said in part:

"Young man, I believe there is something in you after all. Your tent and curative substances performed a miracle on my last bad cold and congested throat. Bless me, I wouldn't be surprised if it saved my life! Dick, I'm going to make you my successor. It's a sudden change of front, but I mean it every word. The enclosed is an earnest of my new intentions. Come up to see me at once."

Dick staggered at the size of the figures on the slip of paper contained in the envelope. He sat him down and tried to think, but the whole affair was quite as inexplicable as it appeared to be real.

The fact of the matter was that quite by accident Dick had come upon a discovery of exceptional worth. The fumes of slacking lime, inhaled under cover, have extraordinary efficacy in cases of croup and congestion of the lungs and larynx. But even with evidence of all this before him, poor Dick was too unstrung to realize that he had developed a wholesome, legitimate business, as beneficial to his customers as it was to himself.

What with the visit to his uncle and the opening of new vistas of commerce, wealth, and importance, suddenly thrust upon him, Richard's time for breathing, eating, and sleeping was threatened with total elimination from his calendar.

Weary, but triumphant, confident of fortune in time, that should be hand in hand with honor, a humbled Richard came at length to the heaven at 265 West Fifteenth Avenue to tell his tale. He had planned a dignified recital, to be effectively delayed. Nevertheless, the sight of Mrs. Bonny, at the door, ignited all his boyish boast and fervor of impatience in a flash.

"My tent worked on Uncle Toby like a charm, dear mother," he cried. "He thinks I saved his life. He has set me up in business on a salary as big as all outdoors. I'm to be his successor and — what's the trouble?" he suddenly demanded.

"Gabriel — he's terribly ill. He hasn't slept for days — he can't sleep. The doctor dares not give him anything. He's going to die," said the agonized mother in a dreadful, dry-voiced calm.

"Gabriel? — oh, no! not my little Gabriel!" cried Dick as he hastened through the hall to the little fellow's cot. "Partner — dear little chum," he crooned, "here's good-for-nothing Dick come back, with candy and — don't you know me, old chap?"

With a stifled groan he sank to his knees beside the child; little Gabriel looked at him almost with a smile, but his eyes were staring with a luminosity unhuman and frightening to see, while some strange nervous rigidity so possessed him that he lay in a manner distressing to behold.

"Cuddle up in old Dick's arms," begged Richard as soon as he could speak. "My little boy — my little man."

Though his eyes were brimming, Dick's big cheering smile came back to his lips at the summons of love.

Weakly little Gabriel curved his arms in an attempt to clasp them about the strong, comforting neck. Then up and down the apartment Richard commenced to walk, crooning, humming, softly reciting tales and rhymes, and patting the rigid little chap he held with his soothing hand.

Strangely inert against the breast where he was held so lovingly, little Gabriel made no sound, but stared as ever with those sleepless, fire-lighted eyes on Richard's face.

An hour went by and Dick had only commenced his walking and his comforting. As yet not a sign had been vouchsafed that the little fellow in his arms could ever rest normally again. But up and down he went, smiling unfailingly and crooning with a voice of infinite caressing.

The afternoon began to wane. The doctor appeared, looked silently upon the scene, and nodded approval.

"It's the only chance he's got," he said, and he went away.

Dick was patiently walking as before, walking, droning little rhymes, soothing, as only Dick could do.

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As the dusk of twilight crept softly into the corners of the room, little Gabriel's body relaxed something of that singular rigidity. His eyes, however, still blazed with sleeplessness.

The darkness increased. Night was come. The lamp was lighted, and still patient Dick trod to and fro across the carpet with his burden. Dot and her mother could do nothing but watch — and yearn over Dick and the little fellow.

It was eight o'clock. There had been no cessation of the crooning, the patting of the big, wholesome hand, or the soporific walking up and down. And at last the fierceness of the flame in tiny Gabriel's eyes was lessening. Another hour and the lids were slightly drooping.

It was midnight, silent and brooding, when at last the big fellow placed his little partner in his cot, profoundly sleeping.

"I'm going to be here when he wakes," announced the weary Dick as he rose to his feet. "I'll rest a moment," and he staggered to a chair.

Matured, womanized in her sacred nature, by the night of stress, Dorothy realized at last, beyond all frivolity and indecision, where lay the love of her heart and soul. She knelt beside the chair where Dick had come to a halt and held his big limp hand against her cheek. Utterly exhausted, he had fallen asleep the moment the danger-point had vanished. There was something infinitely pathetic in the boyish expression come back to its place about his eyes and lips.

Mrs. Bonny looked at Dick and Dot with all the fondness of her heart brimming in her eyes.

"Dear — Dick," she faltered. "Kiss him, Dorothy — for me."

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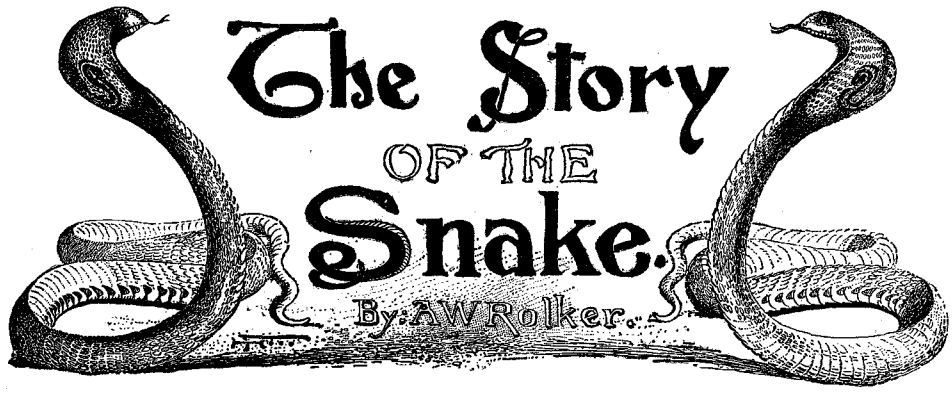

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FENN AND FERNAND LUNGREN

AND WITH DRAWINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ONE of the most interesting and one of the most fascinating additions of recent years to zoölogical exhibits is the modern reptile house. Both the animal and the vegetable world are represented in it. It is a world of forests, dusky swamps, barren deserts, and tangled jungles brought from North and South and East and West and crowded under one roof. And under the roof, caged among giant palms, hanging bushrope, and drooping resurrection ferns, there squirm and coil the most mysterious and uncanny and merciless of all of God's creatures, housed according to the most advanced ideas of animal science, with all the surroundings peculiar to the wild and natural state of each. This novelty of showing the animals, and the modern facilities for feeding them as once they fed themselves, for studying reptile diseases, and even for operating with the surgeon's knife, have practically revolutionized the snake house of old into the marvelous reptile house of to-day.

To the life of the snake there is no known parallel in natural history. Destruction, merciless extermination, and eternal war mark every phase of it. From the very beginning, in the very nature of its food and its manner of eating, the snake is repulsively fascinating. Among the larger reptiles the fight over food frequently leads to the most horrible of combats, each principal seeking to get into his mouth the head of his opponent, after which there remains only the cruel swallowing process. The most hideous form of cannibalism — kind eating kind *alive* — is the revolting diet of a large portion of the reptile family.

The most atrocious cannibal among all the snakes is the king cobra. The sight of this snake feeding is not one for sensitive nerves. In its natural state this monarch of reptiles contents himself with lizards when nothing better offers; but when captive he declines to touch food unless tempted by the morsel of a squirming six-foot snake. The spectacle of a frightened "black racer" being introduced into the cage would be more pitiful were it not that he himself is a cannibal. For an instant the dread brown head peers around a corner of the water tank at the doomed one, who has not a chance in a thousand in his favor. But he makes a single frantic attempt for his life. His motion is lightning. Cornered hopelessly as he is, he whips out like a streak of light in one mighty effort to coil about the enemy's throat to choke him. But the cobra is quicker still. One dart — too quick for the human eye to follow — and the black head is between the relentless jaws, which, with their back-set teeth and alternate outward and inward motion, steadily draw the fighting, squirming thing inward. Gradually the food is swallowed, with frequent pauses for breath and with halts to repress the squirming and fighting of the prey struggling inch by

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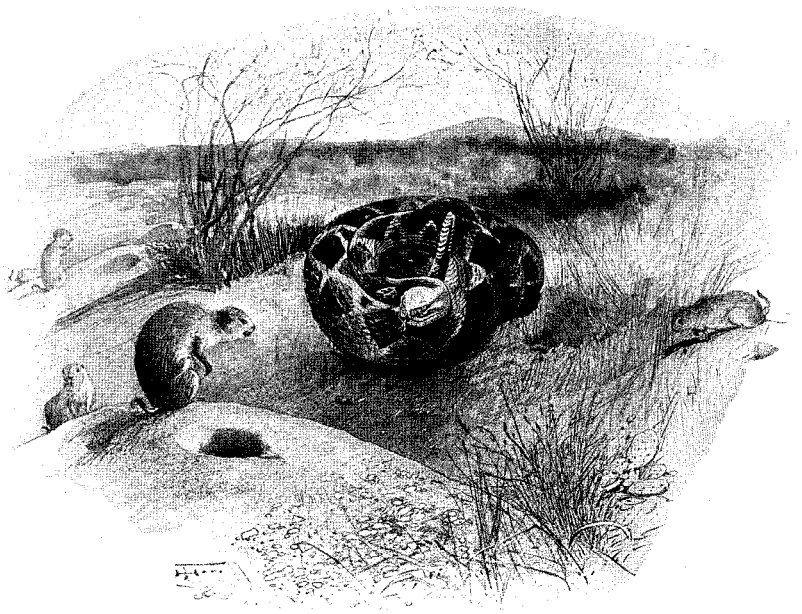
inch in the throes of a living death. Such is the meal of the cannibal snake, whether he be fed with live food by the hand of man or whether he hunt in his own lair.

But in the modern reptile house it happens frequently that the naturalist himself must take a hand in devising ways and means to coax his rare and splendid specimens into eating. Often the snake man is unable to supply his cobra's demand for large blacksnakes. The specimens soon grow scarce in any one locality when hunted persistently. To the owner of a valuable cobra the situation is critical. sinks its teeth into the offending hand. But the wound is not poisonous, and it is what a man must expect from time to time when handling snakes. Inch by inch the victim is pulled and twisted and looped out of the heap, until he is held squirming and dangling by the tail. Then, like the lash of a whip, the snake is whirled through the air. At the end of the sweep there is a snap and the reptile hangs lifeless, its neck broken. Then comes a stuffing process. Down the throat of the dead reptile a frog is forced. On top of this a second frog, and then a third, and so on until the shiny black



THE RATTLESNAKE IN HIS NATURAL HAUNTS

The reptile, sometimes representing in money value the equivalent of a good road horse, refuses to eat a blacksnake not of an alluring size. Birds, frogs, fish, rats, chickens, and the tid-bits that attract other snakes in captivity, the great serpent declines. Only one alternative remains to the snake man — he must artificially produce a blacksnake to fit the requirements. The naturalist consults his blacksnake cage. Here, in the top of the cage-tree, hangs a great bunch of reptiles, knotted and twisted like rain worms into a hopeless snarl to keep one another warm. The man selects the largest snake in the collection and begins to disentangle the bunch. Sometimes an angered snake turns on the intruder and body, at first no larger round than a policeman's club, has attained the diameter of a man's wrist. Distorted to these enticing dimensions he is greedily devoured by the cobra, and there has been smuggled into him sustenance enough for two weeks, though of the "stuffing" the animal would refuse to partake unless in this form of a "snake pill."

What the blacksnake is to the cobra the garter snake is to the blacksnake, and the frog and the tiny field mouse are to the garter snake. According to the estimate of one scientist, at least twenty times as many snakes as are used for exhibition purposes are needed annually to feed the "star attractions." Snake hunters scour

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the neighboring fields and woods and swamps, but most of the snakes used for food purposes are born and bred right in the reptile houses, and the sight of four or five cages filled with garter snakes, each pair to be depended upon to furnish from forty to eighty young each year, is a common sight in large snake collections.

Sometimes snakes quarrel over their food, and in the ensuing fight one of the combatants swallows his opponent alive. In a famous New York reptile collection a remarkable instance of this kind happened recently.

A coachwhip snake had caught the head of a black racer in his jaws and was swallowing him. The racer was more than half way down the throat of the coachwhip fellow when interference came. A snake man grasped each reptile by the tail and readily pulled the one outside of the other, when it was found that the blacksnake still held in his mouth a small frog, the object of the fight. Not being able to take the frog from its opponent, the coachwhip snake had decided to swallow the whole competing show — snake, frog, and all. The blacksnake, unharmed, finished its meal where it had been interrupted

Among the most interesting specimens in respect to their food and their habits while eating is the great American viper — the rattlesnake. At large, the splendid brownish black reptile — there never was a fairer in a fight — roams the corn and the wheat fields of the farmer hunting rats that threaten crops. Quick and fearless in attack in his natural haunts, when in captivity he develops a dignity which if interfered with would lead even to starvation, for few full grown rattlers will deign to eat with more than a single companion in the cage. Even with a pair in one cage, but one will eat at a time, while the other remains perfectly motionless in a far corner of the den. If, while the male viper is engaged in eating, the female glides toward him, or across his body, the feeding ceases instantly. Slowly, with all the stateliness of one of the higher animals, the wicked, flat, triangular head rises, the merciless, cold, black eyes send shafts at the intruder, and, as if carved in stone, both snakes remain motionless. Only after some minutes is the meal resumed. Unless the snakes are confined in a large cage it is necessary to kill the rat before feeding him to a rattlesnake. The little brown animal of brawn and muscle is no mean antagonist for even a full grown rattler. A born athlete and quick as thought, the intended victim would feint and jump, and, landing on the neck of his foe, would bite the backbone, paralyzing the viper. In an open field the rattlesnake rarely would succumb, but in even a large-sized cage, where space forbids the free manoeuvring of the snake, the chances would be much in favor of the rat.

SOUTH AFRICAN PYTHON

In captivity most snakes are fed on dead food for more reasons than the restriction of the S. P. C. A. Boa constrictors would much prefer live chickens to the dead ones thrown to them, but should a lusty rooster be let loose in a cage between a pair of boas there would soon be a snake knot which it would require half a dozen snake men a day to unravel, if indeed either of the reptiles were alive.

A most famous instance of snake feeding happened a year ago in the New York Zoölogical Park when Czarina, a twenty-foot regal python, one of the largest specimens in captivity and known all over among naturalists, was fed against her will. Like all big pythons in captivity, she was trying to starve herself to death. Imagine a creature in length the height of a two-story house; in weight 240 pounds; girth

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REGAL PYTHON

"A creature in length the height of a two-story house; girth measure bigger than a large man's thigh; possessing within its tremendous frame the strength of twelve men; of a brown and purple colored skin; with a head big as a wolf's; eyes like russet shoe buttons, and a pair of jaws capable of swallowing a full-sized Newfoundland dog."

measure bigger than a large man's thigh; possessing within its tremendous frame the strength of twelve men; of a brown and purple colored skin; with a head big as a wolf's; eyes like russet shoe buttons, and a pair of jaws capable of swallowing a full-sized Newfoundland dog.

For more than six weeks Czarina had not touched food, when Curator R. L. Ditmars, in charge of the reptile house, decided to capture the monster, to take her out of her cage, to stretch her full length, and to force food down her throat. Every keeper in every department of the Park was notified to report in the reptile house that evening, and the snake meal was prepared. Thirty pounds of rabbits were killed, bound together with twine, and fastened to a bamboo pole ten feet long. This was set aside for later use.

That evening when the visitors had gone the fight began — twelve men against the snake. The creature lay coiled and re-coiled in a great three-foot heap, in a plate-glass cage, ten by twenty feet, and as high as its width. Through a slot in the big door at the back of the cage the Curator peered to locate the snake. Then he threw open the door. The monster languidly raised her head, and for an interval man and serpent glared at each other, the one surprised, the other awed in spite of himself. A glimmer of wickedness lit the small reddish brown eyes and a quiver seemed to run through the dreadful body. Then the Curator, only a burlap bag in hand and trusting to the eleven to follow, threw himself toward the monster and in an instant the bag was over her head. Blinded and with the hands of a man clutching her throat, like a giant spring Czarina hurled herself loose among the struggling men who had piled into the cage and were trying to clutch the wonderful coils. Through the cloud of dust within appeared glimpses of the fighting keepers and flashes of the lashing body, while the scuffle of feet and the shouts and cries of men sounded over all. The Curator, still clutching the throat of his great adversary, staggered about, whipped back and forth like a jackstraw. Grabbing, groping, hugging, and tugging, the others

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were tossed like chaff here and there only to fall back to their work which now had grown a matter of life and death, for to release the snake and permit all hands to escape in safety would now have been impossible. Through the dust were seen five or six men lying side by side on their bellies trying to pin the snake to earth, but the next instant they were up in the air, tossed by the dreadful spring of those giant coils. The men were panting with exertion, and their shouts and cries of encouragement to one another came from parched and strained throats. And so another ten minutes dragged on, while photographers in front of the cage ran about like chickens without heads for vantage points to snap their pictures.

But even Czarina's tremendous strength was unable to withstand indefinitely the assault of the small army of hardened and trained animal men. At the end of another five minutes they had pinned down the snake. Like foot-ball players they lay, side by side, panting and exhausted, while the struggles ceased gradually in the great frame. Mr. Ditmars, still clutching the wicked head, was the first to stagger out of the cage. One by one the others followed, each lugging a share of the snake. The python was stretched full length on the floor of the house. The custody of the head was turned over to an assistant, and the Curator prepared to administer the food. The great jaws were forced apart, and the bamboo pole with its bologna of rabbits was shoved into the mouth and down the endless throat. There was a final desperate squirm as the operation began, but the python was readily held. Still, as if lifeless, she remained, while down, down went the food, until, when nearly the entire pole was buried within the reptile, the rabbits were wriggled loose, and the great snake had been forced to feed.

The curse of the snake still rests heavily upon man. In the dense jungles of the far South and the distant East, among savage and semi-civilized races, the annual crop of deaths due to snake venom amounts to little less than a ravage. For ages men have fought in vain against the poison of venomous snakes. To-day, an anti-toxin has been discovered which may possibly in time greatly mitigate the evil, though as yet it has not been produced in sufficient quantities to effect any material decrease in the annual harvest of death from snake bites.

Venomous snakes may be divided into two classes — the cobras and the viperoids. The cobras, inhabitants of distant India, form a class apart. To the viperoids belong all other venomous species, including our own splendid rattler, the moccasin, the fer de lance of the West Indies, and the deadly bushmaster of Venezuela and the Guianas.

Diametrically opposite though equally fatal are the effects of the cobra and the viperoid poisons. Diametrically opposite also are the two methods of attack. The cobra at times is aggressive, the king cobra being said even to pursue man. Silent, without the least warning, and from a place where you would least suspect, the round head darts out of a thicket, a sharp pain causes you to exclaim, and the frightful fangs of the snake are buried in your flesh. Like the grip of a bulldog they hold fast, while from five to ten feet of animated cable come stretching out of the thicket to coil leisurely beneath the dread head.

For this eternal hold on the victim there is a natural reason. The fangs of a ten-foot cobra are but a third of an inch long. It is impossible, therefore, to squirt the venom deep in a single stroke. In order to give the venom time to absorb the snake must retain its hold. The fatal poison contains about 95 per cent. of nerve-destroying and about 5 per cent. of blood-destroying elements. Witnin five minutes the pain leaves the wound and even the shock of the attack begins to wear off. There is little suffering, nor will there be to the relentless end. Only if by chance the bite is one from a small snake or if a fresh supply of anti-toxin happens to be at hand is there a chance for your life. If one recovers from the immediate effects, within a week one is as healthy as ever.

While the poison of the cobra often kills within the hour, there have been cases where the "strike" of a rattlesnake and a bushmaster have caused death within ten minutes. Naturalists accept, however, that the king cobra, owing to its great size and the consequent quantity and quality of poison emitted, is the most dangerous of all the snakes.

To illustrate the effects of the poisons of the viperoids there is probably no better example than that of the rattlesnake. The viper strikes in self-defense, when angered or suddenly startled. Keen, sharp fangs,

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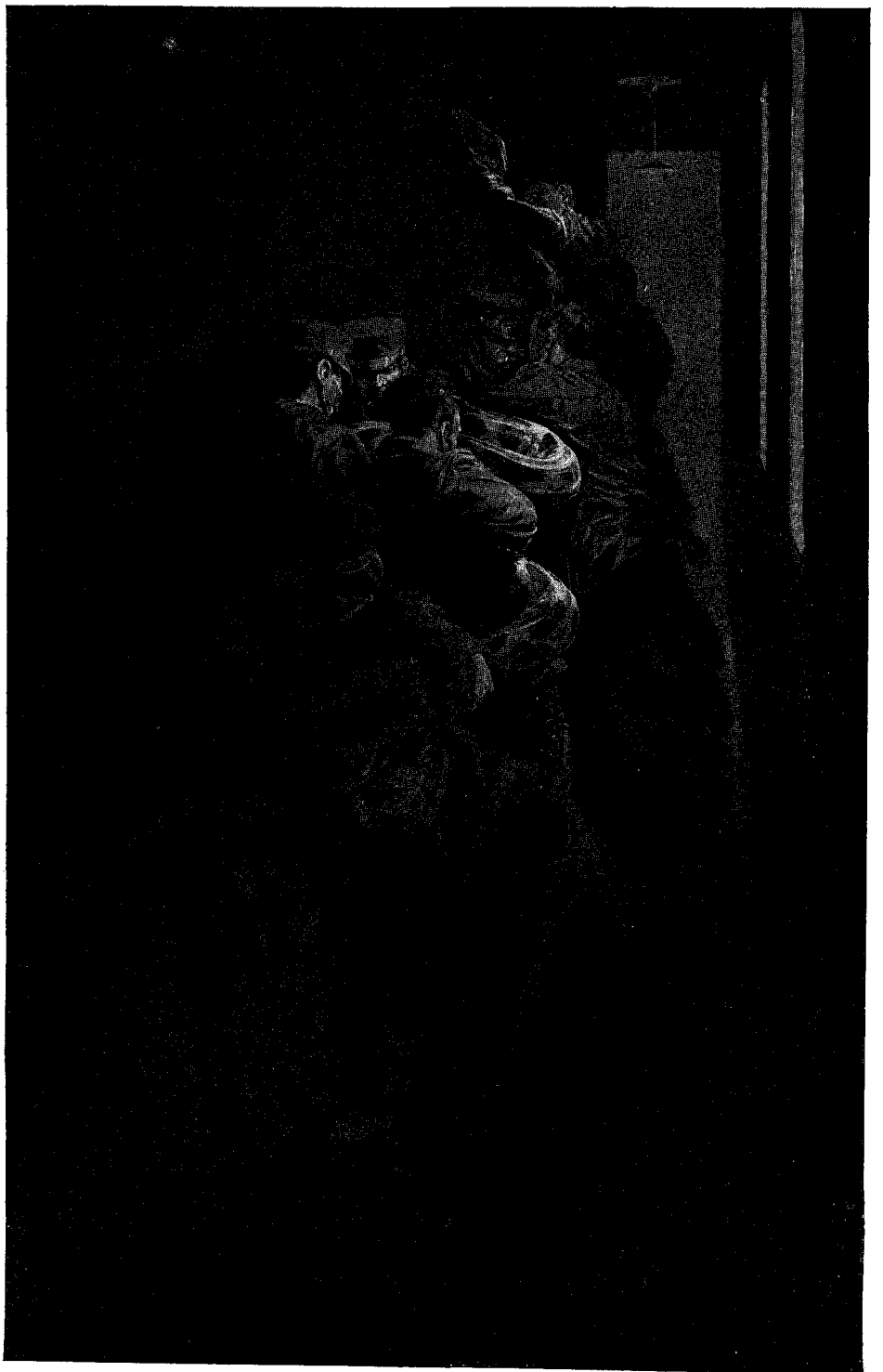

CONTEST BETWEEN TWELVE MEN AND A PYTHON

"Grabbing, groping, hugging, and tugging, they were tossed like chaff here and there only to fall back to their work which now had grown a matter of life and death"

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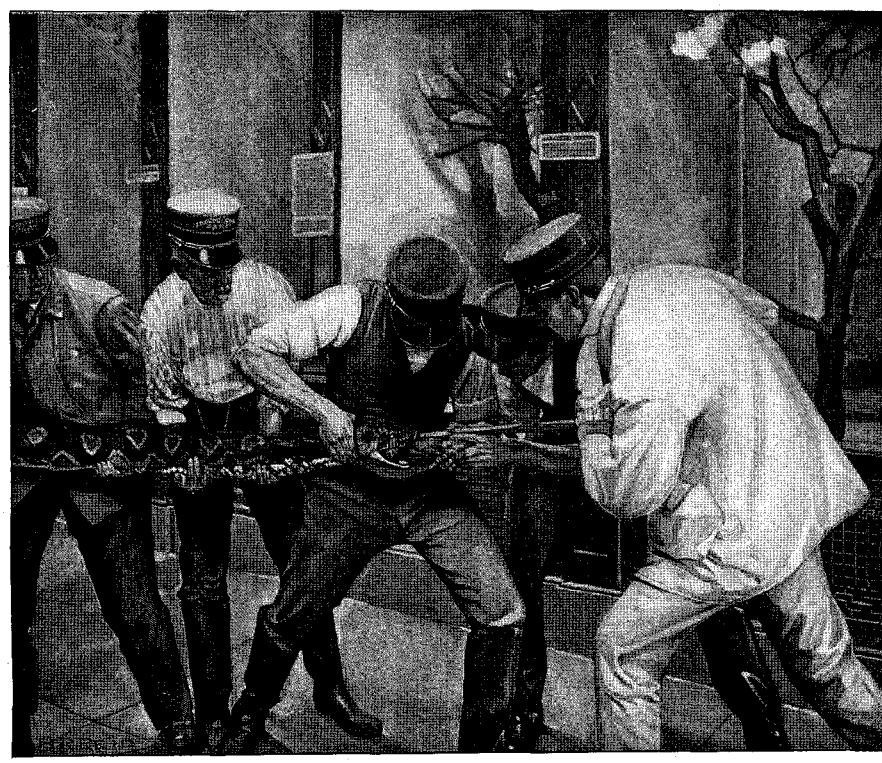

FEEDING THE PYTHON

"The great jaws were forced apart, and the bamboo pole with its bologna of rabbits was shoved into the mouth and down the endless throat"

long and slender, and pointed as shad bones, make possible a quick attack which sends the venom deep into veins and arteries within the fraction of a second. Coiled, with head and forebody extended in the shape of a letter S, the rattler lies. The fat, wicked body is motionless and steady as though cast in steel, the black, beady eyes riveted on the victim. Only the tail with its warning rattles is performing an evolution. The attack is sharp and quick. Quick as thought the fangs have been buried an inch or more into the flesh. The poison is quite the opposite of the cobra's, containing about 95 per cent. of blood-destroying and about 5 per cent. of nerve-destroying elements. With all the vigor of a sharp acid the venom circulates, attacking the walls of the veins and the red corpuscles in the blood, and causing untold agony. Quick blood poisoning is the result, and all the excrutiating pain endured by a sufferer from that sickness during a two weeks' period is crowded into the few remaining hours of the victim's life. Unless the heart action can be kept up by stimulants the end comes within a few hours. Anti-toxin may save the victim, but the difficulty of obtaining this in a state of preservation when needed renders it practically useless to humanity in general. And even with the anti-toxin at hand, the after-effects would remain. For a long time the victim may suffer from blood diseases, carbuncles, abscesses, and, frequently, gangrene.

The young of the poisonous species — deserted from the very first by the parent snakes — are as dangerous as if full grown from the moment they enter the world. The proprietor of a Philadelphia museum learned this to his cost not long ago. In a big glass case partitioned through the middle by a wire screen there lived side by side an eleven-foot anaconda (of the constrictor family) and a colony of cotton mouth moccasins. It was impossible for the moccasins to glide through the narrow meshes of the screen or even to venture an occasional "strike" at their large and peaceful neighbor. But during the night a brood of young cotton mouths unexpectedly appeared, babies, not five inches long.

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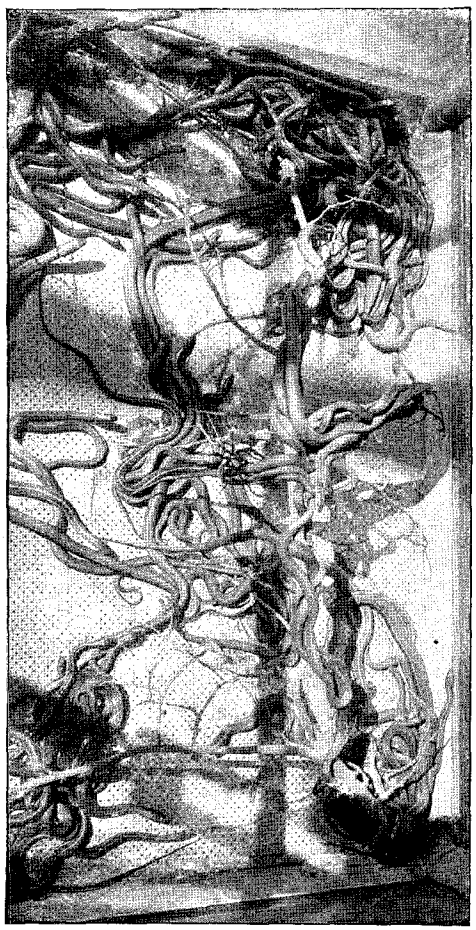
They squirmed through the meshes of the partition, and before they had been two hours in this world, were gliding joyfully over the lifeless body of the huge constrictor who lay poisoned by the youngsters' fangs.

The extraction of the venom from live specimens for experimental purposes is a process of much interest. For the larger snakes a special apparatus has been devised; but in the handling of the smaller-sized vipers, like the moccasin, the experts use little ceremony. They work boldly and quickly and think little more of handling a wicked viper with the sting of death in its head than of capturing a vicious cat.

A moccasin, for example, lies in the diminutive swamp of his cage all thoughtless of trouble, when suddenly the door of his cage is thrown open. A hand holding a stout stick intrudes. In an instant the viper has coiled and struck out at the nearest object threatening — the stick. Almost before he can withdraw his fangs the stick comes down across his back, right behind the head, pinning him to the floor of the cage, while the hand reaches in, grasps the neck, and bears the snake to the operating room. To a casual observer it seems ridiculously simple and easy, but the snake man takes no chances. His thumb and forefinger tremble with the pressure he exerts on the throat of his captive, while the eyes of the viper bulge with the choking.

To collect the venom, an ordinary sheet of writing paper is used. This is folded once upon itself, cylinder fashion, and approached to the mouth of the reptile. At first it refuses to bite. It is necessary to nag it with the bait. Then the mouth opens, like the mouth of a cat, showing the long, thin poison fangs and the backset teeth in a setting of sickly pink. As the jaws come together there is a pricking of the paper, and later only these punctures show on the exterior of the roll. But when the sheet is unwrapped the venom is found — canary yellow in color, viscous as milk, — enough to fill a tablespoon and to kill three strong men.

The reader is now in a position to appreciate a remarkable feat of snake surgery which, like the feeding of the regal python, took place in the New York Zoölogical Park under Curator Ditmars. Naigina, a splendid ten-foot king cobra, had developed an abscess next to one of her poison fangs, and unless this were removed she would die. To capture the dangerous reptile, to force her jaws apart, and to cut the abscess, was the problem. The Curator had a plan and he called for an extra fat snake pill. When the stuffed snake appeared it was distended to the bursting point. In more than a month the cobra had not touched food. Mr. Ditmars summoned five keepers, armed himself with a surgeon's pincers, and proceeded to the attack. In the center of the door, high up from the floor, where the poisonous head would not be apt to dart through the instant an opening was shown, there was a circular aperture protected with a slide, and through this the snake pill was threaded. The hungry snake took hold of it at once. Frequently she stopped, in evident pain, but each time she resumed until the long, black thing was half way down her throat. This was



THE FOOD OF THE BIG FELLOWS

"A great bunch of reptiles, knotted and twisted like rain worms into a hopeless snarl"

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the moment to act. The door was thrown open and before the cobra could disgorge herself to fight, she was seized by the head and throat, while other hands grasped her body and tail. Then the mouth was forced wide apart while the pincers did their work, and the finest specimen of cobra in captivity was thus saved to the collection.

The price asked for a snake depends on its value as a specimen, the scarcity of the species, the danger and difficulty of catching and transporting it, and, above all, the demand for the snake. A regal python of the size of Czarina, broken to captivity, is valued in the neighborhood of $400. A pair of fine diamond back rattlesnakes, from six to seven feet long, may be bought at prices varying from twenty-five cents to one dollar a foot. But most of all the prices depend upon the number of snake men — naturalists, museum proprietors, directors of zoölogical gardens, and snake fanciers — who are present to bid against each other for any particular snake.

The white man is, perhaps, the most expert snake hunter in the world. Your practised snake man thinks but little of letting loose his rattlesnake just to show you the method of capture. He knows he can recapture the reptile at will without danger to himself, providing always that he has a sight of the snake. Whether he captures it on the concreted floor of a reptile house or in the wilds of a mountain gorge, the method used is the same, and is the same as that used for the moccasin or any other viper of equal size. A six-foot pole, long enough to extend beyond the danger zone of the poison fangs and carefully aimed, pins down the prey till the hunter secures it by the neck and thrusts it unceremoniously into his snake bag.

It is only when snakes are hunted in swamps, where the yielding ground would make secure pinning down impossible, that another method — used also in the capture of the bigger poisonous snakes like the cobra — is brought into play. A long pole, supplied at one end with a wire loop controlled by the hunter from the opposite end, is the hunter's weapon. The reptile, goaded and maddened by the sight of the enemy, lies ready awaiting his approach. His eyes are fastened only upon his intended victim. With the stupidity of his family he does not notice the loop until it has "ringed" him and he is squirming in the wire tightening about his throat.

But aside from mankind the snake has many enemies. It is as if half of creation were sworn to war against him. Even the tiny, red robin fights him; so do the

COPPERHEAD

NEXT TO THE RATTLESNAKE THE MOST VENOMOUS OF THE AMERICAN VIPERS

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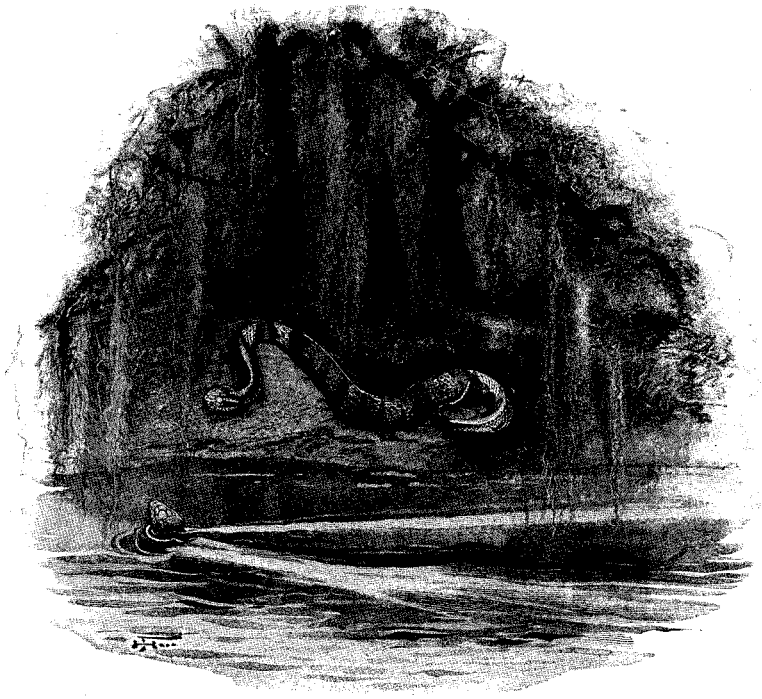
nightingale, and the owl, and many other birds. The mongoos, the ordinary house cat, as well as many wild species of the cat family, and the pig, domestic or wild, all fight the snake and destroy it. But the most relentless exterminator of reptiles is a member of the family itself — the beautiful, lithe, yellow and black king snake, the friend of man and the avowed enemy of anything that creeps or crawls, regardless of size or poison fang. A native of our own South, the king snake is between five and eight feet long and no thicker around than a man's thumb. Built in every muscle and bone for speed and tremendous constricting power there is not another snake on earth that can withstand his assault. He is immune to the poison of the cobra and of the rattler alike, and the strength of a thirty-foot python has no terrors for him. Within five minutes from the opening of the fight, the king snake could kill the biggest python that ever lived. Ferocious as the little constrictor is toward his own kind, toward man he is friendly, and rarely tries to escape when met afield. If picked up in the hand he will coil about his captor's arm, evidently pleased at the exhibition of friendliness.

It is natural that from time immemorial a creature so repulsive and so incomprehensible as the snake should have given excuse for many of the weirdest and most absurd myths. There is the story of the "hoop snake" — the fellow who takes his tail in his mouth, rolls hoop-like over the ground with the rapidity of a whirlwind till he fetches up against the invariable cotton-wood tree, which begins to fade within the hour, and in less than a day stands charred and black, poisoned by the frightful venom sent into the bark. No snake of the hoop snake species is known outside of mythical science. Similarly mythical is the "milk snake." When of an evening the farmer finds the output of a herd short by thirty or forty quarts, he says that the milk snake has been around. The reptile he describes as but three feet long with a proportionate girth, and yet this diminutive animal is charged with having stored away something like half a can of milk.



WATER MOCCASIN
ONE OF THE MOST DREADED AMERICAN VIPERS

Many popular misconceptions regarding the lives of snakes are still prevalent. The setting of the sun, for example, has nothing to do with the death of a snake. When a

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snake is decapitated it is dead at once. The tail will remain sensitive and will wriggle for several hours after death, but the movement is purely spasmodic and ceases in time without reference to the position of the sun.

Another popular fallacy is that a rattlesnake will commit suicide when hopelessly cornered, by sinking its own fangs into its sides. No poisonous snake is susceptible to the poison of its own kind. Two cobras in a fight know this. Neither reptile tries to strike the other. The combat is a live swallowing match.

Another mistaken notion is partly based on fact, the only fact which seems to impute to a snake any of the higher motives. A blacksnake, the story has it, will open its mouth to swallow its young in time of danger. It is true the black racer swallows its young when threatened, but there is no record that the little ones ever see daylight again. Instead, the mother lies peaceful, much in the manner of having enjoyed a good meal — the most unnatural of all cannibals, the consumer of her own flesh and blood, and but another example of the rare and loathsome creatures that make up an uncanny world by themselves.

THE LOVE OF THE DAY'S WORK

BY

S. H. KEMPER

BEFORE the night is fairly done,
Before the new day is begun,
I hear the roaring whistle blow,
And through the bleak, black streets I go.

And every day with a new thrill
I see the morning, pure and still,
Grow in the East all keen and white. . . .
God says again, "Let there be Light!"

I know that the new day will bring
For me no unaccustomed thing,
Its hours for me no triumph bless,
No sudden splendour of success.

And yet each day, I know not why,
I see that glory in the sky
Gladly as if it hailed me to
Some high adventure, strange and new.

Even when against the radiant skies
I see the grim Machine Shops rise
(Where I the toilsome day shall spend
In strong, hard work to little end)

With plumes of smoke immense and black
Voluming from each towering stack,
So stern, so dark, so sharply drawn,
My heart leaps up to greet the dawn!

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"THE PRELIMINARY PROCESS OF DEPRECIATING THE CLOTH"

JUDY

BY

M. G. SAMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

WHILE Judy was on Tom's knee coaxing him with kisses, and with her hands cramming down the tobacco in his pipe, he was talking of his ambitions.

"I wish to the Lord, Judy, I could see you in America with a pig and a garden, and a lovely cow of your own, letting down her milk, and myself able to take a fish out of a river as well as a man with a thousand acres, let alone a chance at every bird that came over me. Faith, I'm sick of game laws. In Donegal, I might as well shoot a Christian as a partridge. When I was getting the coops ready this evening for the

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young pheasants in the wheat field, a lump of a hare jumped out of the hedge and took the rise of the hill, and I made over the ditch like a thief of a poacher and ducked through the shrubbery, hard as I could pelt, trying to shoot it with a stone so as to have a bit of meat for you. I wish to goodness we were out of this, for the half acre's no good — without manure it's running back into bogs and rushes. Roach's heifer is in it since Easter, but it's so little she gets, he's cursing fit to fight the devil."

He dropped the lids over his eyes and touched Judy on the bosom, white as an infant's, where in the parting of her faded gown he got only a glimpse.

Judy gave a happy, consenting laugh, and just then Cregan, an old sweetheart, swung himself over the rough wall into the little damp garden, a fox-hound puppy not yet broke barking at his heels, his face of a fresh red color, close cropped on the cheek, and he in very baggy trousers, very much rolled up.

Only a twelvemonth ago he was pounding through the Kilmacrennan mud or plunging across the bog to court her; but something sent him to Kerry for a week, and the solid, square-built little Burke married her before he was back.

He pulled out a little red ticket for Drummany Fair. "Judy, I'm sending a black colt, a great little rogue for leaping ditches, and I've come over to see would you go with me in the car to-morrow. Tom will be there, and it will be lonesome for you here."

Tom shot a glance at him. Judy felt him squirm a little on his bench. He took the pipe from his lips, uncrossed his legs, and strolled into the cabin. Weaving was one of his ways of getting a living. He drew now from underneath the bed, where he and Judy slept, a roll of cloth covered with coarse linen that he had worked himself nearly to death over, and swung it in a rope made of rushes ready for the fair.

Meanwhile Cregan repeated his invitation. "Do you hear that, Tom?" he called out, when Judy said that she would go. "And if you walk by Glen-Swilly, you'll cover it in an hour and a half easy."

Next morning the first half of the drive to Drummany was a little overshadowed by a sense of Tom's disapproval, but as the gray filly trotted and cantered through the network of lanes, and along the Ballyhaise road, with the blossom-clad hedges, gradually Judy and Cregan forgot that and enjoyed themselves.

Not a mile of the way but the road was full of heavy little jaunting cars making full tilt to Drummany, and as they went swinging alarmingly down the short narrow High Street, deserted except on market day, the merchants were showing off their wares on the sidewalk. Tom was already there, shaven and washed, in his Sunday brogues and best trousers, mopping his forehead, and blowing a cloud of smoke from his pipe, while Brady, the leading draper of Killibeg, was going through the preliminary process of depreciating the cloth; but when he had sufficiently satirized it, Tom got his fifteen shillings, three pence, three farthings.

The day was brilliant, and such a crowd of peasant beauties with shawls over their heads, flirting and courting with boys in field clothes, had not been seen in Drummany for a long while.

Judy, seated on the edge of a rough chair, her skin all blushing, her elbows on her knees, and a big bunch of green tipped daffodils in her hands, soon became part of the spectacle. She loved Killibeg, and Killibeg her, so for the first quarter of an hour she had little to say to Cregan. He had tied the filly with her nose-bag to the wheel, had a glass of hot grog as a starter, and had set her to eating some cockles as fat as oysters; but the instant there was some little bustle, he made a screen as close to her as could be managed that he might not be too much left out, and leaning over towards her said something that set her off laughing.

"God bless you, Judy! You're a rare one for laughing," he said rapturously, trying to put his left arm about her shoulder. "I've been thinking of nothing this three weeks only would you come with me. Tom is jealous of me, but I'd sooner let him have a pull at me and kick the coat off my back than you not to be here."

"Be quiet with your blather, Cregan," said Judy, moving a little to avoid his caress. "For heaven's sake, do let you have sense. You and I is all the same as cousins, and devil a rush I care for you. Sure, poor Tom has enough on his hands let alone flogging you. Heavens above! Many's the handful of prayers I throw away

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"'BE QUIET WITH YOUR BLATHER, CREGAN'"

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on you in Killibeg chapel, and here you are capering about the place perhaps half gone in drink. It's a wonder, bad cess to it, the sup you had a moment ago didn't choke you."

"Faith! I'm not drunk," said Cregan confidently. "Nothing under a bottle would harm me. But if a boy has a mouth on him he'll want to fill out a glass once in a while. Even Father Harrigan at a weddin' or a funeral, or any sort of a spree, likes the whisky. They wouldn't be the same thing at all if they began giving the pledge." Judy's blue eyes laughed. "See now, Judy, not a one in this world or the other adores you more than myself. Don't you mind how before Tom made up to you, I used to bring you the fine geese before you were up every morning, pressing you to go to the priest with me? Bad scran to him, to go marry you out of the face of everything and he only a week looking at you."

With an air of proprietorship, Tom just then placed two hands, calloused with hard labor, determinedly on her shoulders.

"Cregan, you had best see to yourself. What need have you to be here all the day, intruding yourself on Judy? I misdoubt if she don't hate the sight of you."

"I hope, Tom, with God's blessing, Judy'll never do that," laughed Cregan. "But everyone living do be looking their eyes out at Judy."

A boy close to him struck up a Killibeg love song. It said a world of delightful things, and, bubbling over with tune, Cregan began to whistle, his eyes on Judy.

"God forgive you, Cregan; you have as much devilment as would do the whole of Donegal," said Tom.

"Don't be silly, Tom. Sure you know well I only put my arm about Judy that she mightn't tumble. Didn't I, a big slip of a boy, and she, only a little small wee thing in pinafores, used to play peg top in the field?"

Irritated by an accumulation of provocations, Tom struck him with a thorn stick that grew on the hedge at Ballyhaise, and gripping his shirt collar made an effort to throw him. But Cregan's hand went into his coat pocket, and a small rifle he had with him for shooting hares was jerked upwards. He let the piece off, but he had not learned the art of shooting. If Tom had stood behind him instead of in front he could have shot as well. It was not a particularly startling incident to the onlookers; still the crowd pressed close to question Judy, and rushed about Tom, almost knocking him down. Just then Father Harrigan, who six months before had married the pair in Killibeg chapel, called out: "God's presence be about us! Boys, haven't you divarsion enough without all this fighting and killing each other? If there is more of it, as sure as the sun is in the heavens, I'll have the two of you clapped into prison for destroying the Fair."

Judy, her black hair tumbling about her face, half in Tom's arms, was sobbing into her hands and wiping her tears on her blue cloak.

"Don't cry, Judy," said the soft-hearted priest. "Don't, darling — the devil a grain of danger. I know middling well what Drummany Fair is. Is Cregan a friend of yours?"

"Sure, your reverence, he's nothing only a cousin-like."

"Well, by the powers, Judy, I'll not have him taking the weight of you with his two eyes," muttered Tom.

She hid her face in the curve of his arm. "God forgive myself coming to the Fair in the car with him. But don't you be quarreling with him, Tom, dear, on the head of it, or the poor heart in me will be quit of me the way it goes again my ribs."

"Bless you and save you, darling," said Father Harrigan. "You're as good as gold You're the best little creature in the world, and all Killibeg's saying it as well as myself — Tom, keep yourself happy; sure the boys here all know right well the year isn't up yet with Judy with the wedding ring on, and she'll have no one pursuing her only you — no, nor in two years — nor ten — nor fifty, if the Lord spare her that long — for women's a deal wiser than you lads think. The poor darling is tired. A sup of tea would be beautiful to her stomach. Tom, see hasn't someone a teapot on the stove, and we'll boil down a few leaves. Come along, boys; I'm not sure but a drop of spirits will do us all good — some of you has knocked over a glass hereabout, for the smell of whisky is freighting the air."

At Father Harrigan's heels, obedient and half pacified, the three streamed into a little enclosure over which the Irish flag floated, and, when all were seated at one of the

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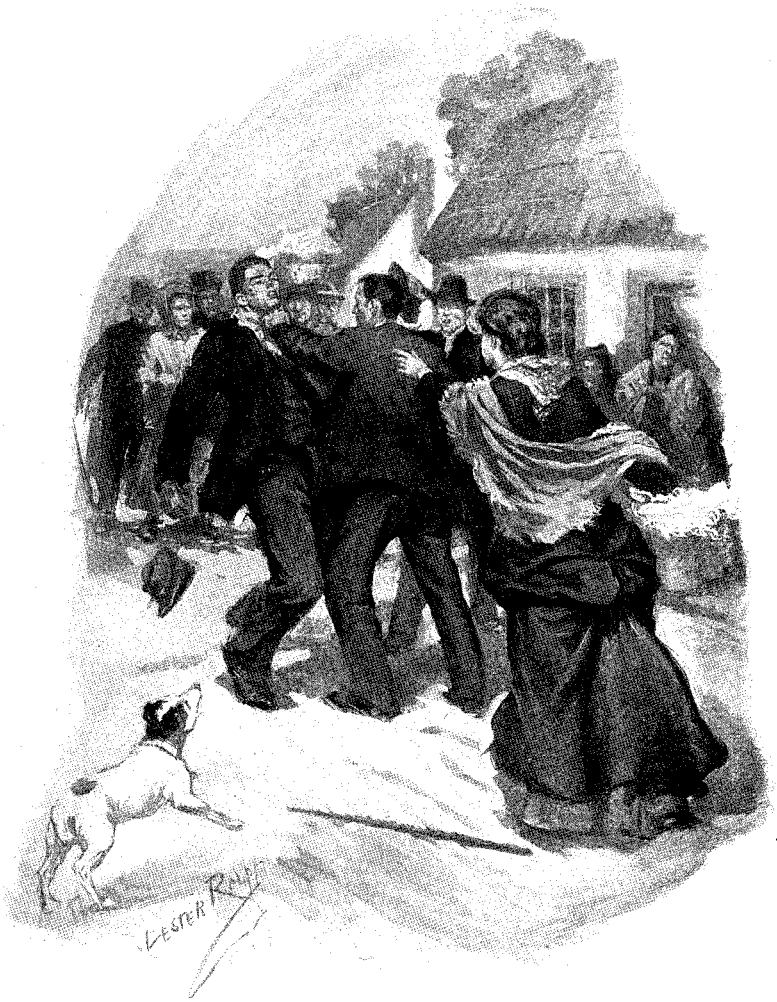

"GRIPPING HIS SHIRT COLLAR MADE AN EFFORT TO THROW HIM"

small tables in a quiet corner, he, hoping to smooth things over, ordered a bottle.

Tom took only a short swig out of his glass, but Father Harrigan and Cregan supped theirs from time to time. Cregan, his hat pushed up on his head, was as close to Judy as he could be without adding to his offense.

When every drop of spirits was cleared out of Father Harrigan's glass, he pulled out the weekly Killibeg paper and began to read a little bit of Killibeg news. The catching of a rabbit out of the Ballyhaise woods was of more interest to them than the battles of Kitchener in South Africa.

"I hear," said Father Harrigan, all at once looking over at Tom, "that Flannagan, the steward of Ballyhaise, is to send some of the new breed of sheep out to America for wool raising there. The best boys on the place are pressing to be sent out to fold them, for it's like throwing labor away in Killibeg for a shilling a day."

"Poor devils, yes," said Tom. "And all over Ireland 'tis the same — only a fool would let the grass grow under his heels in Donegal that had a chance to leave it."

"Yes — I know," said Father Harrigan. "No one can deny that. If you want to go, Tom, I'll make a shift to see Flannagan in the morning, or some lad will have the fore-way of you."

"Oh, but, your reverence, wouldn't four or five pounds be wanted to fetch the two

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of us? and that's a mortal lot of money — I might as well climb a thorn tree looking for apples as try to raise that in Killibeg."

"Oh! May the devil fly away with Killibeg for money," said the priest, trying to laugh. "But what would you say, Tom, for yourself to go out first for a twelvemonth, and then come back to Judy and take her out along with you?"

fetch and take my chance as to how I came out of it. That is to say, leastways, if she'd like to face the sea."

"Arrah! Cregan, is it Judy face the sea with Tom for company?" roared the priest. "For the Lord's sake, look at the blue eyes of her wide open as those of a young hare — if it was twenty times the size of the Atlantic, she'd start before she'd time to curl her hair."

"'A DROP OF SPIRITS WILL DO US ALL GOOD'"

Judy saw the pathos of her case and put the corner of her cloak up to her eyes.

"Father Harrigan," broke out Cregan, "Judy is not all out twenty yet — what would she do without Tom? But money needn't stop her, for I'll stand to his back — I don't care a pin if it were a matter of fifty Irish bank notes. I'd be ready to sell my little farm and stock for what they'd

She gave a round of her laughing, alluring glances.

"Faith! I know well, Tom, it was jealous enough a while ago you were at Cregan's little bit of coaxing blarney with Judy," whispered Father Harrigan, "but, God Almighty bless you, sure after all, darling Judy is the one we would all be willing our veins should run dry for."

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"She is that," said Cregan, trying to coax a look out of Tom. "And I would be willing to put worlds between her and Killibeg if it's fine and comfortable she'd be in America, with the full of her fists of gold. For Ireland is no place for a poor girl."

"Well! By the powers then, Cregan," said Father Harrigan, turning to the bottle again, "Ireland is not dead yet — a country which breeds fine lads like the two of you isn't a bad one. But, Lord love us, Tom, if you'll have none of Cregan's money, there's no way only for myself to give you the three pounds; it's all I have in my pocket to-day. The ship will be sailing out of Londonderry on Friday. Be off with you, and I'll put Judy with Mrs. Kelly, a cousin of my own, and sorrow a thing will hurt a silken hair of her head."

A look of perplexity spread all over Tom's clean-shaven face. There was Judy, who was to have a baby in the spring, sitting without a shilling in her pocket beside the priest; still he would be stark mad if he did not go; so he thanked Father Harrigan and as easy as that it was all as good as settled. A few days later he set Judy down from off his knee, and, every muscle swelling, almost ran out of the cabin and took the Donegal mail for Londonderry, and was off to America.

That same night Judy slipped on her cloak, and with her shoes in her hand, made her way to Mrs. Kelly's, and the people round about, every soul of them, had the manners to go in and cry with her; for she was breaking her heart with grief that she had to go to bed at night without seeing Tom lay his old clay pipe in one of his big shoes on the dresser, and must in the morning rise to start a new day without the cheering sound of him giving the one duck some perfunctory order.

Still as time went on she cheered herself by sitting out in the little potato garden among the insects and grubs, where the sun could shine on her, sewing the coarse baby clothes.

Cregan brought her something every market day, and slipped in now and then of an evening to talk nonsense with her. His heart was still no doubt soft for her, but he never now, even when half seas over, interspersed his attentions with caresses.

When her time was up, never was there a finer specimen of Killibeg's sympathy. He went plashing through the bog, shortest way to the cabin, fast as he could stave, and Mrs. Kelly wiped a bench with the skirt of her gown, and put it over near the hob.

"Well, Cregan, if any woman in Donegal may be proud, it's Judy Burke, for it's not one but a couple of hardy boys we have in the room beyond there, lying close to her."

"Heavens above!" laughed Cregan. "Two of them!"

"Sure, Cregan, what's to hinder? The Burkes is great hands at twins, and Judy's the same by her mother's side. Small wonder for Ireland to be full of people. Upon my word, though, I'll not make little of them, for to tell you God's truth, I never see any come up to them. They have the looks of Tom, and the two heads, bare as my hands, and scarce a stitch on their little skins. I just threw a drop of holy water on each of them, so they'd face the world in the fear of God."

"Well!" said Cregan, taking out ten shillings, jingling it in his pocket, and counting it in one hand, "if I don't pay for a rousing christening, my name is not Cregan."

Indeed, as soon as Judy could walk across the fields, everybody followed her through the rank grass, the scenery about her wild and striking, to the chapel, cold as a tomb, topping Mullycrew Hill. But it was beautiful to her, even in its obscuration and decadence, to see Father Harrigan, in the light of the candles, lift the boys in his arms, and in the presence of God glorify the little bundles of pink flesh with the names of Tom and Barney.

Mrs. Kelly, with a hazel switch, had driven the pigs and chickens out from the kitchen, and when Judy got home the fiddler was there with his fiddle gripped between his knees, repeating a jig over and over, and the moment she, bubbling with laughter, threw off the blue cloak, the dancing began, and there was a rush after her.

Cregan, to meet the occasion in perfection, had swallowed his first mouthful at eight in the morning. "Give the weeny boys to me, Judy," he said; "the drink is dying out of me. Let me have a hold of them, and do you get the first of the jig."

He peeled off his coat and put out his hands, knuckly and hard with work; Judy,

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jesting a little and vain of her boys, settled them in his arms, and he sat on a board in the sunshine with them till he was called to carve the geese — there were six of them, for they were but nine pence apiece, and as many bottles of whisky. Father Harrigan they could see coming in his soot black coat, while he was still in the bog. He made the sign of the cross in the air as he entered, and took his place between Mrs. Kelly and Judy.

"Heavens be praised, Judy," he said. "It is two fine gossoons you brought me this morning to christen. I saw a trifle of them and I giving them my benediction."

"Isn't it the Lord's pity, your reverence, for poor Tom not to know what he has on his hands?"

"True for you, Judy, but be easy. Faith! I never ate a better dinner," he continued cheerfully. "May none of us ever know hunger. I'm fasting since breakfast. It's St. Jude's, you know. This is fine whisky, you have. It's smelling of Drogheda, sure enough. Give me another glass, Cregan, I have been in the wind, and may God grant us all happiness. Oh, don't make me take more than I want, Cregan, for I have to go through evening mass. God help me, I'm staying too long, the whisky and one thing and another. But I wouldn't for all ever my name's worth not show you what I took out of the post-office on the way here, for it's the pleased creature you'll be, Judy; and all I have to say is, thank God Tom got as much education as enables him to write a letter, for if he hadn't stuck to the pen, he wouldn't be able to have a trial at it now. I declare," he laughed, "I believe Tom wrote this with the wrong side of the pen up, but in faith he's an honor to Killibeg, whether or no, for he sends the five pounds for you to come out to him at once. There it is, Judy, and he must be wallowing in wealth."

There was a chorus of "Glory be to Gods" at this news, and the fiddler set up "Hurroo for the Tyrrells," and even Father Harrigan was about to show off a few of his steps, when a boy, passing the cabin with his cow, stopped to say that Flynn that belonged to the constabulary was hurt in the races at Garton and was lying at Bantry Road half way to Killrahy, and wanted the priest. Father Harrigan picked up his ecclesiastical hat, put on his big coat, and, opulent in good advice, made Judy kneel down till he gave her his blessing in Latin.

When he was gone another bottle was soon opened. Judy and Cregan were called on to exhibit a hornpipe which was much danced in Killibeg. He was hot, excited, breathing hard, a deep red hovering over his face, and a tumbled shirt bosom showed where the twins had slept; but anything nimbler, lighter than Judy's dancing the people never expected to see in Donegal, and they were near breaking their hearts that she had Tom's five-pound note in her pocket and before long would be off for America.

Next morning Cregan heard that a vessel just put to sea had been lost off the coast of Donegal with all aboard but a priest, who, it seems, had the power of not sinking in the water; and, to deter Judy from taking this line, he set off at full speed for Mrs. Kelly's.

When he got there, Judy dressed in red petticoat and blue stockings, with a string of beads as long as herself, was stretched on the little chaff bed.

"Lord help you, Judy, what's astray with you lying there?"

"Oh, Cregan, dear. It's me that has the sin to answer for — I never said a rosary last night, and nothing else could happen me only the bad luck to trample the five-pound note under my two feet for Mrs. Kelly to burn in the hob just for all the world like a bit of peat. It's a bad beginning I made with the little twins to neither fast nor pray — and the craythurs only the one day hearing their names — decent, bearable names. Oh, musha! May the Lord mark them to grace, for Tom would be the proud man if they was released out of this."

Cregan knelt down on the stone floor beside the bed and drew his square, muscular, sun-burnt hand over the beautiful black hair. "Have sense, Judy, darling — don't let the dirty trash of a five-pound note trouble you — for God bless the pony, I'll feed him full as a tick and gallop him through Drummany full speed — the devil can't stop me — bringing back ten pounds, and you'll set out for Tom any day you like. The donkey'll get the crops down right well — between ourselves, it's a pleasure to sell her, for she is a scheming little vagabond that's a curse to the farm and has kept me out of more oats than any

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horse I ever met with. Faith, I'll argue her down somebody's throat."

With a look into his eyes, Judy's heart revived. He went over to a corner of the cabin where, on something between a chair and a settle, formed of a solid bit of ash, supported by three legs, sloping outwards, the twins lay side by side, with their thumbs down to the bottom of their throats.

"Well, faith, if I'd give praise to any boys in the parish, it's themselves," he said. "You have them thriving like salmon. Please God they'll have the fat of the land if they wait a bit, but I make sure the hunger's on them now, for their eyes is following you like a calf after the finger. It don't answer to have them ating one day and fasting another."

Judy jumped up, scattering the chickens right and left, hooked out a little stool with her left foot from under the table, lifted the twins and fell to kissing the ten pink toes, first of one and then the other.

Then Cregan went at a long slinging gait across the bog in the direction of the field where the pony was pegging away in the corn, and before evening closed he walked all the way back from Drummany, the calves of his legs bowed out as if he were in training.

"Judy," he said, "if there's ever a stray blessing going you'll get it, for you was born to luck, and nothing will keep you from it; and I'm the very dickens myself at the selling. I had fifty minds to make Neal lay another guinea alongside of the ten."

"Och! Long life and benediction to you, Cregan, and all belonging to you," cried Judy, laughing one moment and crying the next. It was not a wise act, as things had been, but her plump soft hand stole into his great palm.

"I wouldn't put it past myself to be off with you to Galway and carry the twins — not to have you going about the country alone, like a stray gosling for people to tell lies of."

A glance from her ravishing blue eyes made a little old-time flutter in his throat. "God bless you, Judy, you are a deluder," he said, with a short sigh. "Faix, I never lay my eyes on the like of you for downright — musha! if myself knows what to call it — but — anyhow, you're the lovely craythur to look at. But saints in heaven be above us all, I must be quit of myself and give up my old ways."

One of Judy's laughs answered this speech. Next day she made a creditable Irish bundle of the feather bed, a sack of potatoes, and a half stone weight of barley, and Cregan, wiping his eyes, deposited her in the Drummany car, the drowsy twins in new check frocks in her arms. As the most precipitate pony that ever breathed the breath of life was making a start, there was a rush across the bog of Killibeg friends and neighbors, and before Judy could bless herself, five and twenty hats went up with a shout for Cregan, followed by another for Tom.

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MY FRIEND PROSPERO

BY

HENRY HARLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX"

SUMMARY OF PART I.— At the gateway of the Castel Sant' Alessina, whither she had driven one April afternoon up from the hotel at Roccadoro, Linda Baroness Blanchemain is met by the unexpected figure of a young and handsome compatriot, who most civilly, but without any explanations, offers to conduct her through the castle. Her curiosity piqued, Lady Blanchemain becomes immediately more interested in ascertaining the identity of the young Englishman, and the reason of his presence in the castle, (the property of an Austrian noble family) than she is in the castle itself and its treasures. By dint of clever questioning she at length discovers that her companion is none other than John Blanchemain, nephew of Lord Blanchemain of Ventmere, Sussex, and heir presumptive to the title. Lady Blanchemain's husband had been of the other branch of the family, the two branches of which have for many years been estranged. But then and there the lady, who has taken a great fancy to the young man, declares herself, and the two laughingly make up the ancient quarrel. John Blanchemain, it then comes out, is not staying at the castle, but with the parroco at the presbytery, for six francs fifty a day.

The conversation passes banteringly to more personal matters, and John declares that he has never been in love nor will ever marry. The lady prophesies that his boast will be short lived, and, almost as if in answer, there appears beneath them in the garden, a very beautiful young lady walking slowly among the paths. While John is trying to persuade Lady Blanchemain that the fair stranger is totally unknown to him, the subject of their argument vanishes through the shrubs.

PART SECOND

I

RATHER early next morning John was walking among the olives. He had gone (straight from his bed, and in perhaps the least considered of toilets: an old frieze ulster, ornamented with big buttons of mother-of-pearl, a pair of Turkish slippers, a bathing-towel over his shoulder, and for head-covering just his uncombed native thatch) he had gone for a swim, some half a mile upstream, to a place he knew where the Rampio—the madcap Rampio, all shallows and rapids—rests for a moment in a pool, wide and deep, translucent, inviting, and, as you perceive when you have made your plunge, of a most assertive chill. Now he was on his leisurely way home, to the presbytery and what passed there for breakfast.

The hill-side rose from the river's bank in a series of irregular terraces, upheld by rough stone walls. The gnarled old trees bent towards each other and away like dwarfs and crookbacks dancing a fantastic minuet; and in the grass beneath them, where the sun shot his fiery darts and cast his net of shadows, Chloris had scattered innumerable wildflowers: hyacinths, the colour of the sky; violets, that threaded the air for yards about with their sentiment-provoking fragrance; tulips, red and yellow; sometimes a tall, imperial iris; here and there little white nodding companies of jonquils. Here and there, too, the dusty-green reaches were pointed by the dark spire of a cypress, alone, in a kind of glooming isolation; here and there a blossoming peach or almond, gaily pink, sent an inexpressible little thrill of gladness to one's heart. The air was sweetened by many incense-breathing things besides the violets,—by moss and bark, and dew-

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laden grass, the moist brown earth ; and it was quick with music : bees droned, leaves whispered, birds called, sang, gossiped, disputed, and the Rampio played a crystal accompaniment.

John swung onwards at ease, while lizards, with tails that seemed extravagantly long, fled from before his feet, terrible to them, no doubt, as an army with banners, for his Turkish slippers, though not in their pristine youth, were of scarlet leather embroidered in a rich device with gold. And presently (an experience unusual at that hour in the olive wood) he became aware of a human voice.

"Ohé ! My good men, there ! Will you be so kind as to gather me some of those anemones ? Here is a lira for your pains."

It was a feminine voice ; it was youthful and melodious ; it was finished, polished, delicately modulated. And its inflection was at once confident and gracious,—clearly the speaker took it for granted that she would receive attention, and she implied her thanks abundantly beforehand. It was a voice that evoked in the imagination a charming picture of fresh, young, confident, and gracious womanhood.

"Hello !" said John to himself. "Who is there in this part of the world with a voice like that ?"

And he felt it would not be surprising if on glancing round he should behold — as, in fact, he did — the stranger of yesterday, the Unknown of the garden.

II

She stood on one of the higher terraces, (a very charming picture indeed, bright and erect, in the warm shadow of the olives), and was calling down to a couple of peasants at work on the other side of the stream. Between the thumb and forefinger of an ungloved fair right hand, she held up a silver lira.

Anemones, said she ! Near to where the men were working, by the river's brink, there was a space of level ground, perhaps a hundred feet long, and tapering from half that breadth to a point. And this was simply crimson and purple with a countless host of anemones.

She called to the men, and one seeing and hearing her would have thought they must abandon everything, and spring to do her bidding. But they didn't. Pausing only long enough to give her a phlegmatic stare, as if in doubt whether conceivably she could have the impertinence to be addressing *them*, and vouchsafing not a word, each went calmly on with his employment ; —very, very calmly, *piano, piano*, gently, languidly, filling small baskets with fallen olives, and emptying them upon outspread canvas sheets. There are, and more's the pity, two types of Italian peasant. There's the old type, which we knew in our youth, and happily it still survives in some numbers,—the peasant who, for all his rags and tatters, has manners that will often put one's own to shame, and, with a *simpatia* like second-sight, is before one's wishes, in his eagerness to serve and please. And there is the new type, which we know to our disgust, and unhappily it multiplies like vermin, — the peasant who has lent his ear to the social democrat, and, his heart envenomed by class hatred, meets your civility with black glances and the behaviour of a churl in the sulks.

So, though her voice was sweet to hear, and though, standing there in the warm penumbra of the olive orchard, tall and erect and graceful, in her bright frock, she made a charming picture, and though she offered a silver lira as a prize, the men merely stared at her churlishly, and went on with their work — languidly, sluggishly, as men who deemed the necessity to work an outrage, and weren't going to condone it by working with anything like a will.

Now, John Blanchemain, as I have previously mentioned, was an unselfconscious sort of fellow. In his unselfconsciousness, forgetting several trifles that might properly have weighed with him, (forgetting the soiled gorgeousness of his Turkish slippers for example, and his towzled head, and the bathing-towel that flowed like a piece of classic drapery from his shoulder), obeying impulse and instinct, he flung himself into the breach.

"Brutes," he muttered between his teeth. Then, in his easiest man-of-the-worldy accents, "If you can wait two minutes," he called aloud to her. And therewith he went scrambling down the terraces and picked his way from stone to stone across the shallows, to the field of anemones, where their satiny petals, like crisping wavelets, all a-ripple in the moving air, shimmered with constantly changing lights. And in a twinkling he had gathered

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a great armful, and was clambering back.

"I beg of you," he said, in his abrupt fashion, holding them out to her, and slightly bowing, with that nothing-doubting assurance of his, while his blue eyes (to put her entirely at her ease) smiled, frank and friendly and serene, into her dark ones.

But hers seemed troubled. She looked at the flowers, she looked at John, I think she even looked at her lira. Her eyes seemed undecided.

"Do pray take them," said he, still smiling, still frank and assured, but as if a little puzzled, a little amused, by her hesitation, and more airily a man-of-the-world than ever, his tone one of high detachment, to spare her any possible feeling of personal obligation, and to place his performance in the light of a matter of course, — as if indeed he had done nothing more than pick up and return, say, a handkerchief she might have dropped. "You were right," he owned to his thought of Lady Blanchemain; "she is beautiful." Here, at close quarters with her, one's perception of her beauty became acute, — here, under the grey old trees, in the leafy dimness, alone with her, at two paces from her, where the birds sang and the violets gave forth their fragrant breath. He saw that her eyes were beautiful (soft and deep and luminous, despite their trouble), and her low white brow, and the dark masses of her hair, under her garden-hat, and the rose in her cheeks, and the red-rose of her mouth. And he saw and felt the beauty and the vitality of her strong young body.

But meanwhile she had stretched forth, rather timidly, that ungloved fair hand of hers, and taken the flowers.

"You are very good, I am sure. Thank you very much," she said, rather faintly, with a grave little inclination of the head.

John, always with magnificent assurance, put up his hand, to doff a man-of-the-worldy hat, and bow himself away; — and it encountered his bare locks, bare, and still wet from recent ducking. Whereupon, suddenly, the trifles he had forgotten were remembered, and at last (in the formula of the criminologist) "he realised his position": hatless and uncombed, with the bathing-towel slung from his shoulder, in that weather-beaten old frieze coat with its ridiculous buttons, in those awful Turkish slippers, — offering, with his grand manner, flowers to a woman he didn't know, and smiling, to put her at her ease! His pink face burned to a livelier pink, his ears went hot, his heart went cold. The bow he finally accomplished was the blighted bud of the bow he had projected; and, as the earth didn't, of its charity, open and engulf him, he hastened as best he could, and with a painful sense of slinking, to remove his crestfallen person from her range of view.

When these unselfconscious fellows are startled into selfconsciousness, I fancy they take it hard. I don't know how long it was before John had done heaping silent curses, silent but savage, upon himself, his luck, his "beastly officiousness," upon the whole afflicting incident: curses that he couldn't help diversifying now and then with a catch of splenetic laughter, as a vision of the figure he had cut would recurrently

> "——*flash upon that inward eye*
> *Which is the bliss of solitude.*"

"Oh, you *ape!*" he groaned. "Rigged out like Pudding Jack, and, with your ineffable simagrees, offering a strange woman flowers!"

If *she* had only laughed, had only smiled, it wouldn't have been so bad, it would have shown that she understood. "But through it all," he writhed to recollect, "she was as solemn as a mourner. I suppose she was shocked — perhaps she was frightened — very likely she took me for a tramp. I wonder she didn't crown my beatitude by giving me her lira. These foreigners do so lack certain discernments."

And with that rather an odd detail came back to him. *Was* she a foreigner? For it came vaguely back that he, impulsive and unthinking, had spoken to her throughout in English. "And anyhow," — this came distinctly back, — "it was certainly in English that she thanked me."

III

What passed for breakfast at the presbytery was the usual Continental evasion of that repast, — bread and coffee, despatched in your apartment. But at noon the household met to dine.

The dining-room, on the ground floor, long and low, with a vaulted ceiling, whitewashed, and a pavement of worn red tiles, was a clean, bare room, that

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(pervaded by a curious, dry, not unpleasant odour) seemed actually to smell of bareness, as well as of cleanliness. There was a table, there was a dresser, there were a few unpainted deal chairs, rush-bottomed (exactly like the chairs in the church, in all Italian churches), and there was absolutely nothing else, save a great black and white Crucifix attached to the wall. But, by way of compensation, its windows opened southwards, flooding it with sunshine, and commanding the wonderful perspective of the valley,— the blue-grey hills, the snow-peaks, the blossoming lowlands, and the far-away opalescence that you knew to be the lake.

At noon the parroco, his niece Annunziata, and his boarder met to dine.

The parroco was a short, stout, florid, black-haired, hawk-nosed, fierce-looking, still youngish man, if five-and-forty may be reckoned youngish, with a pair of thin lips which, for purposes of speech, he never opened if he could help it. Never,— till Sunday came: when, mounting the pulpit, he opened them indeed, and his pent-up utterance burst forth in a perfect torrent of a sermon, a wild gush of words, shouted at the topmost stress of a remarkably lusty voice, arresting for a minute or two by reason of the sheer physical energy it represented, and then for a long half hour exquisitely tiresome. But on week-days he maintained a prodigious silence, and this (as, though fierce-looking, he wasn't in the least really fierce), it would often be John's malicious study to tempt him to break. Besides, to-day, John was honestly concerned with the pursuit of knowledge.

Accordingly, grace being said, "You never told me," he began, assuming a mien of intelligent interest, "that the castle was haunted." He looked at Don Ambrogio, but from the tail of his eye he kept a watch as well upon Annunziata, and he saw that that wise little maiden became attentive.

"No," said Don Ambrogio, between two spoonfuls of soup.

"You will conceive my astonishment, then," continued John, urbanely, "when I discovered that it was."

"It isn't," said Don Ambrogio. He gave himself diligently to the business of the hour; his spoon flew backwards and forwards like a shuttle.

"Oh? Not the castle?" questioned John. "Only the garden? And the olive wood? True, on reflection, I've never seen it in the house."

"Nothing here is haunted," said the parroco. He made a signal to Annunziata, who rose to change the plates. Her big eyes were alight, her serious little face was alert; but she would never dream of speaking in the presence of her uncle. Marcella, the cook, brought in the inevitable veal.

"Oh, for that," insisted John, courteous but firm, "I beg your pardon. I myself have seen it on two occasions; and, lest you should fancy it a subjective illusion, I may tell you that it was yesterday seen simultaneously by another."

"It? It? What is *it?*" asked the parroco, more fierce-looking than ever as he attacked the veal with his carving-knife.

"Ah," said John, "now you make me regret that I haven't a talent for word-painting. It's the form of a woman, a young woman, tall, slender, in some pale diaphanous garment, that appears here, appears there, remaining distinctly visible for some minutes, and then disappears. No, it isn't a subjective illusion. And it isn't, either," the unscrupulous creature added, after a pause, raising his voice, and speaking with emphasis, as if to repel the insinuation, while the darkness of disenchantment settled upon the face of Annunziata, "it isn't, either, as some imaginative people might too hastily conclude, a wraith, a phantom, an insubstantial vapour. It's a real material form, that lives and breathes, and even, if driven to it, speaks. There's nothing supernatural about it,— unless, indeed, we take the transcendental view that Nature herself is supernatural. I was wondering, Don Ambrogio, whether, without violating a confidence, you could tell me whose form it is?"

"Nossignore," said Don Ambrogio, economizing his breath.

"Ah," sighed John, nodding resignedly, "I feared as much. Divining that I would institute enquiries, she has been beforehand with me. She has stolen a march upon me, and pledged you to secresy."

"Nossignore," disavowed Don Ambrogio, raising eyes the sincerity of which there could be no suspecting.

John's face took on an expression of aggrieved surprise.

"But then why won't you tell me?"

"Because I do not know," said Don Ambrogio.

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"Oh, I see," said John. "And yet," he argued meditatively, "that's hard to believe. I don't for a moment mean that I doubt it—but it's hard to believe, like the atomic theory, and some of the articles of religion. For surely there can't be many such tall slender forms, in diaphanous garments, appearing and disappearing here and there in your parish; and one would suppose, *à priori*, that you'd know them all."

"A peasant, a villager," said Don Ambrogio.

"I put it to you as an observer of life," said John, "do peasants, do villagers, wear diaphanous garments?"

"A visitor, a sight-seer, from some place on the lake," said Don Ambrogio.

"I put it to you as a thinking man," said John, "would a visitor, would a sight-seer, from some place on the lake, walk in the garden of the castle without a hat? And would she appear at Sant' Alessina on two days in succession?"

But Don Ambrogio had finished his veal, and when he had finished his veal he always left the table, first twice devoutly making the sign of the Cross, and then, with a bow to John, pronouncing the formula, "You will graciously permit? My affairs call me. A thousand regrets." Today he slightly amplified that formula. "A thousand regrets," he said, "and as many excuses for my inability to afford the information desired."

After his departure, John turned to Annunziata, where, her big eyes two lively points of interrogation, she sat opposite to him, impatient to take up the theme.

"Well, Mistress Wisdom!" he saluted her, smiling, and waving his hand. "It is a good and wholesome thing for the young to witness the discomfiture of the wicked. Your uncle retreats with flying colours. He made, to be sure, a slender dinner, but that s his daily habit. If you have tears to shed, shed them for me. I have made none at all."

From points of interrogation, Annunziata's eyes changed to abysses of wonder, and, big as they were, seemed to grow measurably bigger.

"You have made no dinner?" she protested, in that strangely deep voice of hers, with its effect of immense solemnity.

"No, poor dear," said John, with pathos, "no, I have made no dinner."

"But you have eaten a great deal," exclaimed Annunziata, nonplussed. "And you are still eating."

"Quite so," responded John, "though I think it's perhaps the merest trifle unhandsome of you to fling it in my face. I have eaten a great deal, and I am still eating. That is what I come to table for. In an orderly life like mine there is a place for everything. I come to table to eat, just as I go to bed to sleep and to church to say my prayers. Would you have me sleep at table, eat in church, and say my prayers in bed? Eating, however, has nothing to do with the case. I spoke of dining—I said I had not dined. Now you shall be the judge. The question is, can a Christian man dine twice on the same day? Answer me that."

"Oh, no," answered Annunziata, very soberly, lengthening out her vowels in deprecation of the idea. "At least, it would be gluttony if he did."

"There you are," cried John. "And gluttony is not the undeadliest of the Seven Deadly Sins. So, then, unless you would have me guilty of the deadly sin of gluttony, you must agree that I have not dined. For I am going to dine this evening. I am going to dine at the Hotel Victoria at Roccadoro. I am going to dine with a lady. I am going to dine in all the pomp and circumstance of my dress-suit, with a white tie and pumps. And you yourself have said it, a Christian man may not, without guilt of gluttony, dine twice on the same day. Therefore it is the height of uncharitableness, it's a deliberate imputation of sin, to contend that I have dined already."

Annunziata followed his reasoning thoughtfully, and then gravely set him right.

"No," she said, shaking her head, "you do not understand. I will explain. You have dined already. That is a certain truth, because this meal is dinner, and you have eaten it. But to-night you are going to a dinner of ceremony—and that is different. A dinner of ceremony does not count. It is the same as a supper. My uncle himself once went to a dinner of ceremony at Bergamo. No, it will not be gluttony for you to go to a dinner of ceremony."

"You speak like a little pope," said John. "In matters of Faith and Morals I believe you are infallible. If you could guess the load you have lifted from my conscience!"

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"I am glad," said Annunziata. And then she attempted to hark back. "This form that you have seen in the garden——" she began.

"Don't try to change the subject," John interrupted. Don't be so reticent and secretive and elusive. What I am labouring with hammer and tongs to drag from you is the exact date at which, somewhere between the years of our salvation 1387 and 1455, you sat for your portrait to the beatified painter Giovanni of Fiesole. Now be a duck, and make a clean breast of it."

Annunziata's eyes clouded. A kind of scorn, a kind of pity, and a kind of patient longanimity looked from them.

"That is folly," she said, on the deepest of her deep notes.

"Folly—?" repeated John, surprised, but bland. "Oh? Really?"

"Sit for my portrait between the years 1387 and 1455,—how could I?" scoffed Annunziata.

"Why? What was to prevent you?" innocently questioned he.

"*Maché!* I was not yet alive," said she.

John looked at her with startled eyes, and spoke with animation.

"Weren't you? Word of honour? Are you sure? How do you know? Have you any definite recollection that you weren't? Can you clearly recall the period in question, and then, reviewing it in detail, positively attest that you were dead? For there's no third choice. A person must either be alive or dead. And how, if you weren't alive, how ever did it come to pass tnat there should be a perfect portrait of you from Giovanni's brush in the Convent of Saint Mark at Florence? Your grave little white face, and your wise little big eyes, and your eager little inquisitive profile, and your curls flowing about your shoulders, and your pinafore that's so like a peplum,—there they all are, precisely as I see them before me now. And how was Giovanni able to do them if you weren't alive? Perhaps you were pre-mortally alive in Heaven? Giovanni's cell, as is well known, had a window that opened straight into Heaven. Perhaps he saw you through that window, and painted you without your knowing it. The name they give your portrait, by the bye, would rather seem to confirm that theory. What do you think they call it? They call it *un angiolo*. I've got a copy of it in England. When you come to London to visit the Queen I'll show it to you."

Annunziata gave her flowing curls a toss.

"The form of the young woman which you have seen in the garden—" she began anew.

"Ah," said John, "observe how differently the big fish and the little fish will be affected by the same bait."

"When you first spoke of it," said she, "I thought you had seen a holy apparition."

"Yes," said he, "That was because I couched my communication in language designedly misleading. I employed the terminology of ghost-lore. I said 'haunted' and 'appear' and things like that. And you were very properly and naturally deceived. I confidently expected that you would be. No, it is not given to world-stained and world-worn old men like me to see holy apparitions."

"Old men? You are not an old man," said Annunziata.

"Oh? Not? What am I, then?" said John.

"You are a middle-aged man," said she.

"Thank you, Golden Tongue," said he, with a bow.

"And you are sure that it was merely a real person?" she pursued.

"No," said he. "I am too profoundly imbued with the basic principles of metaphysics ever to be sure of the objective reality of phenomena. I can only swear to my impression. My impression was and is that it was merely a real person."

"Then," said Annunziata, with decision, "it must be the person who is visiting the Signora Brandi."

"The Signora Brandi?" repeated John. "What a nice name. Who is the Signora Brandi?"

"She is an Austrian," said Annunziata.

"I am vastly enlightened. Accept my grateful acknowledgements," said he.

"She lives in the pavilion beyond the clock-tower," said Annunziata.

"I wasn't aware," said John, "that the pavilion beyond the clock-tower was inhabited. I wasn't aware that any part of this castle was inhabited, except the part that we inhabit. Why have I been left till now in this state of disgraceful ignorance!"

"The Signora Brandi has been absent," said Annunziata. "She has been in her

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own country — in Austria. But yesterday she returned. And with her came a person to visit her. That is the person whose form you have seen in the garden."

"How do you know it wasn't the form of the Signora Brandi herself?" John said.

"Oh, no," said Annunziata. "The Signora Brandi is not young. She is old. She is as old as ——"

"Methusaleh?" suggested John.

"No," said Annunziata, repudiating the suggestion with force. "No one is so old as that. She is as old as my uncle."

"I see," said John, "Yes, it's all highly mysterious."

"Mysterious?" said Annunziata.

"I should think so," asseverated he. "Cryptic, enigmatic, esoteric to the last degree. To begin with, how does the Signora Brandi, being an Austrian, come by so characteristically un-Austrian a name? Is that mysterious? And in the next place, why does an Austrian Signora Brandi so far forget what is due to her nationality as to live, not in Austria, but in Lombardy? And — as if that were not enough — at Castel Sant' Alessina? And — as if that were not more than enough — in the pavilion beyond the clock? Come, come! Mysterious!"

"You are living in Lombardy, you are living at Castel Sant' Alessina, yourself," said Annunziata.

"I deny it," said John. "You cannot call this living — this is merely sojourning. But even if it were true, there's all the difference in the world between my case and the Signora Brandi's. I am middle-aged and foolish, but she is as old as your uncle. Don't you see the mysterious significance of that coincidence? And I haven't a young woman visiting me. *Who is the young woman?* Is that a mystery? My sweet child, we tread among mysteries, we are at the centre of a coil of mysteries. *Who is the young woman?* And how — consider well upon this — how does it happen that the young woman speaks English? Mysterious, indeed!"

He rose, and bowed, with a great deal of manner.

"But we burn day-light. I must not detain you longer. Suffer me to imprint upon your hand of velvet a token of my high regard."

And taking Annunziata's hand, he bent low to kiss it; and though his blue eyes were full of laughter, I think that behind the laughter there was a great deal of real fondness and admiration.

IV

Half way down the long straight avenue of ilex-trees that led from the castle to the principal entrance of the garden, Annunziata, in her pale-grey pinafore (that was so like a peplum), with her hair waving about her shoulders, was curled up in the corner of a marble bench, gazing with great intentness at a white flower that lay in her lap. It was the warmest and the peacefullest moment of the afternoon. The sun shone steadily; not a leaf stirred, not a shadow wavered; and the intermittent piping of a blackbird, somewhere in the green world overhead, seemed merely to give a kind of joyous rhythm to the silence.

"Mercy upon me! Who ever saw so young a maiden so deeply lost in thought!" exclaimed a voice.

Annunziata, her reverie thus disturbed, raised a pair of questioning eyes.

A lady was standing before her, smiling down upon her, a lady in a frock of lilac-coloured muslin, with a white sunshade.

Annunziata, who, when she liked, could be the very pink of formal politeness, rose, dropped a courtesy, and said: "Buon giorno, Signorina."

"Buon giorno," responded the smiling lady. "Buon giorno — and a penny for your thoughts. But I'm sure you could never, never tell what it was you were thinking so hard about."

"Scusi," said Annunziata. "I was trying to think of the name of this flower." She stooped and picked up the flower, which had slipped from her lap to the ground when she rose. Then she held it at arm's length, for inspection.

"Oh?" asked the lady, smiling at the flower, as she had smiled at its possessor. "Isn't it a narcissus?"

"Yes," said Annunziata. "It is a narcissus. But I was trying to think of its particular name."

The lady looked as if she did not quite understand. "Its particular name?"

"It is a narcissus," explained Annunziata, "just as I am a girl. But it must also have its particular name, just as I have mine. It is a soul doing its Purgatory — a very good soul. If you are very good,

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then, when you die, you do your Purgatory as a flower. But it is not such an easy Purgatory — oh, no. For look: the flower is beautiful, but it is blind, and cannot see; and it is fragrant, but it cannot smell; and people admire it and praise it, but it is deaf, and cannot hear. It can only wait, wait, wait, and think of God. But it is a short Purgatory. A few days, and the flower will fade, and the soul will be released. I think this flower's name is Cecilia, it is so white."

The smile in the lady's eyes had brightened, as she listened; and now she gave a little laugh, a little, light, musical, pleased and friendly laugh.

"Yes," she said. "I have sometimes wondered myself whether flowers might not be the Purgatory of very good souls. I am glad to learn from you that it is true. And yes, I should think that this flower's name was sure to be Cecilia. Cecilia suits it perfectly. What, if one may ask, is *your* particular name?"

"Mariannunziata," said its bearer, not to make two bites of a cherry.

The lady's eyes grew round. "Dear me! A little short name like that?" she marvelled.

"No," returned Annunziata, with dignity. "My name in full is longer. My name in full is Giuliana Falconieri Maria Annunziata Casalone. Is that not long enough?"

"Yes," the lady admitted, "that is just long enough." And she laughed again.

"What is *your* name?" enquired Annunziata.

"My name is Maria Dolores," the lady answered. "You see, we are both named Maria."

"Of course," said Annunziata. "All Christians should be named Maria."

"So they should," agreed the lady. "Do you ever tell people how old you are?"

"Yes," said Annunziata, "if they wish to know. Why not?"

The smile in the lady's eyes shone brighter than ever. "Do you think you could be persuaded to tell me?"

"With pleasure," said Annunziata. "I am eleven years and five months. And you?"

"I am just twice as old. I am twenty-two years and ten months. So, when you are fifty, how old shall I be?"

"No," said Annunziata, shaking her head. "That trick has been tried with me before. My friend Prospero has tried it with me. You hope I will say that you will be a hundred. But it is not so. When I am fifty, you will be sixty-one, going on sixty-two."

Still again the lady laughed, apparently with great amusement.

"What a little bundle of wisdom you are!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. My friend Prospero also says that I am wise," answered Annunziata. "I like to see you laugh," she mentioned, looking critically at the face above her. "You have beautiful teeth, they are so white and shining, and so small, and your lips are so red."

"Oh," said the lady, laughing more merrily than ever. "Then you must be very entertaining, and I will laugh a great deal."

Still looking critically at the lady's face, "Are you not," demanded Annunziata, "the person who has come to visit the Signora Brandi?"

"Signora Brandi?" The lady considered. "Yes, I suppose I must be. At any rate, I am the person who has come to visit Frau Brandt."

"Branta? We call her Brandi here," said Annunziata. "Are you related to her?"

"No," said the lady, who always seemed inclined to laugh, though Annunziata had no consciousness of being very entertaining. "I am not related to her. I am only her friend."

"She is an Austrian," said Annunziata. "This castle belongs to Austrians. Once upon a time, very long ago, before I was born, all this country belonged to Austrians. Are you, too, an Austrian?"

"Yes." The lady nodded. "I, too, am an Austrian."

"And yet," remarked Annunziata, "you speak Italian just as I do."

"It is very good of you to say so," laughed the lady.

"No — it is the truth," said Annunziata.

"But is it not good to tell the truth?" the lady asked.

"No," said Annunziata. "It is only a duty." And again she shook her head, slowly, darkly, with an effect of philosophic melancholy. "That is very strange and very hard," she pointed out. "If you

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do not do that which is your duty, it is bad, and you are punished. But if you do do it, that is not good,—it is only what you ought to do, and you are not rewarded." And she fetched her breath in the saddest of sad little sighs. Then, briskly recovering her cheerfulness, "And you speak English, besides," she said.

"Oh?" wondered the lady. "Are you a clairvoyante? How do you know that I speak English?"

"My friend Prospero told me so," said Annunziata.

"Your friend Prospero?" the lady repeated. "You quote your friend Prospero very often. Who is your friend Prospero?"

"He is a signore," said Annunziata. "He has seen you, he has seen your form, in the garden and in the olive wood."

"Oh," said the lady.

"And I suppose he must have heard you speak English," Annunziata added. "He lives at the presbytery."

"And where, by the bye, do *you* live?" asked the lady.

"I live at the presbytery, too," said Annunziata. "I am the niece of the parroco. I am the orphan of his only brother. My friend Prospero lives with us as a boarder. He is English."

"Indeed?" said the lady. "Prospero is a very odd name for an Englishman."

"Prospero is not his name," said Annunziata. "His name is Gian. That is English for Giovanni."

"But why, then," the lady puzzled, "do you call him Prospero?"

"Prospero is a name I have given him," explained Annunziata. "One day I told his fortune. I can tell fortunes—with olive-stones, with playing-cards, or from the lines of the hand. I will tell you yours, if you wish. Well, one day, I told Prospero's, and everything came out so prosperously for him, I have called him Prospero ever since. He will be rich, though he is poor; and he will marry a dark woman, who will also be rich; and they will have many, many children, and live in peace to the end of their lives. But there!" Annunziata cried out suddenly, with excitement, waving the hand that held her narcissus. "There is my friend Prospero now, coming in the gig."

Down the avenue, sure enough, a gig was coming, a sufficiently shabby, ancient gig, drawn, however, at a very decent pace by a very decent-looking horse, and driven by John Blanchemain.

"*Ciao*, Prospero!" called Annunziata, as he passed.

And John took off his hat, a modish Panama, and bowed and smiled to her and to the lady. And one adept in reading the meaning of smiles might have read three or four separate meanings in that smile of his. It seemed to say to Annunziata, "Ah, you rogue! So already you have waylaid her, and made her acquaintance." To the lady: "I congratulate you upon your companion. Isn't she a diverting little monkey?" To himself: "And I congratulate *you*, my dear, upon being clothed and in your right mind, and upon having a proper hat to make your bow with." And to the universe at large: "By jove, she *is* good-looking. Standing there before that marble bench, in the cool green light, under the great ilexes, with her lilac frock and her white sunshade, and Annunziata all in grey beside her,—what a subject for a painting, if only there were any painters who knew how to paint!"

"He is going to a dinner at Roccadoro," said Annunziata, while John's back grew small and smaller in the distance. "Did you see, he had a portmanteau under the seat? He is going to a dinner of ceremony, and he will have his costume of ceremony in the portmanteau. I wonder what he will bring back with him for me. When he goes to Roccadoro he always brings something back for me. Last time it was a box of chocolate cigars. I should like to see him in his costume of ceremony. Wouldn't you?"

But the lady merely laughed. And then, taking Annunziata's chin in her hand, she looked down into her big clear eyes, and said, "I must be off now, to join Signora Brandi. But I cannot leave without telling you how glad I am to have met you, and what pleasure I have derived from your conversation. I hope we shall meet often. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Signorina," said Annunziata, becoming formally polite again. "I shall always be at your service." And she dropped another courtesy. "If you will come to see me at the presbytery," she hospitably added, "I will show you my tame kid."

"You are all that is most kind," responded the lady, and went off smiling towards the castle.

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Annunziata curled herself up in her old corner of the marble bench, and appeared to relapse into profound thought.

V

A curious little intimate inward glow, a sense, somewhere deep down in his consciousness, of elation and well-being, accompanied John all the way to Roccadoro, mingling with and sweetening whatever thoughts or perceptions occupied his immediate attention. This was a "soul-state" that he knew of old, and he had no difficulty in referring it to its cause. It was the glow and the elation which he was fortunate enough always to experience when his eye had been fed with a fresh impression of beauty; and he knew that he owed it to-day to the glimpse he had had, in the cool light under the ilexes, of a slender figure in lilac and a tiny figure in grey, beside a soft-complexioned old marble bench in the midst of a shadowy, sunny, brown and green Italian garden.

The drive to Roccadoro from Sant' Alessina is a pleasant drive. The road follows for the most part the windings of the Rampio, so that you are seldom out of sight of its gleaming waters, and the brawl of it, now louder, now less loud, is perpetually in your ears. To right and left you have the tender pink of blossoming almonds, with sometimes the scarlet flame of a pomegranate; and then the blue-grey hills, mantled in a kind of transparent cloth-of-gold, a gauze of gold, woven of haze and sunshine; and then, rosy white, with pale violet shadows, the snow-peaks, cut like cameos upon the brilliant azure of the sky. And sometimes, of course, you rattle through a village, with its crumbling, stained, and faded yellow-stuccoed houses, its dazzling white canvas awnings, its church and campanile, and its life that seems to pass entirely in the street: men in their shirt sleeves, lounging, smoking, spitting (else the land were not Italy!), or perhaps playing cards at a table under the leafless bush of the wine-shop; women gossiping over their needlework, or, gathered in sociable knots, combing and binding up their sleek black hair; children sprawling in the kindly dirt; the priest, biretta on head, nose in breviary, drifting slowly upon some priestly errand, and "getting through his office"; and the harmless necessary goatherd, bare-legged, in a tattered sugar-loaf hat, followed by his flock, with their queer anxious faces, blowing upon his Pan's-pipes, (shrill strains, in minor mode and plagal scale, a music older than Theocritus), or stopping, jealously watched by the customer's avid Italian eyes, to milk "per due centesimi" —say, a farthing's worth—into an outstretched, close-clutched jug. Sometimes the almond orchards give place to vineyards, or to maize fields, or to dusky groves of walnut, or to plantations of scrubby oak where lean black pigs forage for the delectable acorn. Sometimes the valley narrows to a ravine, and signs of cultivation disappear, and the voice of the Rampio swells to a roar, and you become aware, between the hills that rise gloomy and almost sheer beside you, of a great solitude: a solitude that is intensified rather than diminished by the sight of some lonely —infinitely lonely—grange, perched far aloft, at a height that seems out of reach of the world. What possible manner of human beings, you wonder, can inhabit there, and what possible dreary manner of existence can they lead? But even in the most solitary places you are welcomed and sped on by a chorus of bird-songs. The hillsides resound with bird-songs continuously for the whole seven miles,—and continuously, at this season, for the whole four-and-twenty hours. Blackbirds, thrushes, blackcaps, goldfinches, chaffinches, sing from the first peep of dawn till the last trace of daylight has died out, and then the nightingales begin and keep it up till dawn again. And everywhere the soft air is aromatic with a faint scent of rosemary, for rosemary grows everywhere under the trees. And everywhere you have the purity and brilliancy and yet restraint of colour, and the crisp economy of line, which give the Italian landscape its look of having been designed by a conscious artist.

In and through his enjoyment of all these pleasantnesses, John felt that agreeable glow which he owed to his glimpse of the woman in the garden; and when at last he reached the Hotel Victoria, and, having dressed, found himself alone for a few moments with Lady Blanchemain, in the dim and cool sitting-room where she awaited her guests, he hastened to let her know that he shared her own opinion of the woman's charms.

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"Your beauty decidedly *is* a beauty," he declared. "I wish you could have seen her as I saw her an hour ago, with a white sunshade, against a background of ilexes. It's a thousand pities that painting should be a forgotten art."

But Lady Blanchemain (magnificent in purple velvet, with diamonds around her throat and in her hair) didn't seem interested.

"Do you know," she said, "I made yesterday one of the most ridiculous blunders of my life. It's been preying upon my mind ever since. I generally have pretty trustworthy perceptions, and perhaps this is a symptom of failing powers. I told myself positively that you were an Eton and Balliol man. It never occurred to me till I was half way home that, as a Papist, you'd be nothing of the sort."

"No," said John; "I'm afraid I'm Edgbaston and Paris. The way her hair grows low about her brow, and swoops upwards and backwards in a sort of tidal wave, and breaks loose in little curling tendrils,—it's absolutely lyrical. And the smile at the bottom of her eyes is exactly like silent music. And her mouth is a couplet in praise of love, with two red lips for rhymes. And her chin is a perfect epithalamium of a chin. And then her figure! And then her lilac frock! Oh, it's a thousand thousand pities that painting should be a forgotten art."

"What, the same lilac frock?" said Lady Blanchemain, absently. "Yet you certainly have the Eton voice," she mused. "And if I don't pay you the doubtful compliment of saying that you have the Balliol manner, you have at least a kind of subtilised reminiscence of it."

"I must keep a guard upon myself," said John. "She's visiting an Austrian woman who lives in a remote wing of the castle,—the pavilion beyond the clock, in fact,—an Austrian woman of the exhilarating name of Brandi."

"I'm rather in luck for my dinner tonight," said Lady Blanchemain. "I've got Agnes Scope, the niece of the Duke of Wexmouth. She arrived here this morning with her aunt, Lady Louisa. Of course I'm putting you next to her. As, besides being an extremely nice girl and an heiress, she's an ardent pervert to Romanism,—well, a word to the wise."

"Yes, I know her," said John. "We don't get on a bit. She moves on far too high a plane for the likes of me. She's intellectual and earnest, and my ignorance and light-mindedness wound her to the quick. She'll end, as I've told her to her face, by writing books,—serious novels, probably,—which she'll illuminate with beautiful irrelevant quotations from Browning and Cardinal Newman."

"Bother," said Lady Blanchemain. "You're perverse."

"Besides," said John, "she's engaged."

"Engaged—?" faltered Lady Blanchemain.

"Yes—to an intellectual and earnest man, named Bernard Blake."

Lady Blanchemain fixed him with darkening eyes.

"Are you *sure?*" she pleaded.

"I saw it officially stated in the *Morning Post*," was John's relentless answer.

"What a nuisance," said Lady Blanchemain, fanning. Her fan was of amber tortoise-shell, with white ostrich feathers, and the end sticks bore her cypher and coronet in gold.

"What a jolly fan," said John.

"Well, well," said Lady Blanchemain, reconciling herself. Then, after an instant of pensiveness, "So you're already laid low by her beauty. But you haven't found out yet who she is?"

"Who who is?" said John, looking all at sea.

"Tut. Don't tease. Your woman at the castle."

"My woman at the castle appeared to leave you cold," he complained. "I arrived full of her, and you wouldn't listen."

"So you're already in love with her?" said Lady Blanchemain.

"No—not yet," said he. "As yet I merely recognise in her admirable material for a painting, and regret that such material should go begging for the lack of a painter. But by this time to-morrow—who can tell?"

"Have you found out who she is?" asked Lady Blanchemain.

"No—not yet," said he. "As yet I've merely found out that she's visiting an Austrian Signora Brandi, who lives (I can't think why) in the pavilion beyond the clock. But by this time to-morrow—!" His gesture spoke volumes of prospective information.

"She looked like a gentlewoman," reflected his friend.

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"For all the world," said he.

"Yet, if she's an Austrian—" She paused and pondered.

"Why? What's the difficulty?" said he.

"To know whether she is *born*," said Lady Blanchemain. "Among Austrians, unless you're born, you're impossible, you're nowhere. Brandi doesn't sound born, does it? We musn't let you become enamoured of her if she isn't born."

"Brandi sounds tremendously *un*born," assented John. "And if like visits like, Signora Brandi's visitor will probably be unborn too. But to me that would rather add an attraction,—provided she's *bred*. I'm not an Austrian. I'm a Briton and a democrat. I feel it is my destiny, if ever I am to become enamoured at all, to become enamoured of the daughter of a miller,—of a rising miller, who has given his daughter advantages. 'Bred, not Born: or the Lady of the Mill'—that shall be the title of my humble heart-history. If this woman could prove to me that she was the daughter of a miller, I'm not sure I shouldn't become enamoured of her on the spot. Well, I shall know to-morrow. By this time to-morrow I shall possess her entire *dossier*. It may interest you to learn that I am employing a detective to investigate her."

"A detective? What do you mean?" said Lady Blanchemain.

"A private detective, a female detective, whom, the next time you come to Sant' Alessina, I'll introduce to you," said John.

"What on earth do you mean?" said Lady Blanchemain.

"The most amusing, the most adorable little detective unhung," said he. "People are all love and laughter whenever they look at her. She'll worm its inmost secrets from my sphinx's heart."

"What pleasure can you take in practising upon a poor old woman who only by a sort of accident isn't your grandmother?" said she.

"Lady Louisa FitzStephen, Miss Scope," said her servant, opening the door.

VI

The nightingales sang him home, and the moon lighted him, the liquid moon of April and Italy. As he approached the castle, through the purple and silver garden, amid the mysterious sweet odours of the night, he glanced up vaguely at the pavilion beyond the clock. He glanced up vaguely, but next second he was no longer vague.

There, on a low-hung balcony, not ten feet above him, full in the moonlight, stood a figure in white—all in white, with a scarf of white lace thrown over her dark hair. The nightingales sang and sobbed, the moon rained its amethystine fire upon the earth, the earth gave forth its mysterious sweet night odours, and she stood there motionless, and breathed and gazed and listened.

But at the sound of wheels in the avenue, she turned slightly, and looked down. Her face was fair and delicate and pure in the moonlight, and her eyes shone darkly bright.

She turned, and looked down, and her eyes met John's.

"Given the hour and the place, I wonder whether I ought to bow," he thought.

Before he could make up his mind, however, his hand had automatically raised his hat.

She inclined her head in acknowledgement, and something softly changed in her face.

"She smiled!" he said, and caught his breath, with a kind of astonished exultancy.

That soft change in her face came and went and came again through all his dreams.

(To be continued)

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THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN"

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN AND WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

CHAPTER NINE

THE REAL GREATNESS OF THE STANDARD

IT was a big business Mr. John D. Rockefeller looked in the face in 1882 when, a compromise signed, suits for conspiracy dismissed, open criticism silenced, he completed his ten years' work and presented to the public the first great trust. The new creation aroused varying opinions: It was too big to handle; it would topple from its own weight; it was a monopoly, and our air and soil were hostile to monopolies; it was watered, and eventually that water would dissolve it; it was founded on a commercial crime and must suffer the consequence. Opposed to these prevailing opinions was the one held by a large number of business men who had been closely enough associated with Mr. Rockefeller to know something of the interior workings of his big machine. These men declared that the legitimate business operations of the Standard were of such intelligence and superiority that it was bound in the nature of things not only to preserve the position it had reached but to expand to meet whatever demands the oil trade might put upon it.

A Perfect Type of Centralized Control

What was there in this opinion? In the first place there was this fact: Mr. Rockefeller's $70,000,000 organization, the forty parts of which were scattered through more than a dozen States and the work of which included everything from making barrel bungs to making treaties with foreign governments, was centralized in 1882 as perfectly as the Catholic Church or the Napoleonic government. As was pointed out in a former article, the entire business was now in the hands of nine trustees of whom Mr. Rockefeller was president. These trustees acted exactly as if they were nine partners in a business and the only persons concerned in it. They met daily, giving their whole time to the management and development of the concern, as the partners in a dry goods house would. Anything in the oil world might come under their ken, from a smoking wick in Oshkosh to the competition of Russian oil in China.

Everything: but nothing came unless it was necessary; for below them and sifting things for their eyes were committees which dealt with the various departments of the business. There was a Crude Committee which considered the subject of crude oil, the world over; a Manufacturing Committee which studied the making of refined, the utilization of waste, the development of new products; a Marketing Committee which considered the markets. Before each of these committees was laid daily all the information to be found on earth concerning its particular field: not only were there reports made to it of what was doing in its line in the Standard Oil Trust, but information came of everything connected with such work everywhere by everybody. These committees not only knew all about their own business, they knew all about everybody else's. The Manufacturing Committee knew just what each of the feeble independent refiners still existing was

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doing — what its resources and advantages were. The Transportation Committee knew what rates it got — the Marketing Committee knew its market. Thus the fullest information about new developments of crude, new openings for refined, new processes of manufacture, was always at the command of the nine trustees of the Trust.

The Standard Information Bureau

How did they get this information? As the press does — by a widespreading system of reporters. In 1882 the Standard had correspondents in every town in the oil fields, and to-day it has them not only there but in every capital of the globe. The people in their employ naturally report all they learn. There are also outsiders who report what they pick up — "occasional contributions." There is more than one man in the Oil Regions who has made his livelihood for years by picking up information for the Standard. "Spies," they are called there. They may deserve the name sometimes, but the service may be perfectly legitimate.

These trustees then "knew everything" about the oil business and they used their information. Nobody ever used information more profitably. What was learned was applied and affected the whole great structure, for by a marvelous genius in organization Mr. Rockefeller had devised a machine with a head whose thinking was felt from the seat of power in New York City to the humblest pipe-line patrol on Oil Creek. This head controlled each one of his scattered plants with absolute precision. Take the refineries: they were individual plants, having a manager and a board of directors like any outside plant, but these plants were not free agents. According to J. J. Vandergrift's testimony in 1879 the Imperial Refinery, of which he was president, had no control of its oil after it was made. The Standard Oil Company of Cleveland took charge of it at Oil City, and arranged for transportation and for marketing. The managers of the Central Association, into which the allied refiners went in 1875 under Mr. Rockefeller's presidency, had "irrevocable authority to make all purchases of crude oil and sales of refined oil" as well as to "negotiate for all railroad and pipe line freights and transportation expenses" for each of the refineries. Each plant of course was limited as to the amount of oil it could make. Thus, in 1876, when the Cleveland firm of Scofield, Schurmer, and Teagle went into a running arrange-

PASSING IN CHECKS AT THE BAYONNE WORKS — EVENING

To prevent the use of a dummy on the pay roll, each employee on his arrival in the morning is given a brass check which, at the close of work, he must leave at the office.

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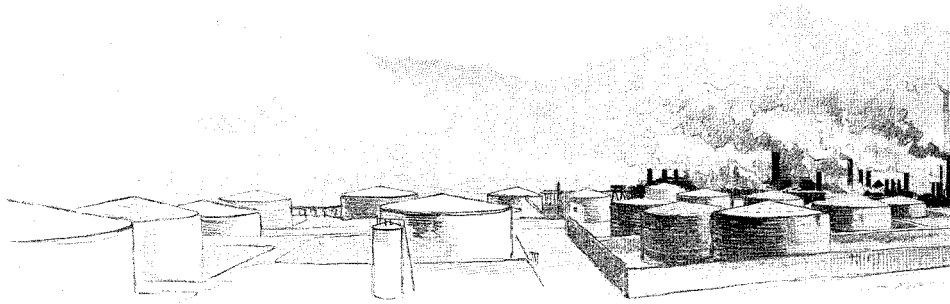

REFINERY OF THE STANDARD OIL

ment with Mr. Rockefeller on condition that he get for them the same rebates he enjoyed, it was agreed that the firm should manufacture only 85,000 barrels a year, though they had a capacity of 180,000 barrels.

Competition Among Component Parts

One of Mr. Rockefeller's greatest achievements was to bring men who had built up their own factories and managed them to suit themselves to work harmoniously under such limitations. As this History has shown, the first attempt to harness the refiners failed because they would not obey the rules. No doubt the chief reason why they finally consented to them was that only by so doing could they get living transportation rates; but, having consented and finding it profitable, they were kept in line by an ingenious system of competition which must have done much to satisfy their need of individual effort and their pride in independent work. In the investigation of 1879, when the producers were trying to find out the real nature of the Standard alliance, they were much puzzled by the sworn testimony of certain Standard men that the factories they controlled were competing and competing hard with the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland. How could this be? Being bitter in heart and reckless in tongue, the oil men denounced the statements as perjury, but they were the literal truth. Each refinery in the alliance was required to make to Mr. Rockefeller each month a detailed statement of its operations. These statements were compared and the results made known. If the Acme at Titusville had refined cheaper that month than any other member of the alliance the fact was made known. If this cheapness continued to show, the others were sent to study the Acme methods. Whenever an improvement showed, that improvement received credit, and the others were sent to find the secret. The keenest rivalry resulted — every factory was on its mettle.

IN THE STANDARD CANDLE WORKS
REELING CANDLE WICKS

This supervision took account of the least detail. There is a story often told in the Oil Regions to illustrate the minuteness of the supervision. In commenting as usual on the monthly "competitive statements," as they are called, Mr. Rockefeller called the attention of a certain refiner to a discrepancy in his reports. It referred to *bungs* — articles worth about as much in a refinery as pins are in a household. "Last month," the comment ran, "you reported on hand 1,119 bungs. Ten thousand were sent you at the beginning

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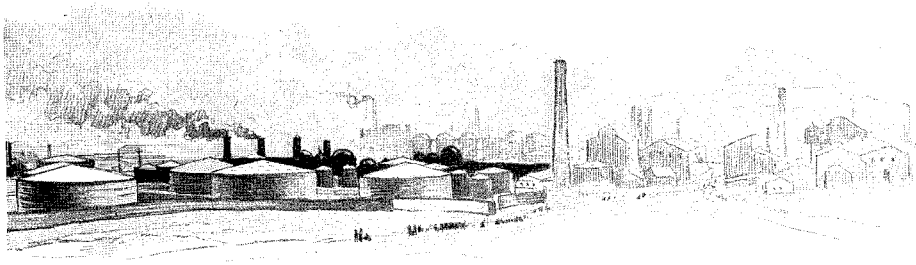
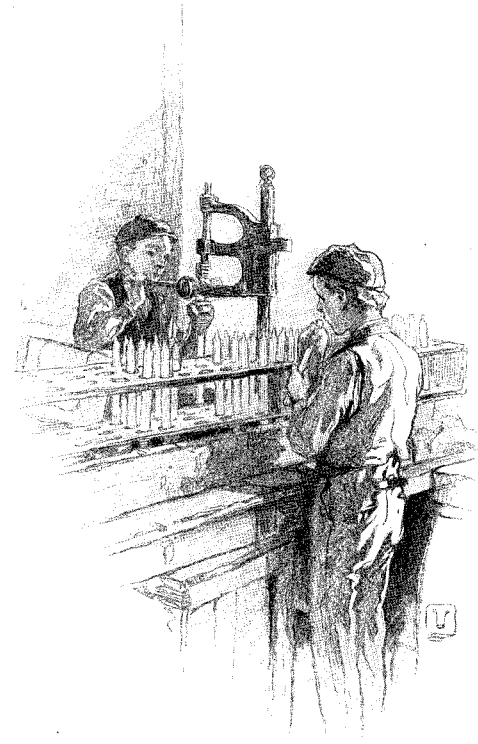


COMPANY AT BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY

of this month. You have used 9,527 this month. You report 1,012 on hand. What has become of the other five hundred and eighty?" The writer has it on high authority that the current version of this story is not true, but it reflects very well the impression the Oil Regions have of the thoroughness of Mr. Rockefeller's supervision. The Oil Regions which were notoriously extravagant in their business methods resented this care and called it meanness, but the Oil Regions were wrong and Mr. Rockefeller was right. Take care of the bungs and the barrels will take care of themselves is as good a policy in a refinery as the old saw it paraphrases is in financiering.

Dismantling of Useless Plants

There were other features of this revolutionary management which caused deep resentment in the oil world. Chief among them was the dismantling or abandoning of plants which the Standard had "acquired" and which it claimed were so badly placed or so equipped that it did not pay to run them. There was reason enough in many cases for dissatisfaction with the process of acquisition, but having acquired the refineries, the Standard showed its wisdom in abandoning many of them. Take Pittsburg, for instance. When Mr. Lockhart began to absorb his neighbors there were some twenty-five plants in and around the town. They were of varying capacity, from little ten-barrel stills of antiquated design and out-of-the-way location, to complete plants like the Citizens', which Mr. Tack described in the March number of this Magazine. But how could Mr. Lockhart manage these as they stood to good advantage? It might pay the owner of the little refinery to run it, for he was his own stillman, his own pipe-fitter, his own foreman, and did not expect large returns; but it would have been absurd for Mr. Lockhart to try to run it. He simply carted away any available machinery, sold what he could for junk, and left the debris. Now, one of the most melancholy sights on earth is an abandoned oil refinery; and it was the desolation of the picture combined, as it always was in the Oil Regions, with the history of the former owners that caused much of the outcry. It was a thing that the oil men could not get over, largely because it was a sight always before their eyes.



IN THE STANDARD CANDLE WORKS
PRESSING THE CANDLES

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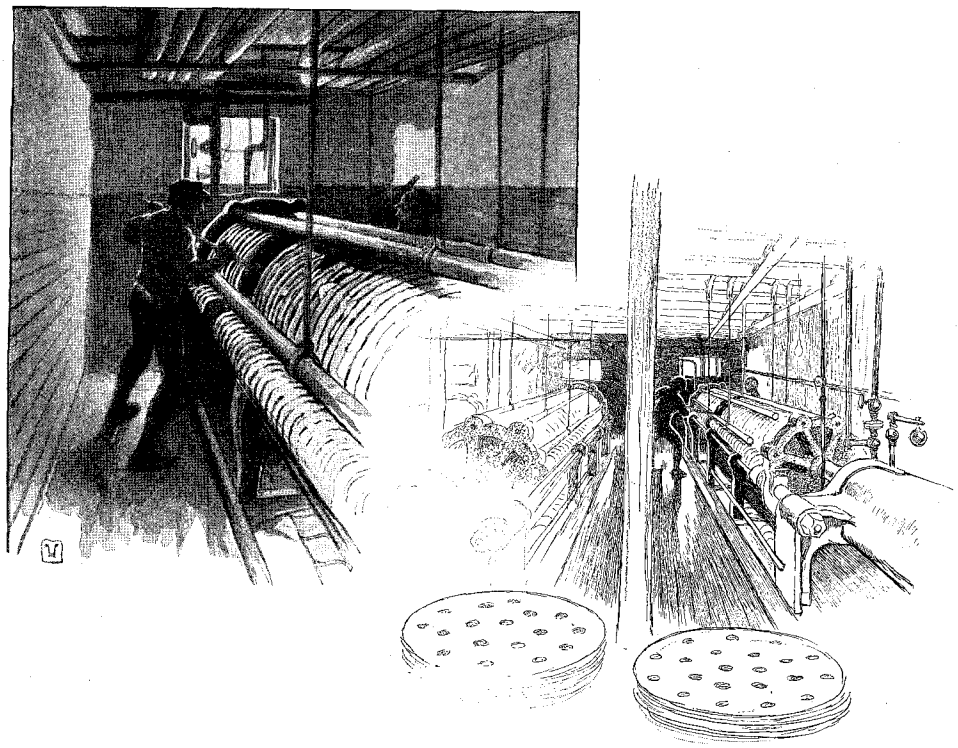

PRESSES FOR EXTRACTING WAX FROM OIL

Strategic Location of Refineries

Bitter as this policy was for those who had suffered by the Standard's campaigns, it was, of course, the only thing for the trust to do — indeed that was what it had been waging war on the independents for: that it might shut them down and dismantle them, that there might be less oil made and higher prices for what it made. This wisdom in locating factories has continued to characterize the Standard operations. It works only plants which pay, and it places its plants where they can be operated to the best advantage. Many fine examples of the relation of location in manufacturing to crude supply and to markets are to be seen in the Standard Oil Company plants to-day. For example, refined for foreign shipments is made at the seaboard, and the vessels which carry it are loaded at docks, as at the works at Bayonne, New Jersey. The cost of transportation from factory to ship, a large item in the old days, is eliminated entirely. The middle West market is now supplied almost entirely from the Standard factories at Whiting, Indiana, a town built by the Standard Oil Company for refining Ohio oil. Here twenty-five thousand barrels of oil are refined daily, and from this central point distributed to the Mississippi Valley.

All of the industries which had been grafted on to the refineries by 1882 were run with the same exact regard to minute economies. These industries were numerous because of Mr. Rockefeller's great principle: "pay a profit to nobody." From his earliest ventures in combination he had applied this principle. Mr. Blanchard's explanation to the Hepburn Commission in 1879 of why the Standard had controlled the Erie's yards at Weehawken since 1874, shows exactly Mr. Rockefeller's point of view:

"The Standard," explained Mr. Blanchard, "had a force of men, real estate, houses, tanks, and other facilities at Hunter's Point for receiving and coopering the oil; and they had their cooperage materials delivered over there. The arrangement prior to that time was that the Erie Company performed this service for its outside refiners at Weehawken, for which the Erie Company made specific charges and added them to their rates for freight. The Standard Company said to us: 'We do the business

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at low cost at Hunter's Point because we are expert oil men and know how to handle it; we pay nobody a profit, and cannot and ought not to pay you a profit for a service that is not transportation any more than inspecting flour or cotton; and the New York Central delivers our oil at that point. Now if you will deliver our oil at Hunter's Point and permit us to do this business, you may do so; we want to do that business, and we cannot pay to the Erie Railway Company at Weehawken a profit on all of those staves, heads, cooperage, filling, refilling, and inspection, for we have our own forces of men and our own yards necessary for this work in another part of the harbor of New York; and it is not a part of your business as a carrier, anyway.' In lieu thereof and for the profits that we could have made from the aggregate of these charges, we said to them: 'If you will pay us a fixed profit upon each one of these barrels of oil arriving here, you may take the yards and run them subject to certain limitations as to what you shall do for other people who continue to ship oil to the same yards.' They were only able to make this arrangement with us because of their controlling such a large percentage of shipment, and because of permanent facilities in Brooklyn; if the larger percentage of shipments had belonged to outside parties, and they had had no yards of their own, we would probably have retained the yards ourselves."

The "Holy Blue Barrel" Business

This policy of paying nobody a profit took Mr. Rockefeller into the barrel business. In 1872, when Mr. Rockefeller became master of the Cleveland oil business, the purchase of barrels was one of a refiner's chief expenses. In an estimate of the cost of producing a gallon of refined oil in 1873, made in the Oil City *Derrick* and accepted as correct by that paper, the cost of the barrel is put at four cents a gallon, which was more than the crude oil cost at that date. Even at four cents a gallon barrels were hard to get, so great was the demand. If a refiner could get his barrels back, of course there was a saving (a returned barrel was estimated to be worth 2¾ cents), but the return could not be counted on; empty barrels coming from Europe particularly and consigned to Western shippers, were frequently seized in New York by Eastern refiners. The need was held to justify the deed, like thieving in famine time. Fortunes were made in barrels, and dealers hearing of a big supply in Europe have been known to charter a vessel and go for them, and reap rich profits. In fact, a whole volume of commercial tragedy and comedy hangs around the oil barrel. Now it was to the barrel — the "holy blue barrel" — that Mr. Rockefeller gave early attention. He determined to make it himself. One of the earliest outside ventures of the Standard Oil Company in Cleveland was barrel works, and Mr. Rockefeller was soon getting for 2½ cents what his rivals paid 4 for, though he was by no means the only refiner who manufactured barrels in

JOSHUA MERRILL

Since 1853 Mr. Merrill has been connected with the lubricating and illuminating oil business. Before petroleum was discovered the firm with which he was connected, the Downer Works of Boston, distilled oil from coal and refined it for burning. On the discovery of petroleum they built works in the Oil Regions and manufactured large quantities for export. In 1869 he discovered the process of deodorizing the petroleum lubricant referred to in the present article, and soon after a process for making from the paraffine series of petroleum distillates an oil igniting only at 300° Fahrenheit. This oil was the first petroleum illuminant to be officially declared safe for steamship and railroad use. About 1886 the Downer Works were obliged to shut down, mainly because of exorbitant freight rates.

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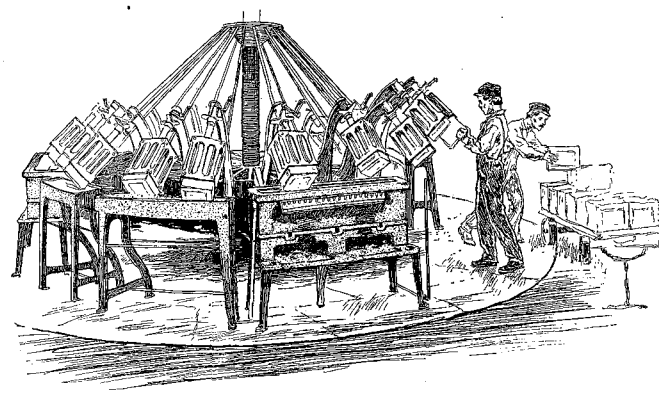
EARLY METHOD OF SOLDERING TIN CANS
A MAN AND A BOY TURNED OUT 850 A DAY

the early days — each factory aimed to add barrel works as soon as able. The amount the Standard Oil Company saved on this one item is evident when the extent of their business is considered. The year before the trust was formed (1881) they manufactured 4,500,000 barrels, an average of about 15,000 a day. Since that time the barrel has been gradually going out of the oil business, bulk transportation taking its place very largely. Nevertheless, in 1901 the Standard Oil Company manufactured about 3,000,000 new barrels. In the period since they began the manufacture of barrels their factories have introduced some small savings which in the aggregate amount to large sums. For instance, they have improved the lap of the hoop, a small thing, but one which amounted in 1901 to something like $15,000. Some $50,000 a year was saved by a slight increase in the size of the tankage. The Standard claims that these economies are so small in themselves that it only pays to practice them where there is a large aggregate business.

Twenty-four Thousand Oil Cans a Day

More important than the barrel to-day, however, is the tin can — for it is in tin cans that all the enormous quantities of refined sent to tropical and Oriental countries must go to prevent deterioration — and nowhere does the policy of economy which Mr. Rockefeller has worked out show better than in one of the Standard canning works. Several months ago the writer visited the largest of the Standard can factories, the Devoe, on the East River, Long Island City. It has a capacity of 70,000 five-gallon cans a day and is probably the largest can factory in the world. At the entrance of the place a man was sweeping up carefully the dirt on the floor and wheeling it away — not to be dumped in the river, however. The dirt was to be sifted for tin filings and solder dust. At every step something was saved. The Standard buys the tin for its cans in Wales, because it is cheaper. It would not be cheaper if it were not for a vagary in administering the tariff by which the duty on tin plate is refunded if the tin is made into receptacles to be exported. This clause was probably made for the benefit of the Standard, it being the largest single consumer of tin plate in the United States. In 1901 the Standard Oil Company imported over 60,000 tons of tin with a value of over $1,000,000. This tin comes in sheets packed in flat boxes,



THE "MERRY-GO-ROUND" SOLDERING MACHINE
THREE MEN TURNED OUT 8,000 CANS A DAY

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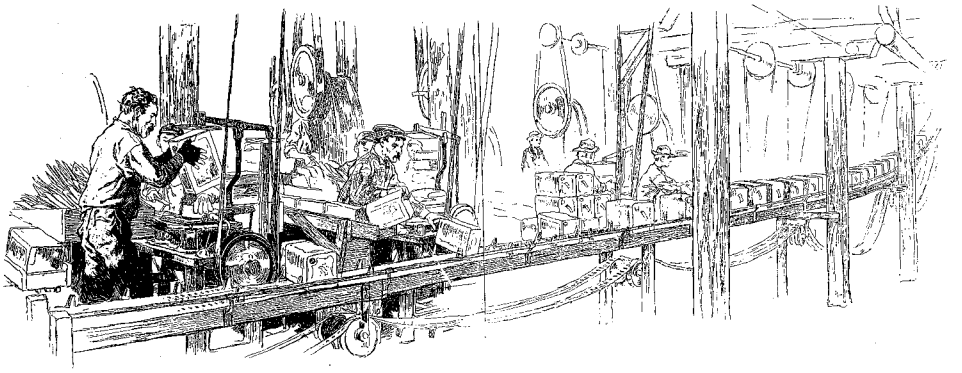


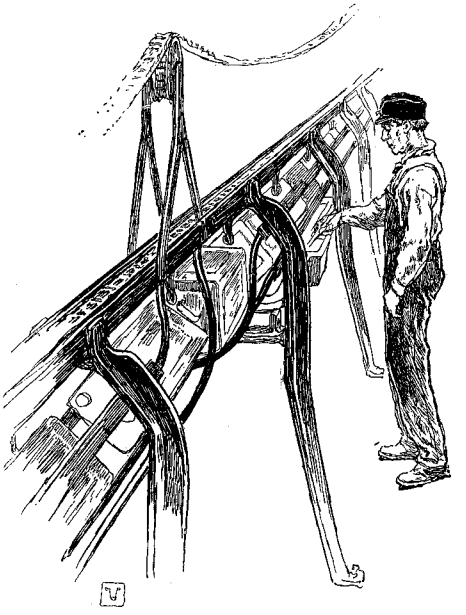
THE TROLLEY SOLDERING MACHINE
BY WHICH THREE MEN TURN OUT 24,000 CANS A DAY

which are opened by throwing—it is quicker than opening by a hammer, and time is considered as valuable as tin filings. The empty boxes are sold by the hundred to the Long Island gardens for growing plants in, and the broken covers are sold for kindling.

The trimmings which result from shaping the tin sheets for a can are gathered into bundles and sold to chemical works or foundries. There is the same care taken with solder as with tin, the amount each workman uses being carefully gauged. The canning plants, like the refineries, compare their results monthly, and the laurels go to the manager who has saved the most ounces of solder, the most hours, the most footsteps.

The five-gallon can turned out at the Devoe is a marvel of evolution. The present methods of manufacture are almost entirely the work of Mr. Herman Miller, known in Standard circles as the "father of the five-gallon can"; and a fine type of the German inventor he is. The machinery for making the can has been so developed that while, in 1865, when Mr. Miller began his work under Charles Pratt, one man and a boy soldered 850 cans in a day, in 1880 three men made 8,000, and since 1893 three men have made 24,000. It is an actual fact that a tin can is made by Miller in just about the time it takes to walk from the point in the factory where the sheets of tin are unloaded to the point where the finished article is filled with oil.

And here is a nice point in combination. Not far away from the canning works, on Newton Creek, is an oil refinery. This oil runs to the canning works, and, as the new-made cans come down by a chute from the works above, where they have just been finished, they are filled twelve at a time with the oil made a few miles away. The filling apparatus is admirable. As the new-made cans come down the chute they are distributed twelve in a row along one side of a turn table. The turn table is revolved and the cans come directly under twelve measures, each holding five gallons of oil—a turn of a valve and the cans are full. The table is turned a quarter, and while twelve more cans are filled and twelve fresh ones are distributed, four men with soldering coppers put the caps on. Another quarter turn and men stand ready to take the cans from the filler, and while



A SECTION OF THE TROLLEY SOLDERING MACHINE

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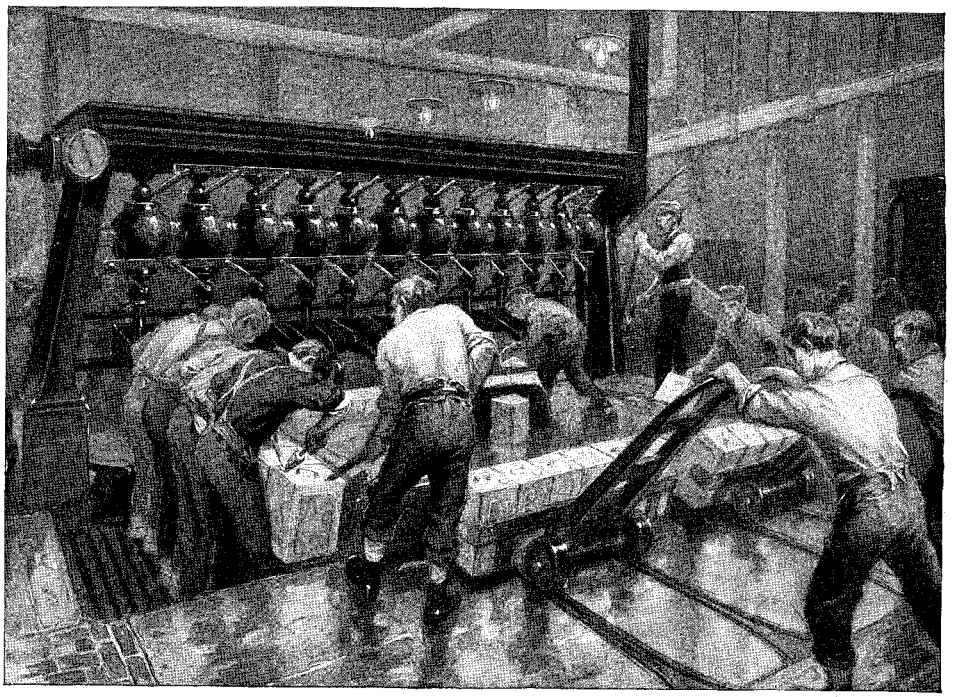

FILLING THE FIVE-GALLON TIN CANS

they do this twelve more are having caps put on, twelve are filling, and twelve are coming to their place from the chute. The cans are placed at once in wooden boxes standing ready, and, after a twenty-four-hour wait for discovering leaks, are nailed up and carted to a nearby door. This door opens on the river, and there at anchor by the side of the factory is a vessel chartered for South America or China or where not — waiting to receive the cans which a little more than twenty-four hours before were tin sheets lying in flat boxes. It is a marvelous example of economy, not only in materials but in time and in footsteps.

The Military Genius of Mr. Rockefeller

With Mr. Rockefeller's genius for detail there went a sense of the big and vital factors in the oil business and a daring in laying hold of them which was very like military genius. He saw strategic points like a Napoleon and he swooped on them with the suddenness of a Napoleon. This master ability has been fully illustrated already in this work. Mr. Rockefeller's capture of the Cleveland refineries in 1872 was as dazzling an achievement as it was a hateful one. The campaign by which the Empire Transportation Company was wrested from the Pennsylvania Railroad, viewed simply as a piece of brigandage, was admirable. The man saw what was necessary to his purpose and he never hesitated before it. His courage was steady — and his faith in his ideas unwavering. He simply knew that was the thing to do, and he went ahead with the serenity of the man who knows.

After the formation of the trust the demand for these qualities was constant. For instance, the contract which the Standard

PACKING TRIMMINGS FROM SHEETS OF TIN FOR SALE

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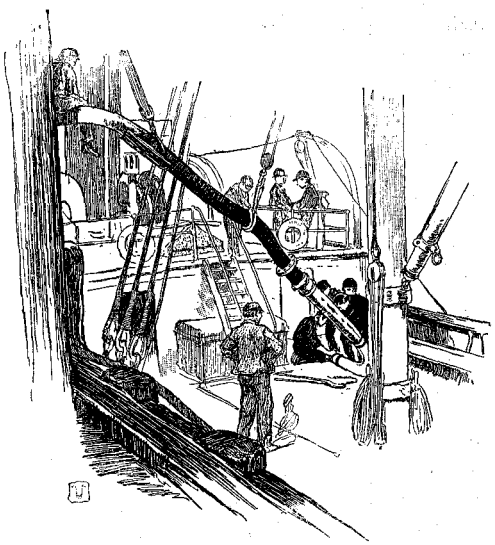
signed with the producers in February, 1880, pledged them to take care of a production of 65,000 barrels a day. When they signed this agreement there was above ground nearly nine and one-half million barrels of oil. The production increased at a frightful rate for four years. At the end of 1880 there were stocks of over 17,000,000 above ground; in 1881 over 25,000,000; 1882 over 34,000,000; 1883 over 35,000,000; and 1884 over 36,000,000, and the United Pipe Lines took care of this production — with the aid of the producers who built tanks neck and neck with them. In 1880 the Standard people averaged over one iron tank a day, the tanks holding from 25,000 to 35,000 barrels. There were not tank builders enough in the United States to do the work, and crews were brought from Canada and England. This, of course, called for an enormous expenditure of money, for tanks cost from $7,000 to $10,000 apiece. Rich as the United Pipe Lines were they were forced to borrow money in these years of excessive production, for, of course, they had to lay lines as well as build tanks. There were nearly 4,000 miles of pipe line laid in the Bradford region alone from 1878 to 1884, and these lines connected with upwards of 20,000 wells.

From the time it completed its pipe line monopoly the Standard has followed oil wherever found. It has had to do it to keep its hold on the business, and its courage never yet has faltered, though it has demanded some extraordinary efforts. In 1891 a great deposit of oil was tapped in the McDonald field of Southwestern Pennsylvania. The monthly production increased from 50,000 barrels in June to 1,600,000 in December. It is an actual fact that in the McDonald field the United Pipe Lines increased the daily capacity of 3,500 barrels, which they had at the beginning of July, to one of 26,000 barrels by the first of September, and by the first of December they could handle 90,000 barrels a day. If one considers what this means one sees that it compares favorably with the great ordnance and mobilizing feats of the Civil War. To accomplish it, rolling mills and boiler shops in various cities worked night and day to turn out the pipe, the pumps, the engines, the boilers which were needed. Transportation had to be arranged, crews of men obtained, a wild country prepared, saw mills to cut the quantities of timber needed built, and this vast amount of material placed and set to work.

The same audacity and effectiveness are shown by the Standard in attacking situations created by new developments in handling business. The seaboard pipe line is a notable example. When the Standard completed its pipe line monopoly at the end of 1877, the pipe line was still regarded as the feeder of the railroad. Naturally the railroads were seriously opposed to its becoming anything more. In Pennsylvania particularly the laws had been so manipulated by the Pennsylvania Railroad as to prevent the pipe line carrying oil even for short distances in competition with them. Now for many years it had been believed that



LOADING A STEAMER WITH OIL FOR FUEL

the pipe line could carry oil long distances — many claimed to the seaboard — and as soon as the independents found that the oil-bearing roads were acting solely in the interest of the Standard they began an agitation for a seaboard line which finally terminated in the Tidewater Line, one hundred and four miles long, carrying oil from the Bradford field to Williamsport on the Reading Railroad, and it was certain that the Tidewater eventually would get to the seaboard. That the day of the railroad as a carrier of crude oil was over when the Tidewater began to pump oil was obvious both to Mr. Rockefeller and to the railroad presidents, and without hesitation he seized the idea. By 1883 the Standard was pumping oil to New York, and the railroads that

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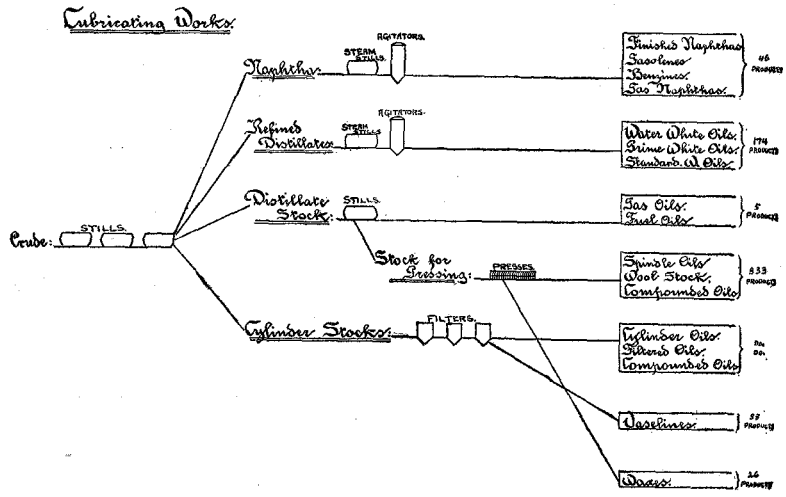

PRODUCTS OBTAINED FROM THE DISTILLATION OF CRUDE OIL IN LUBRICATING WORKS

had served so effectively in building up the trust were practically out of the crude business. Yet the seaboard pipe line was no development of the Standard Oil Company. The idea had been conceived and the practicability demonstrated by others, but it was seized by the Standard as soon as it proved possible. This quick sense of the real value of new developments, and this alertness in seizing them, have been one of the strongest elements in the Standard's success.

Capturing the Foreign Market

And every new line of action was developed to its utmost. Take the work the Standard began in 1879 on the foreign market. Before the Standard Oil Company was known, save as one of several prosperous Cleveland refineries, the foreign trade had been developed until petroleum was *fourth* in our list of exports, and it went literally to every civilized country on the globe. In 1874 Colonel Forney made a trip through the Orient, and he wrote in one of his letters, that he found both Babylon and Nineveh to be lighted with American petroleum, and that while he was in Damascus a census was taken to ascertain how much petroleum was needed for each house in the place, and a proposition was made for its entire use. "At present," said the *Derrick*, in commenting on this letter, "petroleum is the chief commercial representative of the United States in the Levant and the Orient."

The same dithyrambic paragraphs were written by oil men then as by the Standard now concerning foreign trade. For instance, compare the two paragraphs below — the one found in 1874 in the *Derrick*, the second in a defense of the oil trust published in 1900:

1874 — "It lights the dwellings, the temples, and the mosques amid the ruins of ancient Babylon and Nineveh; it is the light of Bagdad, the city of the Thousand and One Nights; of Orfa, birthplace of Abraham; of Mardeen, the ancient *Macius* of the Romans, and of Damascus, gem of the Orient. It burns in the grotto of the Nativity at Bethlehem; in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem; amidst the Pyramids of Egypt; on the Acropolis of Athens; on the plains of Troy, and in cottage and palace on the banks of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn."

1900 — "Petroleum to-day is the light of the world. It is carried wherever a wheel can roll or a camel's hoof be planted. The caravans on the desert of Sahara go laden with Pratt's Astral, and elephants in India carry cases of 'Standard white,' while ships are constantly loading at our wharves for Japan, Java, and the most distant isles of the sea."

Exports grew rapidly through the same machinery which had created the foreign market. In 1870 there were something over one hundred and forty million gallons of petroleum products going abroad, in 1873 nearly two and one-half hundred million, in 1878 three and one-half hundred million. In 1879 the Standard began its work on the foreign trade by sending a representative abroad. Country after country seems to have been taken up, the idea being that the daily Standard Oil meeting should have the same full information before it concerning every place of foreign trade as it had of the American trade, and that gradually the com-

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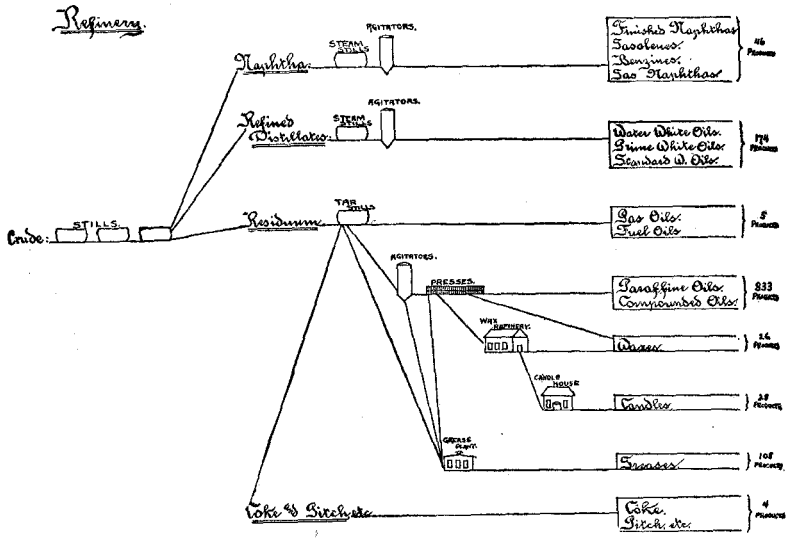

PRODUCTS OBTAINED FROM THE DISTILLATION OF CRUDE OIL IN A REFINERY

pany should control the foreign trade as it did the American industry, doing away with middlemen, "paying nobody a profit." This work, begun in 1879, has been carried on steadily ever since. Through it the Standard soon became largely its own exporter. It established stations of its own in one port after another of Europe, Asia, South America, and has built up a large oil fleet. It carried on an aggressive campaign for developing markets; it looked after hostile legislation; it studied the possible competition of native oils; it met every difficulty — prejudice, ignorance, poverty. Little by little it has done in foreign countries what it has done in the United States. To-day it even carts oil from door to door in Germany and Portugal and other countries, as it does in America, thus realizing Mr. Rockefeller's vision of controlling the petroleum of America from the time it leaves the ground until it is put into the lamp of the consumer.

Controlling the Process of Manufacture

The same economy and alertness were applied to the matter of making oils. In laying hands on the refineries of the country, Mr. Rockefeller had acquired by 1882 about all the processes of manufacturing known, both patented and free. These processes, including all the essential ones of to-day, had been developed entirely outside of the Standard Oil Company. As early as 1865, the year Mr. Rockefeller went into the business, Mr. William Wright wrote an exhaustive book on the oil regions of Pennsylvania. Among other things, he reported quite fully what was being done in the refining of petroleum. He found that in several factories they were making naphtha, gasoline, and benzine; that three grades of illuminating oils — "prime white," "standard white," and "straw color" — were made everywhere; that paraffine, refined to a pure white article like that of to-day, was manufactured in quantities by the Downer works; and that lubricating oils were beginning to be made.

In 1872, the year that Mr. Rockefeller took things in hand, all of these original products had been greatly extended. Righolene and cymogene were both made. Mr. Joshua Merrill had succeeded in deodorizing lubricating oil, a discovery which made it possible to put the petroleum lubricants on the foreign market, and in 1871 Mr. Merrill's factory sold fifty thousand gallons in England alone. By 1872 paraffine wax was being made in many factories, and one maker of chewing gum in Maine used seventy thousand pounds that year. The foreign trade in all the products of petroleum outside of illuminating oil was already considerable.* Many of the factories in making their oils gave them names; thus,

*In 1872 there were exported as follows:

Crude	16,363,975	gallons.
Naphtha, benzine, gasoline, etc	8,688,257	"
Lubricating, heavy paraffine, etc	438,425	"
Residuum, pitch and tar	568,218	"
Illuminating	118,259,832	"

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THE "WINDLASS" FOR SHAPING AN OIL BARREL

Pratt's Astral was a name for a water-white oil made by the Pratt works of Brooklyn. It was a high grade oil, made exactly as the oil made by many other refineries, but it had a name — a valuable one.

To-day tables analyzing the products of crude oil obtained at the Standard factories show the results tabulated in the cuts on pages 322 and 323.

Now all of the products in these groups could be made in 1872, but certainly there were not 46 distinct products under the naphthas as the table shows — nor were there 174 refined distillates. In fact these are not really products. They are rather brands. Thus, though the table shows 29 different kinds of odorized or deodorized naphthas, the main difference between them is their name. The 174 refined distillates are really the different grades of illuminating oil which any factory can get, given the proper crude base, with a multitude of different names applied to catch the trade. Thus among these 174 "products" are 33 kinds of "snow-white" * oil and 41 kinds of "water-white" † — the principal difference between them being the different fire tests at which they are put out. The real service of the Standard has been not this multiplication of so-called products, but in finding processes by which a poor oil like the famous Lima oil could be refined. In the case of the Lima oil the Standard claims it spent millions of dollars before it solved the problem of its usefulness. ‡

The Great Business of Lubricating Oils

This multiplication of varieties is, of course, a perfectly legitimate merchandizing device, but it is not a development of products, properly speaking. Nor indeed was it for discoveries and inventions that the Standard Oil Trust was great in 1882, or that it is now — it is in the way it adapts and handles the discoveries and inventions it acquires. Take the matter of lubricating oils. After a long struggle it gathered to itself the factories and the patents of lubricating oils, and it has developed the trade amazingly; for, while in 1872 less than a half million gallons of petroleum lubricants were going abroad, in 1897 over 50,000,000 gallons went.

The extension of the lubricating trade was made possible largely by the discovery of Mr. Merrill referred to above. In 1869 Mr. Merrill discovered a process by which a deodorized lubricating oil could be made. He had both the apparatus for producing

(*) The "snow-whites" are as follows:

S. W. 100 (fl)
S. W. 110
S. W. 112
S. W. 115
S. W. 120
S. W. 130 Dia. H. L.
S. W. 130
S. W. 130 P. W. H. L.
S. W. 73 Abel
S. W. 150
S. W. 160
S. W. Canadian Legal Test
S. W. Georgia P. W. H. L.
S. W. Georgia Dia. H. L.
S. W. Indiana P. W. H. L.
S. W. Indiana S. T.
S. W. Indiana Dia. H. L.
S. W. Iowa S. T.
S. W. Louisiana P. W. H. L.
S. W. Louisiana Dia. H. L.
S. W. Massachusetts S. T.
S. W. Michigan S. T.
S. W. Minnesota S. T.
S. W. Montana S. T.
S. W. Nebraska S. T.
S. W. New York S. T.
S. W. North Dakota S. T.
S. W. Ohio S. T.
S. W. South Dakota S. T.
S. W. Tennessee Dia. H. L.
S. W. Tennessee P. W. H. L.
S. W. Tennessee S. T.
S. W. Wisconsin S. T.

(†) The "water-whites" are as follows:

W. W. 110
W. W. 112
W. W. 115
W. W. 120
W. W. 120 Eupion
W. W. 130 Sunlight
W. W. 130
W. W. 130 Eupion
W. W. 130 Fireproof
W. W. 150
W. W. 150 Headlight
W. W. 150 for extra Star
W. W. 150 49 grav.
W. W. 160
W. W. 165
W. W. Canadian Legal Test
W. W. Electric
W. W. Georgia Sunlight
W. W. Georgia S. T.
W. W. Indiana Perfection
W. W. Indiana S. T.
W. W. Iowa Perfection
W. W. Iowa S. T.
W. W. Kansas Perfection
W. W. Kansas S. T.
W. W. Louisiana S. T.
W. W. Louisiana Sunlight
W. W. Massachusetts S. T.
W. W. Michigan S. T.
W. W. Minnesota S. T.
W. W. Nebraska S. T.
W. W. Nebraska Perfection
W. W. New York S. T.
W. W. North Dakota S. T.
W. W. Ohio Perfection
W. W. Ohio S. T.
W. W. South Dakota S. T.
W. W. South Dakota Perfection
W. W. Tennessee S. T.
W. W. Tennessee Sunlight
W. W. Wisconsin S. T.

‡ The amount of sulphur in the Lima or Ohio oil prevented its use as an illuminating oil, for the odor was intolerable, there was a disagreeable smoke, and the wick charred rapidly. The problem of deodorizing it was attacked by many experimenters and was finally practically solved by the Frasch process which the Standard acquired after spending a large amount of money in testing its efficacy. Probably 60 per cent. of the illuminating oil used in the United States now is manufactured from an Ohio oil base.

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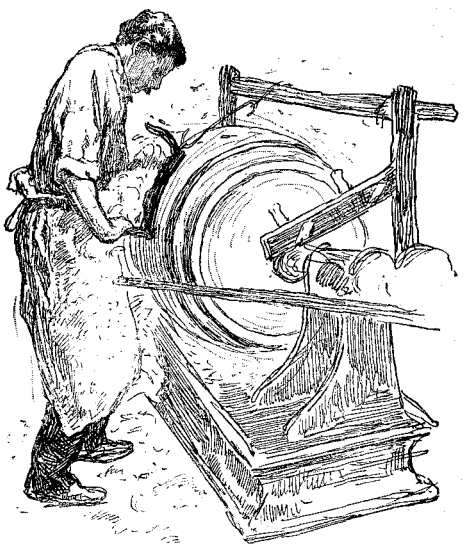
the oil and the oil itself patented. The oil was so favorably received that the market sale was several hundred per cent. greater in a single year than the firm had ever sold before. Naturally, an attempt was made by other lubricating works to imitate Mr. Merrill's new product. The most successful imitation was made by Dr. S. D. Tweedle of Pittsburg. The oil he put upon the market was considered an infringement by Mr. Merrill, who commenced suit against the agents handling it. The case was before the courts for some six years, and Mr. Merrill spent over one hundred thousand dollars in maintaining the patent. The case was finally decided in his favor by the Supreme Court in Washington. During this suit the Standard Oil Company stood behind Dr. Tweedle, furnishing the money to defend the suit. When finally they were defeated they took a license under the new patent which Mr. Merrill was obliged to get out, and paid him a royalty on the oil until within about a year and a half before the end of the life of the patent, when they bought it outright for a large sum, Mr. Merrill reserving the right to manufacture and sell the oil without a royalty. Most lubricating oils from petroleum are now made after Mr. Merrill's process.

Having obtained control of the lubricating oils, the Standard showed the greatest intelligence in studying the markets and in developing the products. It makes lubricants for every machine that works. It offers scores of cylinder oils, scores of spindle lubricants, of valve lubricants, of gas engine lubricants, special brands for sewing machines, for looms, for sole leather, for dynamos, for marine engines, for everything that runs and works by steam power, by air, by electricity, by gas, by man, or by beast power. Now any lubricating factory can produce the six or eight primary lubricants. Given these, the varieties to be produced by skillful compounding are infinite. They can be made more or less viscous, flowing, heavy, light, according to the needs of the machines and the idiosyncrasies of individuals who run them. The man who runs a machine soon knows what oil suits him and if his trade is big enough an oil is put up especially for him with a name to tickle his vanity. It may be exactly like a dozen other oils on the market, but having its own name it is reckoned a new product. Skillful compounders insist that they can duplicate any of the 833 lubricating oils of the Standard if they can have samples. Of course this close study of the needs of a market and this adaptation of one's goods to the requirements are the highest sort of merchandizing.

The Marshals of the Great Captain

Unquestionably the great strength of the Standard trust in 1882 was the men who formed it. However sweeping Mr. Rockefeller's commercial vision, however steady his purpose, however remarkable his insight into what was essential to the realization of his ambition, he would have never gone far had he not drawn men into his concern who understood what he was after and knew how to work for it. His principle



PLANING AND FINISHING AN OIL BARREL

concerning men was laid down early, "We want only the big ones, those who have already proved they can do a big business. As for the others — unfortunately they will have to die." The scheme had no provision for mediocrity,— nor for those who could not stomach his methods. The men who in 1882 formed the Standard alliance were all from the foremost rank in the petroleum trade, men who without question would be among those at the top to-day if there had never been a Standard Oil Company. In Pittsburg it was Charles Lockhart, a man interested in petroleum before the Drake well was struck, who had begun oil operations on Oil Creek in March, 1860, who had carried samples of crude and

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refined to Europe as early as May, 1860, who had built one of the first refineries in Pittsburg, and who was easily the largest refiner there in 1874 when Mr. Rockefeller bought him up. In Philadelphia the largest refiner in 1874 was W. G. Warden of the Atlantic refinery, and it was he whom Mr. Rockefeller wanted. In New York it was the concern of Charles Pratt & Company, one of the three largest concerns around Manhattan — the concern to which Mr. H. H. Rogers belonged. Charles Pratt had been in the oil and paint business since 1850, and he had become a refiner of petroleum at Greenpoint, Long Island, in 1867. Before Standard Oil was known outside of New York the fame of Pratt's Astral Oil had gone around the world. Mr. Pratt's concern was rated at the same daily capacity as Mr. Rockefeller's (1,500 barrels) in the Spring of 1872, when the latter wiped up the Cleveland refineries and grew in a night to ten thousand barrels. Mr. Vandergrift, who united his interests with Mr. Rockefeller's in 1874 and 1875, had been a far better known man in the oil business and controlled much greater and more varied interests up to South Improvement times. When he went into the Standard he controlled the largest refinery on Oil Creek, the Imperial, of about 1,400 barrels. He was president of a large system of pipe lines, and he was a member of one of the largest oil-producing concerns of the time — the H. L. Taylor Company.

Vanderbilt on the Men who Built Up the Standard

There is no doubt but that Mr. Rockefeller had plenty of brains in his great trust. It was those who had done business with him who were the first to point this out when critics declared that the concern could not — or must not — live. "There is no question about it," W. H. Vanderbilt told the Hepburn Commission in 1879, "but these men are smarter fellows than I am a great deal. They are very enterprising and smart men. I never came in contact with any class of men as smart and able as they are in their business. They would never have got into the position they now are without a great deal of ability — and one man would hardly have been able to do it; it is a combination of men."

It was not only that first-rate ability was demanded at the top — it was required throughout the organization. The very day laborers were picked men. It was the custom to offer a little better day wages for laborers than was current and then to choose from these the most promising specimens; those men were advanced as they showed ability. To-day the very errand boys at 26 Broadway are chosen for the promise of development they show, and if they do not develop they are discharged. No dead wood is taken into the concern unless it is through the supposed necessities of family or business relations, as probably occurs to a degree in every human organization.

Standard's Relations with its Employees

The efficiency of the working force of the Standard was greatly increased when the trust was formed by the opportunity given to the employees of taking stock. They were urged to do it and where they had no savings, money was lent them on easy terms by the company. The result is that a great number of the employees of the Standard Oil Company are owners of stock which they bought at 80 and on which for several years they have received from 30 to 48 per cent. dividends. It is only natural that under such circumstances the company has always a remarkably loyal and interested working force.

The Standard, the Independents, and the Inevitable

Mr. Rockefeller's great creation was strong then in many admirable qualities. The force of the combination was the greater because of the business habits of the independent body which opposed it. To the Standard's caution the Oil Regions opposed recklessness; to its economy, extravagance; to its secretiveness, almost blatant frankness; to its farsightedness, little thought of the morrow; to its close-fistedness, a spendthrift generosity; to its selfish unscrupulousness, an almost quixotic love of fair play. The Oil Regions had besides one fatal weakness — its passion for speculation. Now Mr. Rockefeller never speculated. He dealt only in those things which other people had proved sure!

It is when one examines the inside of the Standard Oil Trust of 1882 that one sees how much reason there was for the opinion of those people who declared that Mr. Rockefeller could sustain the monopoly of the oil business he had achieved. One

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begins to see what Mr. Vanderbilt meant when he said, "I don't believe that by any legislative enactment or anything else, through any of the States or all of the States, you can keep such men down. You can't do it! They will be on top all the time, you see if they are not." Little by little as the public began to realize the compactness and harmony of the Standard organization, the ability of its members, the solidity of the qualities governing its operations, they began to forget its history. Such is the blinding quality of success! "It has achieved this," they said; "no matter what helped to rear this structure it is here, it is admirably managed. We might as well accept it. We must do business." They were weary of contention, too — who so unwelcome as an agitator? — and they began to accept the Standard's explanation that the critics were indeed "people with a private grievance," "moss-backs left behind in the march of progress." It looked more and more to the outsider as if henceforth Mr. Rockefeller was going to have things his own way, for who was there to interfere with him, to dispute his position? No one, save that back in Northwestern Pennsylvania, in scrubby little oil towns, around greasy derricks, in dingy shanties, by rusty deserted oil stills, men still talked of the iniquity of the railroad rebate, the injustice of restraint of trade, the dangers of monopoly; still rehearsed with tiresome persistency the evidence by which it had been proved that the Standard Oil Company was a revival of the South Improvement Company. It all seemed futile enough in 1882 with the public listening in wonder and awe to the splendid rehearsal of figures and the unctuous logic of the Mother of Trusts, and yet one can never tell. It was the squawking of geese that saved the Capitol, and it was not certain, many and great as were his business qualities, that Mr. John D. Rockefeller was going to be allowed to enjoy the fruits of his victory in that atmosphere of leisure and adulation which the victor naturally craves.

(*End of Part First of the "History of the Standard Oil Company." Part Second will appear in the coming volume of McClure's Magazine, beginning in the Fall of the present year.*)

THE RANKS

BY PAUL KESTER

MARCH on!
Ye go to bitter conflicts,
Leaderless, and lost;
To sure defeat,
To certain misery;
From youth to age
Forever overburdened
And condemned
To ultimate defeat.
March on!
Ye silent heroes
Sharing each day
The record of the great;
Half-hearted, wounded,
Suffering, blind,
Strong, and defiant
Underneath the load
That crushes you,—
March on!

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THE FOURTH IN SALVADOR

BY

O. HENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

ON a summer's day while the city was rocking with the din and red uproar of patriotism Billy Casparis told me this story.

In his way, Billy is Ulysses, Jr. Like Satan, he comes from going to and fro upon the earth and walking up and down in it. To-morrow morning while you are cracking your breakfast egg he may be off with his little alligator grip to boom a town site in the middle of Lake Okeechobee or to trade horses with the Patagonians.

We sat at a little, round table, and between us were glasses holding big lumps of ice, and above us leaned an artificial palm. And because our scene was set with the properties of the one they recalled to his mind Billy was stirred to narrative.

"It reminds me," said he, "of a Fourth I helped to celebrate down in Salvador. 'Twas while I was running an ice factory down there, after I unloaded that silver mine I had in Colorado. I had what they called a 'conditional concession.' They made me put up a thousand dollars cash forfeit that I would make ice continuously for six months. If I did that I could draw down my ante. If I failed to do so the government took the pot. So the inspectors kept dropping in, trying to catch me without the goods.

"One day when the thermometer was at 110, the clock at half-past one, and the calendar at July third, two of the little, brown, oily nosers in red trousers slid in to make an inspection. Now, the factory hadn't turned out a pound of ice in three weeks, for a couple of reasons. The Salvador heathen wouldn't buy it, they said it made things cold they put it in. And I couldn't make any more, because I was broke. All I was holding on for was to get down my thousand so I could leave the country. The six months would be up on the sixth of July.

"Well, I showed 'em all the ice I had. I raised the lid of a darkish vat, and there was an elegant 100-pound block of ice, beautiful and convincing to the eye. I was about to close down the lid again when one of those brunette sleuths flops down on his red knees and lays a slanderous and violent hand on my guarantee of good faith. And in two minutes more they had dragged out on the floor that fine chunk of molded glass that had cost me fifty dollars to have shipped down from Frisco.

"'Ice-y,' says the fellow that played me the dishonorable trick; 'verree warm ice-y. Yes. The day is that hot, señor. Yes. Maybeso it is of desirableness to leave him out to get the cool. Yes.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'yes,' for I knew they had me. 'Touching's believing, aint it, boys? Yes. Now there's some might say the seats of your trousers are sky blue, but 'tis my opinion they are red. Let's apply the tests of the laying on of hands and feet.' And so I hoisted both those inspectors out the door on the toe of my shoe, and sat down to cool off on my block of disreputable glass.

"And, as I live without oats, while I sat there, homesick for money and without a cent to my ambition, there came on the breeze the most beautiful smell my nose had entered for a year. God knows where it came from in that backyard of a country — it was a bouquet of soaked lemon peel, cigar stumps, and stale beer — exactly the smell of Goldbrick Charley's place on Fourteenth Street where I used to play pinochle of afternoons with the third-rate actors. And that smell drove my troubles through me and clinched 'em at the back. I began to long for my country and feel sentiments about it; and I said words about

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Salvador that you wouldn't think could come legitimate out of an ice factory.

"And while I was sitting there, down through the blazing sunshine in his clean, white clothes comes Maximilian Jones, an American interested in rubber and rosewood.

"'Great carrambos!' says I, when he stepped in, for I was in a bad temper, 'didn't I have catastrophes enough? I know what you want. You want to tell me that story again about Johnny Ammiger and the widow on the train. You've told it nine times already this month.'

"'It must be the heat,' says Jones, stopping in the door, amazed. 'Poor Billy. He's got bugs. Sitting on ice, and calling his best friends pseudonyms. Hi!—

"'ICE-Y . . . VERREE WARM ICE-Y'"

muchacho!' Jones called my force of employees, who was sitting in the sun, playing with his toes, and told him to put on his trousers and run for the doctor.

"'Come back,' says I. 'Sit down, Maxy, and forget it. 'Tis not ice you see, nor a lunatic upon it. 'Tis only an exile full of homesickness sitting on a lump of glass that's just cost him a thousand dollars. Now, what was it Johnny said to the widow first? I'd like to hear it again, Maxy,—honest. Don't mind what I said.'

"Maximilian Jones and I sat down and talked. He was about as sick of the country as I was, for the grafters were squeezing him for half the profits of his rosewood and rubber. Down in the bottom of a tank of water I had a dozen bottles of sticky Frisco beer; and I fished these up, and we fell to talking about home and the flag and Hail Columbia and home-fried potatoes; and the drivel we contributed would have sickened any man enjoying those blessings. But, at that time we were out of 'em. You can't appreciate home till you've left it, money till it's spent, your wife till she's joined a woman's club, nor Old Glory till you see it hanging on a broomstick on the shanty of a consul in a foreign town.

"And sitting there me and Maximilian Jones, scratching at our prickly heat and kicking at the lizards on the floor, became afflicted with a dose of patriotism and affection for our country. There was me, Billy Casparis, reduced from a capitalist to a pauper by over-addiction to my glass (in the lump) declares my troubles off for the present and myself to be an uncrowned sovereign of the greatest country on earth. And Maximilian Jones pours out whole drug stores of his wrath on oligarchies and potentates in red trousers and calico shoes. And we issues a declaration of interference in which we guarantee that the fourth day of July shall be celebrated in Salvador with all the kinds of salutes, explosions, honors of war, oratory, and liquids known to tradition. Yes, neither me nor Jones breathed with soul so dead. There shall be rucuses in Salvador, we say, and the monkeys had better climb the tallest cocoanut trees and the fire department get out its red sashes and two tin buckets.

"About this time into the factory steps a native man incriminated by the name of General Mary Esperanza Dingo. He was

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some pumpkin both in politics and color, and the friend of me and Jones. He was full of politeness and a kind of intelligence, having picked up the latter and managed to preserve the former during a two years' residence in Philadelphia studying medicine. For a Salvadorian he was not such a calamitous little man, though he always would play jack, queen, king, ace, deuce for a straight.

"General Mary sits with us and has a bottle. While he was in the States he had acquired a synopsis of the English language and the art of admiring our institutions. By and by the General gets up and tiptoes to the doors and windows and other stage entrances, remarking 'Hist!' at each one. They all do that in Salvador before they ask for a drink of water or the time of day, being conspirators from the cradle and matinee idols by proclamation.

"'Hist!' says General Dingo again, and then he lays his chest on the table quite like Gaspard the Miser. 'Good friends, señores, to-morrow will be the great day of Liberty and Independence. The hearts of Americans and Salvadorians should beat together. Of your history and your great Washington I know. Is it not so?'

"Now, me and Jones thought that nice of the General to remember when the Fourth came. It made us feel good. He must have heard the news going round in Philadelphia about that disturbance we had with England.

"'Yes,' says me and Maxy together, 'we knew it. We were talking about it when you came in. And you can bet your bottom concession that there'll be fuss and feathers in the air to-morrow. We are few in numbers, but the welkin may as well reach out to push the button, for it's got to ring.'

"'I, too, shall assist,' says the General, thumping his collar-bone. 'I, too, am on the side of Liberty. Noble Americans, we will make the day one to be never forgotten.'

"'For us American whisky,' says Jones —none of your Scotch smoke or anisada or Three Star Hennessey to-morrow. We'll borrow the consul's flag; old man Billfinger shall make orations, and we'll have a barbecue on the plaza.'

"'Fireworks,' says I, 'will be scarce; but we'll have all the cartridges in the shops for our guns. I've got two navy sixes I brought from Denver.'

"'There is one cannon,' said the General; 'one big cannon that will go "BOOM!" And three hundred men with rifles to shoot.'

"'Oh, say!' says Jones, 'Generalissimo, you're the real silk elastic. We'll make it a joint international celebration. Please, General, get a white horse and a blue sash and be grand marshal.'

"'With my sword,' says the General, rolling his eyes, 'I shall ride at the head of the brave men who gather in the name of Liberty.'

"'And you might,' we suggest, 'see the comandante and advise him that we are going to prize things up a bit. We Americans, you know, are accustomed to using municipal regulations for gun wadding when we line up to help the eagle scream. He might suspend the rules for one day. We don't want to get in the calaboose for spanking his soldiers if they get in our way, do you see?'

"'Hist!' says General Mary. 'The comandante is with us, heart and soul. He will aid us. He is one of us.'

"We made all the arrangements that afternoon. There was a buck coon from Georgia in Salvador who had drifted down there from a busted-up colored colony that had been started on some possumless land in Mexico. As soon as he heard us say 'barbecue' he wept for joy, and groveled on the ground. He dug his trench on the plaza, and got half a beef on the coals for an all-night roast. Me and Maxy went to see the rest of the Americans in the town, and they all sizzled like a seidlitz with joy at the idea of solemnizing an old-time Fourth.

"There were six of us all together—Martin Dillard, a coffee planter; Henry Barnes, a railroad man; old man Billfinger, an educated tintype taker; me and Jonesy, and Jerry, the boss of the barbecue. There was also an Englishman in town named Sterrett, who was there to write a book on Domestic Architecture of the Insect World. We felt some bashfulness about inviting a Britisher to help crow over his own country, but we decided to risk it, out of our personal regard for him.

"We found Sterrett in pajamas working at his manuscript with a bottle of brandy for a paper weight.

"'Englishman,' says Jones, 'let us interrupt your disquisition on bug houses

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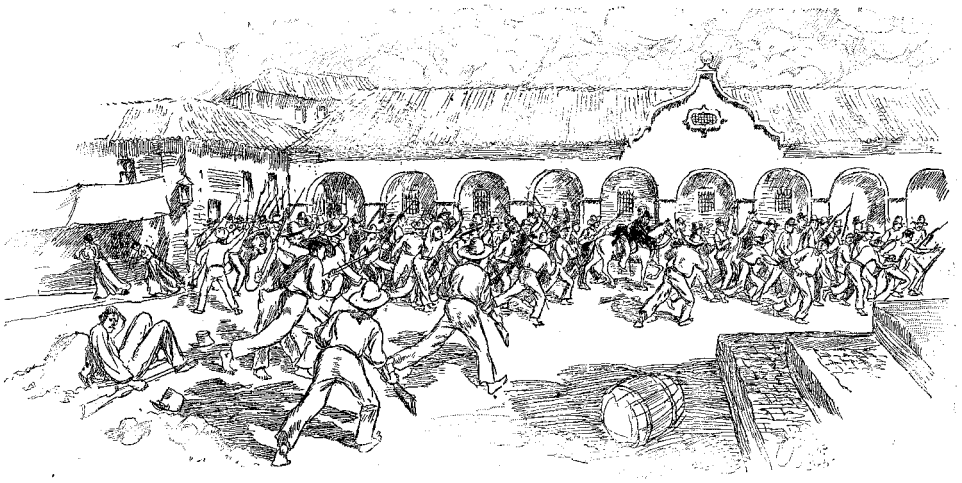

"EMBRACING THE NECK OF HIS HORSE"

for a moment. To-morrow is the Fourth of July. We don't want to hurt your feelings, but we're going to commemorate the day when we licked you by a little refined debauchery and nonsense — something that can be heard about five miles off. If you are broad-gauged enough to taste whisky at your own wake, we'd be pleased to have you join us.'

"'Do you know,' says Sterrett, setting his glasses on his nose, 'I like your cheek in asking me if I'll join you; blast me if I don't. You might have known I would, without asking. Not as a traitor to my own country, but for the intrinsic joy of a blooming row.'

"On the morning of the Fourth I woke up in that old shanty of an ice factory feeling sore. I looked around at the wreck of all I possessed, and my heart was full of bile. From where I lay on my cot I could look through the window and see the consul's old ragged Stars and Stripes hanging over his shack. 'You're all kinds of a fool, Billy Casparis,' I says to myself; 'and of all your crimes against sense it does look like this idea of celebrating the Fourth should receive the award of demerit. Your business is busted up, your thousand dollars is gone into the kitty of this corrupt country on that last bluff you made, you've got just fifteen Chili dollars left, worth forty-six cents each at bedtime last night and steadily going down. To-day you'll blow in your last cent hurrahing for that flag, and to-morrow you'll be living on bananas from the stalk and screwing your drinks out of your friends. What's the flag done for you? While you were under it you worked for what you got. You wore your finger nails down skinning suckers, and salting mines, and driving bears and alligators off your town lot additions. How much does patriotism count for on deposit when the little man with the green eye-shade in the savings bank adds up your book? Suppose you were to get pinched over here in this irreligious country for some little crime or other, and appealed to your country for protection — what would it do for you? Turn your appeal over to a committee of one railroad man, an army officer, a member of each labor union and a colored man to investigate whether any of your ancestors were ever related to a cousin of Mark Hanna, and then file the papers in the Smithsonian Institute until after the next election. That's the kind of a side-track the Stars and Stripes would switch you onto.'

"You can see that I was feeling like an indigo plant; but after I washed my face in some cool water, and got out my navys and ammunition, and started up to the Saloon of the Immaculate Saints where we were to meet, I felt better. And when I saw those other American boys come swaggering in to the trysting place — cool, easy, conspicuous fellows, ready to risk any kind of a one-card draw, or to fight grizzlies, fire, or extradition, I began to feel glad I was one of 'em. So, I says to myself again: 'Billy, you've got fifteen dollars and a country left this morning — blow in the dollars and blow up the town as an American gentleman should on Independence Day.'

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"It is my recollection that we began the day along conventional lines. The six of us — for Sterrett was along — made progress among the cantinas, divesting the bars as we went of all strong drink bearing American labels. We kept informing the atmosphere as to the glory and preëminence of the United States and its ability to subdue, outjump, and eradicate the other nations of the earth. And, as the findings of American labels grew more plentiful, we became more contaminated with patriotism. Maximilian Jones hopes that our late foe, Mr. Sterrett, will not take offense at our enthusiasm. He sets down his bottle and shakes Sterrett's hand. 'As white man to white man,' says he, 'denude our uproar of the slightest taint of personality. Excuse us for Bunker Hill, Patrick Henry, and Waldorf Astor, and such grievances as might lie between us as nations.'

"'Fellow hoodlums,' says Sterrett, 'on behalf of the Queen I ask you to cheese it. It is an honor to be a guest at disturbing the peace under the American flag. Let us chant the passionate strains of "Yankee Doodle" while the señor behind the bar mitigates the occasion with another round of cochineal and aqua fortis.'

"Old man Billfinger, being charged with a kind of rhetoric, makes speeches every time we stop. We explained to such citizens as we happened to step on that we were celebrating the dawn of our own private brand of liberty, and to please enter such inhumanities as we might commit on the list of unavoidable casualties.

"About eleven o'clock our bulletins read: 'A considerable rise in temperature, accompanied by thirst and other alarming symptoms.' We hooked arms and stretched our line across the narrow streets, all of us armed with Winchesters and navys for purposes of noise and without malice. We stopped on a street corner and fired a dozen or so rounds, and began a serial assortment of United States whoops and yells, probably the first ever heard in that town.

"When we made that noise things began to liven up. We heard a pattering up a side street, and here came General Mary Esperanza Dingo on a white horse with a couple of hundred brown boys following him in red undershirts and bare feet, dragging guns ten feet long. Jones and me had forgot all about General Mary and his promise to help us celebrate. We fired another salute and gave another yell, while the General shook hands with us and waved his sword.

"'Oh, General,' shouts Jones, 'this is great. This will be a real pleasure to the eagle. Get down and have a drink.'

"'Drink?' says the general. 'No. There is no time to drink. *Viva la Libertad!*'

"'Don't forget *E Pluribus Unum*,' says Henry Barnes.

"'*Viva* it good and strong,' says I. 'Likewise, *viva* George Washington. God save the Union, and,' I says, bowing to Sterrett, 'don't discard the Queen.'

"'Thanks,' says Sterrett. 'The next round's mine. All in to the bar. Army too.'

"But we were deprived of Sterrett's treat by a lot of gunshots several squares away, which General Dingo seemed to think he ought to look after. He spurred

"CHARGED 'EM WITH A YELL"

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his old white plug up that way, and the soldiers scuttled along after him.

"'Mary is a real tropical bird,' says Jones. 'He's turned out the infantry to help us do honor to the Fourth. We'll get that cannon he spoke of after a while and fire some window-breakers with it. But just now I want some of that barbecued beef. Let us on to the plaza.'

"There we found the meat gloriously done and Jerry waiting, anxious. We sat around on the grass, and got hunks of it on our tin plates. Maximilian Jones, always made tender-hearted by drink, cried some because George Washington couldn't be there to enjoy the day. 'There was a man I love, Billy,' he says, weeping on my shoulder. 'Poor George! To think he's gone, and missed the fireworks. A little more salt, please, Jerry.'

"From what we could hear, General Dingo seemed to be kindly contributing some noise while we feasted. There were guns going off around town, and pretty soon we heard that cannon go 'BOOM!' just as he said it would. And then men began to skim along the edge of the plaza, dodging in among the orange trees and houses. We certainly had things stirred up in Salvador. We felt proud of the occasion and grateful to General Dingo. Sterrett was about to take a bite off a juicy piece of rib when a bullet took it away from his mouth.

"'Somebody's celebrating with ball cartridges,' says he, reaching for another piece. 'Little over-zealous for a non-resident patriot, isn't it?'

"'Don't mind it,' I says to him. ''Twas an accident. They happen, you know, on the Fourth. After one reading of the Declaration of Independence in New York I've known the S. R. O. sign to be hung out at all the hospitals and police stations.'

"But then Jerry gives a howl and jumps up with one hand clapped to the back of his leg where another bullet has acted overzealous. And then comes a quantity of yells, and round a corner and across the plaza gallops General Mary Esperanza Dingo embracing the neck of his horse, with his men running behind him, mostly dropping their guns by way of discharging ballast. And chasing 'em all is a company of feverish little warriors wearing blue trousers and caps.

"'Assistance, amigos,' the General

"'ICE,' SAYS THE GENERAL"

shouts, trying to stop his horse. 'Assistance, in the name of Liberty!'

"'That's the Compañia Azul, the President's body guard,' says Jones. 'What a shame! They've jumped on poor old Mary just because he was helping us to celebrate. Come on, boys, it's our Fourth;—do we let that little squad of A. D. T.'s break it up?'

"'I vote No,' says Martin Dillard, gathering his Winchester. 'It's the privilege of an American citizen to drink, drill, dress up, and be dreadful on the Fourth of July, no matter whose country he's in.'

"'Fellow citizens!' says old man Billfinger, 'In the darkest hour of Freedom's birth, when our brave forefathers promulgated the principles of undying liberty, they never expected that a bunch of blue jays like that should be allowed to bust up an anniversary. Let us preserve and protect the Constitution.'

"We made it unanimous, and then we gathered our guns and assaulted the blue troops in force. We fired over their heads, and then charged 'em with a yell, and they broke and ran. We were irritated at having our barbecue disturbed, and we chased 'em a quarter of a mile. Some of 'em we caught and kicked hard. The General rallied his troops and joined in the chase. Finally they scattered in a thick banana grove, and we couldn't flush a single one. So we sat down and rested.

"If I were to be put, severe, through the third degree, I wouldn't be able to tell much about the rest of the day. I mind that we pervaded the town considerable, calling

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upon the people to bring out more armies for us to destroy. I remember seeing a crowd somewhere, and a tall man that wasn't Billfinger making a Fourth of July speech from a balcony. And that was about all.

"Somebody must have hauled the old ice factory up to where I was, and put it around me, for there's where I was when I woke up the next morning. As soon as I could recollect my name and address I got up and held an inquest. My last cent was gone. I was all in.

"And then a neat black carriage drives to the door, and out steps General Dingo and a bay man in a silk hat and tan shoes.

"'Yes,' says I to myself, 'I see it now. You're the Chief de Policeos and High Lord Chamberlain of the Calaboosum; and you want Billy Casparis for excess of patriotism and assault with intent. All right. Might as well be in jail, anyhow.'

"But it seems that General Mary is smiling, and the bay man shakes my hand, and speaks in the American dialect.

"'General Dingo has informed me, Señor Casparis, of your gallant service in our cause. I desire to thank you with my person. The bravery of you and the other señores Americanos turned the struggle for liberty in our favor. Our party triumphed. The terrible battle will live forever in history.'

"'Battle?' says I; 'what battle?' and I ran my mind back along history, trying to think.

"'Señor Casparis is modest,' says General Dingo. 'He led his brave compadres into the thickest of the fearful conflict. Yes. Without their aid the revolution would have failed.'

"'Why, now,' says I, 'don't tell me there was a revolution yesterday. That was only a Fourth of——'

"But right there I abbreviated. It seemed to me it might be best.

"'After the terrible struggle,' says the bay man, 'President Bolona was forced to fly. To-day Caballo is President by proclamation. Ah, yes. Beneath the new administration I am the head of the Department of Mercantile Concessions. On my file I find one report, Señor Casparis, that you have not make ice in accord with your contract.' And here the bay man smiles at me, cute.

"'Oh, well,' says I, 'I guess the report's straight. I know they caught me. That's all there is to it.'

"'Do not say so,' says the bay man. He pulls off a glove and goes over and lays his hand on that chunk of glass.

"'Ice,' says he, nodding his head, solemn.

"General Dingo also steps over and feels of it.

"'Ice,' says the General; 'I'll swear to it.'

"'If Señor Casparis,' says the bay man, 'will present himself to the treasury on the sixth day of this month he will receive back the thousand dollars he did deposit as a forfeit. Adios, señor.'

"The General and the bay man bowed themselves out, and I bowed as often as they did.

"And when the carriage rolls away through the sand I bows once more, deeper than ever, till my hat touches the ground. But this time 'twas not intended for them. For, over their heads, I saw the old flag fluttering in the breeze above the consul's roof; and 'twas to it I made my profoundest salute."

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THE BACKWARDS ROAD

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

DECORATION BY ETHEL FRANKLIN BETTS

I KNOW *that somewhere there must be*
A Backwards Road,
A road like this,
Leading to all old lovely times,
Picnics last year, forgotten rhymes,
And dolls I used to kiss.

But every road beneath my feet
Leads further off
From yesterday;
And when I creep into my bed
I feel it rock beneath my head
Like ships upon their way.

If I could only find that Road,
The Backwards Road,
How quick I'd walk,
And change the naughty things I've done,
Pick up my playthings one by one,
And hear the baby talk.

PATRIOTISM

FOR many months now our editorial mail has been heavy with letters inspired by Miss Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil" and the articles by Mr. Steffens on municipal corruption. Most of these letters show that our purpose is understood. That is encouraging. Some of them call our attention to other corporations as bad as the Standard Oil or to cities or towns or villages as bad as St. Louis, Minneapolis, or Pittsburg. That also is encouraging. We chose the Standard Oil because it is the standard great business concern, and we are laying before the whole country the local disgrace of particular cities because each is the tale of a thousand cities. In these two series is the one great story of a common condition — corruption. That our readers see this is encouraging.

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But some of the letters sound the note of despair. The writers cannot see what is to be done about it all. They want the cure before the diagnosis is complete, and they turn in their pessimism to some panacea that has not been tested. One of these writers, a distinguished and patriotic man, high in the public service, and no socialist, points to "socialism as the coming 'ism.'" He is mistaken. The coming "ism" is not Socialism; the coming "ism" is Patriotism.

If we did not believe that we should not have the heart to go on telling the truth. Patriotism is no child's play. It is easy enough in war, when all our friends recognize our courage, and physical pain or death is the only penalty. But the patriotism of peace, — with Society, often with your friends against you, with possible business failure before and the comfort of your family behind you, — that is hard, and that is patriotism. It is saying that if you cannot without bribery have a law passed to help your business, you will not have your business helped; that, if you know that a friend is corrupting your officials or that your party is undermining the institutions of your country, you will fight, — not for your friend or for your party, but for your country, — just as you would against a foreign enemy in war when the crowd is all with you. This takes courage.

But let us tell the weaklings and the short-sighted that we shall not join them in despair so long as we can read such chapters of the Standard Oil story as that of the fight the people and the newspapers of this country waged against the South Improvement Company, the first of Mr. Rockefeller's trust creations. No matter that the fight was lost, so long as the same spirit is alive to-day — in such men as Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, and in the body of the citizens of Minneapolis. While there are such daily patriots, there will be patriotism to do the day's work without drums.

We shall proceed with the story of the Standard Oil and of the cities. In this, our July number, we print the most depressing of our city articles, that on Philadelphia, and we regard it as peculiarly appropriate reading for the glorious Fourth of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, which was adopted one hundred and twenty-seven years ago in Philadelphia. For the new patriotism is not that which shuts its eyes and boasts, fires rockets and fails to vote. It is that which sees the truth, faces and fights any enemy of the country, at home or abroad, or in any disguise. And if we can finally persuade our readers to recognize as traitors some of the great men among us who have succeeded by means of boodling and are excused because of success, we shall have achieved our purpose. At any rate we shall try it. We propose when we have got well acquainted with them and their methods and excuses, to turn from the poor, miserable, petty traitors who sell out their country, to the "respectable," leading men, who buy it; — from the bribed to the bribers.

A briber is a traitor. He may be a captain of industry, he may be a United States Senator, he may be a philanthropist. If he has won his fortune by bribery, the cost of his success is the undermining of the institutions of his country. He is not an "example to youth"; he is a corrupter of youth, a corrupter of everything he touches and everybody he inspires. He is an Enemy of the Republic. The only force that can stop him is PATRIOTISM.

THE EDITOR.

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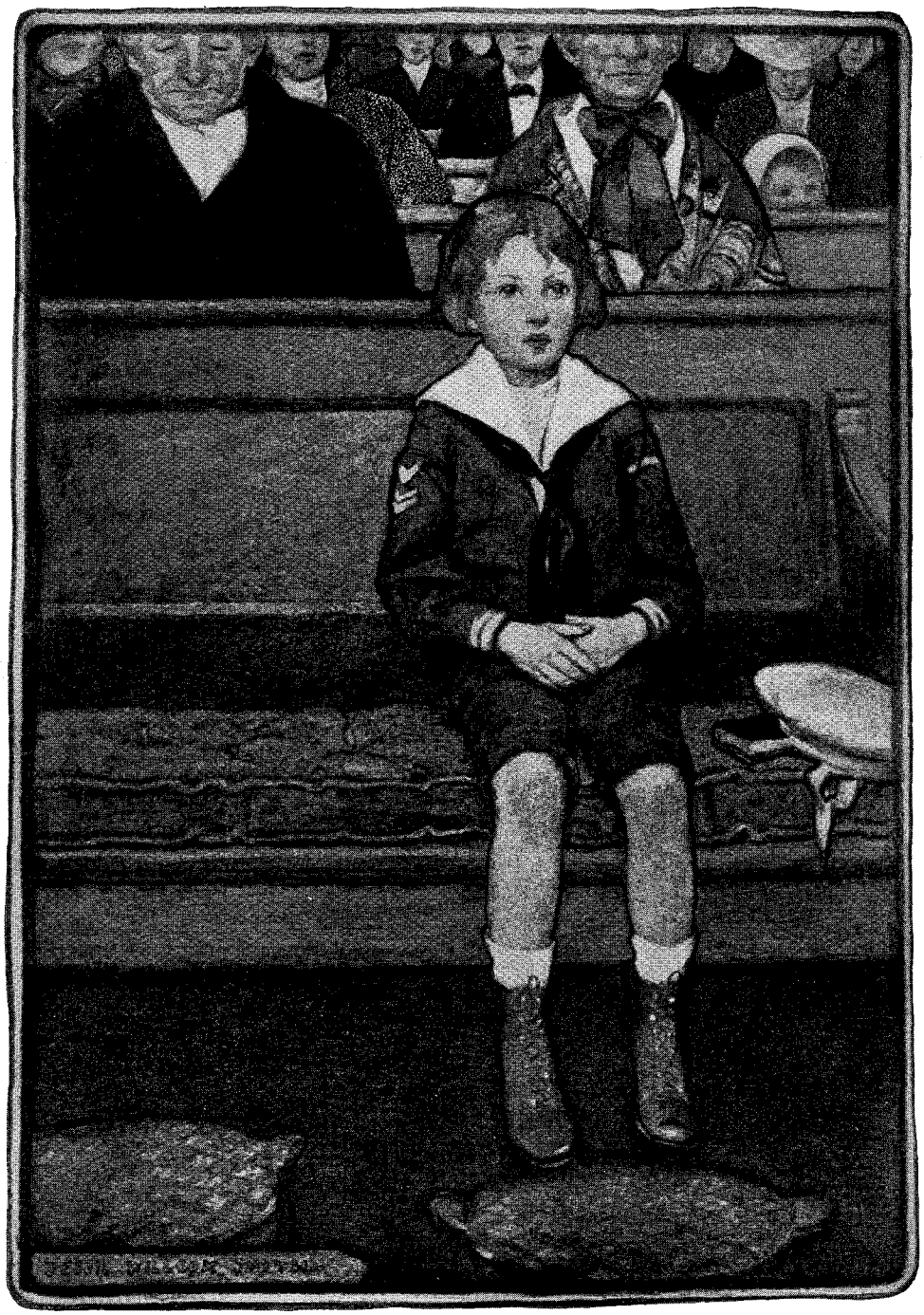

DRAWN BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

"HE FOUND THAT THE MINISTER THOUGHT JUST AS HE DID ABOUT A GREAT MANY THINGS" (PAGE 340)

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